

COUNTRY LIFE

The Solo Friday

MAY 4, 1946

ONE SHILLING

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCLIX. No. 2555

JANUARY 4, 1946

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

CHECKED 12/8

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COU

The Residence of the late Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt

PORT LYMPNE, NEAR HYTHE, KENT

See 2 miles. Hythe 4 miles. Folkestone 8 miles.

Occupying an unrivalled position overlooking Romney Marshes with the English Channel beyond.

The Residence is built of Reading brick with an old tiled roof by Sir Herbert Baker in 1913/14 and in 1919 under the direction of Mr Philip Tilden additions were made namely the patio bathing pool and stone seats

THE HOUSE is approached by long drive, is luxuriously appointed and has following accommodation: 4 reception rooms (including the Painted or Whistler Room of Mr Rex Whistler's paintings and dining room with lapis lazuli walls), 2 libraries, miniature Spanish patio, 2 loggias, 13 principal bedrooms, 8 principal bathrooms, 17 staff bedrooms and 5 bathrooms. Annexes with extensive bedrooms for men-servants. Domestic offices are complete and conveniently situated.

Electric light. Central heating throughout. Telephone.

First-class water supply.

Modern septic tank drainage.



Ample garage accommodation with 4 bedrooms and bathroom over 2 lodges and a cottage

BEAUTIFUL RENOWNED

GARDENS AND GROUNDS on three sides, include paved terraces, sunk beds with rare flowering shrubs and clipped hedges, lawns, bathing pool, 2 hard tennis courts. A feature of the gardens is a great stone staircase of 125 steps leading to the cliff top and from which can be obtained a magnificent view of the gardens and surrounding country. There are also orchards, kitchen gardens, ornamental and other woodlands, and agricultural land let off on yearly tenancy.

ABOUT 183 ACRES, MORE OR LESS BY ARRANGEMENT. TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

Sole Agents Messrs KNIGHT FRANK & RUTLEY 20 Hanover Square, W 1 (38 242)

By direction of the Right Hon. Lord Branksford M C

LEASAM ESTATE, RYE

Overlooking the ancient Town, Harbour, and River Rother.

A MODERATE-SIZED MANSION with additions by Sir Reginald Blomfield, R A containing Panellled inner hall, 4 reception rooms, 10 principal and 8 servants' rooms, 4 bathrooms.

Electric light. Company's water. Lodge and 2 Cottages.

Stabling and garage.



NICELY TIMBERED GROUNDS, well maintained walled kitchen garden, parkland, and ornamental woodland

ABOUT 82½ ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD

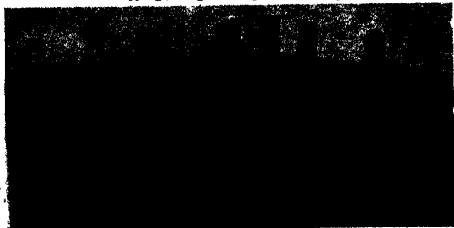
Sole Agents Messrs KNIGHT FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square W 1 Messrs VIDLER & COMPANY, The Estate Offices Rye Sussex

SURREY—LONDON, 36 MILES

5 miles from Guildford. Occupying a magnificent position with panoramic views.

The well-appointed Lutyna Residence was erected in 1900 of Bargate stone, is in first-rate order throughout, was the subject of an illustrated article in "Country Life" and is approached by a drive.

Hall, 5 reception rooms (one 60 ft. by 20 ft.), 10 bedrooms, 8 bathrooms.



Companies' electric light and water. Central heating. Telephone with extension. Modern septic tank drainage system.

Garage for 2 cars. Stabling & cottages.

THE GARDENS were laid out by Miss Jekyll and are a feature of the property. Tennis court, lawns, terraces, Dutch garden. Walled kitchen garden. Ornamental woodland and spring garden. Valuable damson orchards.

About 100 ACRES, MORE OR LESS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

Certain contents, fixed cupboards and furniture might be acquired at valuation.

Strongly recommended by the Sole Agents Messrs KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W 1 (41,748)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W 1



JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8 HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1

MAYFAIR 2214/7

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel.: 334) AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, YEOVIL AND CHICHESTER



BETWEEN COLCHESTER AND THE COAST

CHARMING QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

14 BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS, 5 RECEPTION ROOMS. MAIN ELECTRICITY GOOD WATER, SUPPLY. CENTRAL HEATING.

3 COTTAGES AND LODGE.

Fine Parklands and Woodlands.

2 Farms let off about
372 ACRES

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Apply, JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.
(Mayfair 2214/7). §

WILTSHIRE

Wootton Bassett 1 mile. G. W. R. Main Line Junction 7 miles.

Charming stone-built Tudor Manor House of historical interest, affording delightful views over the Deantsey Vale.

4 RECEPTION ROOMS, 8 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS. Excellent offices with "ESSE" Dooker. GARAGE. STABLES AND OUTBUILDINGS. CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT. Excellent Distillery and Water Supply. Telephone. Pretty grounds on a natural incline. Water Garden. Tennis Lawn. Orchard. Kitchen Garden. Paddock.

IN ALL ABOUT 12 ACRES

PRICE, £2,000 FREEHOLD. Immediate Possession

Full details from JACKSON STOPS, Cirencester.
Tel. 334/5. (Folio 8067).

For Sale by Private Treaty.

ON THE SHORES OF LOUGH MASK, CO. MAYO.

Half-mile from Village and Post Office.

Excellent opportunity for establishment of a Sporting Hotel or private residence in this unique situation on the shores of Lough Mask and convenient to Lough Corrib and Carrs, all famous trout lakes.

Exceptionally well-built house. Electric light and telephone installed. Commanding magnificent view of the lake and islands and surrounded by mountains and woodlands. Containing 15 rooms: HALL, DRAWING ROOM, DINING ROOM, STUDY, ANTIROOM, 7 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS, with hot and cold water, BATHROOM, with drying cupboard and cupboards, w.c. Kitchen offices consist of: KITCHEN, SERVANT'S HALL, 3 BEDROOMS, PANTRY, DAIRY, LARDER, STORE-ROOMS, w.c. etc.

Steward's house containing 5 rooms at rear. OUTBUILDINGS, GARAGE (8 cars), workshop, 2 loose boxes, cowhouse, bullock-house, calf-house, fowhouse, granary and grain loft, pigsty and boiler. Wood-shed with circular saw, engine room and engine providing power for lighting, sawing, threading, and water. Hay-shed, implement shed, and oil-house.

THE WHOLE EXTENDING TO AREA OF 88 ACRES

of well-fenced land. Grounds beautifully planted with flowers and flowering shrubs. Excellent fruit and vegetable garden, greenhouse, etc. facing south.

All held subject to Revised Annuity of £31 11s. 6d. Rates 1944/45, £40 13s. 6d. Gardener's house situated at end of the avenue. Satisfactory stone and slate. 10 rooms in good repair, standing on 6 acres, and may be bought separately or with above. Immediate possession can be given to the purchaser.

Sole Agents: JACKSON STOPS & MCGIBB (Arthur W. McGibb, F.A.I., R.I.A.A.), College Green, Dublin.
Telephone 21267 (3 lines).

COTSWOLDS

Cirencester 5 miles. Cheltenham 10 miles. With magnificent views over the Churn Valley.

Highly attractive, stone-built and stone-tiled gentleman's Residence, beautifully fitted throughout, compact and labour-saving.

Entrance Hall. LOUNGER HALL. 5 RECEPTION ROOMS. 5 PRINCIPAL AND 4 SECONDARY BEDROOMS. 3 BATHROOMS. Complete Domestic Offices. GARAGE. STABLES. 2 SETS OF FARM BUILDINGS. 6 COTTAGES. LODGE AND RANGELAND. Terrace and Flower Gardens. Hard Tennis Court. Lawns and Kitchen Gardens.

LANDS EXTENDS IN ALL TO 289½ ACRES

TO BE SOLD with Possession of the House and Gardens (possibly 100 acres by March, 1946).

Full particulars, appointment to view, etc. from JACKSON STOPS, Cirencester.
Tel. 334/5. (Folio 8080).Grosvenor 3121
(8 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

43, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

OXFORDSHIRE

On the River. About 9 miles from Oxford.



FOR SALE. 15th-CENTURY ABBEY RESIDENCE

IN EXCELLENT ORDER THROUGHOUT

Great Hall with minstrel's Gallery, 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, Gardener's cottage, Cellars with 3 bedrooms. Central heating. Co.'s electric light and water. 5 GARAGES. STABLES.

ABOUT 5 ACRES

WALLED GARDEN, ORCHARD, Paddock. VACANT POSSESSION. Right to be sold by Owner's Agents: Winkworth & Co., 43, Curzon Street, W.1.

BERKSHIRE

27 miles from Hyde Park Corner



AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Co.'s electricity mains. Co.'s water. Air Conditioning. Combined central heating and cooling. Well-maintained grounds with fine old specimen trees, all walls, gates, paddock, etc. in good order.

ABOUT 12 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. £11,000

Owner's Agent: Winkworth & Co., 43, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

7 Section. ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as LODGE, COTTAGE, GARAGE, EXTENSIVE STABLES, GARDEN and PADDOCKS, FINE STYLING & WHIRLOK, Oxford.



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

(Regent 8222, 18 lines)

Telegrams: "Belaniet, Ploov, London"



BERKS.

Between Wargrave and Twyford. With $\frac{1}{4}$ mile frontage to a Back-water of the Thames, affording boating and fishing.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.

CHARMING OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE

DATING BACK TO THE XVTH CENTURY

3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Electric light.

FINE OLD TUDOR BARN. GARAGE AND STABLE ACCOMMODATION.

UNIQUE GROUNDS AND MEADOWLAND. THE WHOLE EXTENDING TO ABOUT

45 ACRES



THE EAST FRONT

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1
(Tel.: REG. 8222.) (B26,094)



FRONT DRIVE, SHOWING THE OLD BARN

HARPENDEN, HERTS

Overlooking the Golf Course.

PICTURESQUE "TUDOR" RESIDENCE

CONSTRUCTED OF OLD OAK TIMBERS, BRICKS AND TILES REGARDLESS OF COST.

3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms.

Nursery, 2 baths.

All main services.

Central Heating.

Garage for 2.

Charming gardens with orchard.

In all 2 ACRES

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £10,500

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.
(Tel.: REG. 8222.)



IN UNSPOILT COUNTRY SURREY

Between Dorking and Reigate. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile Station.

MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

4 reception, billiard, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths. Co.'s electric light and water.

Main drainage.

Garage, stabling, hungalow, lodge.

DELIGHTFUL

GARDENS OF

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ACRES



PRICE £7,500 FREEHOLD

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.
(Tel.: REG. 8222.)

HEREFORDSHIRE

Near Ross-on-Wye.

Very favoured district.—South aspect. Lovely view of Symonds Yat and the River Wye.

DELIGHTFUL STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

with mullioned windows, old oak beams, etc. Approached by drive.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 3 good bedrooms, bathroom. Kitchen and office. Main electricity and water. Modern drainage. Pretty garden.

FREEHOLD £4,500

A Unique little property

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.
(Regent 8222.) (W.50988)



KENT

400 feet up on the hills. Near Sevenoaks.

FOR SALE, A FLINT AND BRICK BUILT RESIDENCE

In beautiful order and having all modern conveniences.

Very fine panelled lounge, 30ft. by 22ft. 6in. Drawing room, 20ft. 6in. by 16ft. 6in. Dining room, 20ft. by 12ft. 6in. Study. Parquet floors. 9 bedrooms, fitted baths, 4 bathrooms. Excellent domestic offices. Central heating. Coy's electric light and water. Garages. Chauffeur's flat. Lodge and cottage. Well-wooded grounds. Hard court. Kitchen and fruit garden. Woodland pastures.

IN ALL ABOUT 11 ACRES

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £10,750

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.
(Regent 8222.) (K.23449)



HEALTHY AND INVIGORATING LOCALITY MIDST PINE AND HEATHER

250 feet up. Facing Private Estate of 600 Acres.

COVERDALE, SUNNINGHILL

Lavishly fitted Freehold Residence with accommodation on two floors only, approached by long Drive. Containing vestibule, hall, 4 fine reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths. Compact offices.

All public services. Central and hot-water installations. Wash basins in bedrooms. Septic tank drainage.

Cottage.

Garage.

Greenhouses, etc.

Umbagous and secluded Gardens and Grounds, with Woodland and Kitchen Garden.

IN ALL ABOUT 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ACRES

WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Hampton & Sons will offer the above by Auction on the premises (prior to the sale of the valuable contents on 4 February, at 12 noon, unless sold privately beforehand.

Solicitors: Messrs. HIBBERT, THROUGHTON & PAGE, 11, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, E.C.3. Auctioneers' Office: 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1.

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBORNE COMMON, S.W.19 (WIM. 6991) BIRMINGHAM STORTFORD (268)



5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvener 2121 (2 lines)
Established 1875

HAMPSHIRE - SURREY BORDERS.

LONDON 40 MILES

Between Farnham and Hindhead. Amidst unspoilt country. Riding over miles of Common Land.
ATTRACTIVE FARMHOUSE-STYLE RESIDENCE WITH OLD-WORLD CHARM AND ATMOSPHERE

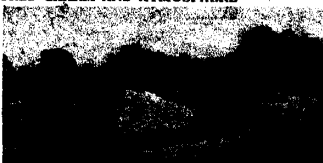


NEAR FARNHAM PONDS
8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, galleried lounge hall, 3 reception rooms. Modern domestic offices.

Main electric light, power, gas and water.

Large garage. Outside play room 40 ft. x 20 ft.

3 SPLENDID COTTAGES
each with main services and bathroom.



LOVELY OLD GARDENS INTERSECTED BY A STREAM AND PROTECTED BY WOODLANDS
FREEHOLD FOR SALE with 92 ACRES or would be SOLD with about 16 or 30 ACRES.

Illustrated Brochures, Photographs, Plans and Orders to View from the Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

THE ESTATE HOUSE, 62, KING STREET,
and STATION FRONT, MAIDENHEAD

CYRIL JONES

F.A.I., F.V.A.

Maidenhead
2023/4

IN A LOVELY OLD-WORLD BERKSHIRE VILLAGE



THIS UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE
17th-CENTURY FARMHOUSE
completely modernised and perfectly secluded, within an old walled garden.

Contains 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Delightful courtyard. Double garage and other out-buildings. Fully matured gardens, intersected by stream and ponds, and pasture land.

In all about **5 ACRES**

(More land and cottages available.)

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

For price and full particulars apply Sole Agent: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A., The Estate House, King Street, Maidenhead (Tel. 2023/4.)

MAIDENHEAD

On the highest part of the Town, 1 mile Station and with pleasant southern view.

The Attractive Freehold Property (enlarged from a Period Farmhouse).

situate and known as
"BOYNE GARTH"

Contains: Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, cloak (h. & c.), 8 bedrooms, spacious bathroom, and 3 good attic rooms. Electricity, gas, Company's water, telephone.

Capital Garage and Stable.

Exceptionally pretty terraced gardens. Tennis lawn. Orchard and paddock, in all about

2½ ACRES

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

For sale by Public Auction at The Estate House, King Street, Maidenhead, on THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1946, at 3 p.m. previously, by private treaty, and by Private Treaty.

Particulars and Conditions of Sale in due course of: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A., The Estate House, King Street, Maidenhead. (Tel. 2023/4.)

JAMES HARRIS & SON

WINCHESTER.

By direction of Colonel G. C. Firbank, M.C.

ONE OF THE FINEST SPORTING AND RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES IN HAMPSHIRE

WITH POSSESSION



"FURZE DOWN"

2 miles from King's Hambroes and 4 from Stockbridge.

PERFECTLY EQUIPPED RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices. Central heating. Company's electricity. Estate water. Septic tank drainage.

Garages and stabling.

Nine cottages.

Model farm buildings having electric light and water laid on.

HOME FARM 170 ACRES WOODLANDS, ETC., 122 ACRES

TOTAL 292 ACRES

Particulars from JAMES HARRIS & SON, Jewry Chambers, Winchester (Tel. 2451).

SANDERS'
MARKET PLACE, BIDEFORD

DEVON. NEAR TAVISTOCK.

OF SPECIAL APPEAL TO FRUIT GROWERS OR NURSERYMEN.

WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE, with 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms (4 fitted hand-basins). Good domestic offices. Large garage, 2 greenhouses. All Main services. Low Rates.

2½ ACRES Grounds with matured fruit trees, asparagus beds, etc.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, £6,000.

DEVON—CORNWALL BORDERS.

In a very pleasant country district, commanding magnificent views.

A WELL-APPOINTED MODERN LABOUR-SAVING RESIDENCE in grounds of about 1½ acres (more available if desired), containing 2 reception and 4 bedrooms, guest offices with cloak room. Garage. Main services. Freehold. Immediate possession.

PRICE £2,500

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvener 2961.

Telegrams: "Comfarnham, London."

62,700
7 ACRES
NORTH BUCKS. 6 miles from Oxford, ½ mile village. **MODERN CHARACTER HOUSE.** Hall, 5 reception, 2 bathrooms, 4 bedrooms. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Garage for 2. Loose box. Attractive garden, vegetable and fruit garden. Rough grass and wild garden.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,266)

SURREY HILLS. Favourite residential district with easy reach of electric trains, bus services, etc. **CHARMING BRICK AND TILED RESIDENCE.** Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms (1 with shower), 6 bedrooms. Main services. Telephone. 1 garage. Well-kept garden, in all about 1 acre, all in good order. **PRICE, FREEHOLD, £5,000.** Inspected and recommended.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,572)

62,500
7 ACRES
WILTS. 12 miles Bath. **CHARACTER HOUSE BATHING FROM 1940.** 4 reception, 4 bedrooms, 6-8 bed and dressing room. Main services. Central heating. Garage for 2. Excellent cottage (let at 14/5 p.w.). Pleasure grounds, kitchen and fruit gardens and paddock.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,566)

RIVERSIDE BARGAIN. 4½ ACRES
OZON-BURKS BORDERS. 5 miles Oxford, with 100 acres to Ebury Thames. **A CHARMING RESIDENCE** in good order. Double garage. Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, 15-16 bedrooms. Central heating, main electricity. Excellent gardens and outbuildings, etc. Attractive gardens showing down to the river edge. Bathrooms, terrace over.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1. (1,866)

Telegrams:
"Wood Agents, Woods,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Mayfair 8361
(10 lines)



BETWEEN HERTFORD AND HITCHIN

GOOD GEORGIAN HOUSE

THREE COTTAGES AND 25 ACRES

4 SITTING ROOMS, LARGE HALL, 11 BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS. MAIN ELECTRICITY, WATER AND DRAINS, AND CENTRAL HEATING (GROUND FLOOR).

AGA. SMALL FARMERY.

POSSESSION.

£15,000

JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

(40,880)

ON THE EDGE OF WINDSOR GREAT PARK. BETWEEN SUNNINGDALE AND WINDSOR WINKFIELD PLACE. FINE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE



4 reception rooms, 20 bed-
and dressing-rooms, 5 bath-
rooms. Complete elec-
tricity, water and gas.
Central heating.
Stabling, garage for 3,
lodge. Swimming pool,
beautiful, well-tended
gardens and grounds with
lake.

21 ACRES

WITH VACANT
POSSESSION

PRICE FREEHOLD £9,500

FURTHER LAND AVAILABLE UP TO 75 ACRES.

Agents: Messrs. N. C. TRENKLE, P.V.A., Sunninghill, Ascot (Tel.: Ascot 815);
JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1 (Tel.: Mayfair 8341).

VACANT POSSESSION

RUGBY 7 MILES. Station 1 mile.

This attractive House in
beautiful order 300 feet up
with extensive views over
the Shuckburgh Vale.

13 bed, 4 bath, 4 reception,
stabling hall, model offices.
Main electricity and water.
Central heating throughout.
Hunter stabling for 11 and
flat over. Garage for 5.
Inexpensive grounds.



HOME FARM

which carries a pedigree Guernsey herd. Farmhouse and good buildings.

£18,000 WITH 66 ACRES, OR £14,500 WITH
26 ACRES

Recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

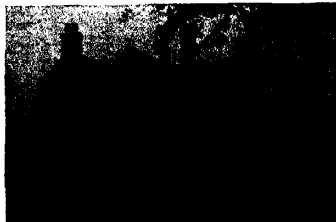
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Central
9344/5/6/7

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

(Established 1780)
AUCTIONEERS, CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS.
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS XVIII-CENTURY MILL HOUSE



WITH ADDITIONS AND
IMPROVEMENTS.

7 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception.
CHARMING COTTAGE: 2 bed,
bath-room, 2 reception. GARAGE.

CENTRAL HEATING.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE GROUND SLOPE DOWN
TO A STREAM AFFORDING
FISHING AND BOATING.

In all about

5 ACRES

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.



£8,000 FREEHOLD, subject to contract.

Further particulars from the Agents: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4 (Central 9344/5/6/7).



CUMBERLAND—FOR SALE

THE DESIRABLE RESIDENCE KNOWN AS JUSTICETOWN

situate 7 miles north of Carlisle, 1 mile from main bus route and from Lymington Station (Goods only).

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE, compact and easily run. Well-timbered grounds of 14 ACRES. Walled
garden of 1 ACRE and greenhouse. Freehold residence: re-roofed 1939, re-decorated 1939. Main electric
and water, 4 reception rooms, garden and office, 12 principal bedrooms (4 h. & c.), 4 bathrooms, 8 w.c.s.,
5 servants' rooms. Good kitchen with electric cooker. Larder, scullery and cellar. Central heating and excel-
lent separate hot-water boiler. Garage for 3 cars, 4 stabled stables, 2 loose boxes, 3 lodge (two-storied),
3 cottages adjoining stable yard. Vacant possession.

NOTE.—The Home Farm, extending to 380 ACRES, and Moor House Farm, extending to 105 ACRES,
which are let on yearly tenancy, may be included if desired. Rough scapings over these farms is available.

For further Particulars and Permission to View apply to J. & F. ANDERSON, W.S., 46, Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

BOURNMOUTH
BREWER FOX, F.A.S., F.A.I.
WILLIAM FOX, F.A.S., F.A.I.
M. STODART FOX, F.A.S., F.A.I.
H. DRELY-FOX, F.A.S., A.S.I.

FOX & SONS

LAND AGENTS
 BOURNEMOUTH—SOUTHAMPTON—BRIGHTON

SOUTHAMPTON
ARTHUR S. FOX, F.A.S., F.A.I.
T. BRIAT COX, F.A.S., A.S.I.
BRIGHTON
A. KELVINGTON, F.A.S., F.A.I.

HAMPSHIRE

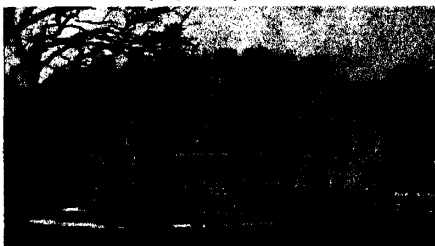
Adjoining the beautiful New Forest.

Conveniently situated close to a market town and about 18 miles from Bournemouth, 17 miles from Southampton. Approached from the main road by a long drive flanked by rhododendrons and ornamental trees.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

This imposing stone-built Castle upon which a very large amount of money has been spent during the past few years in modernising and fitting it with all up-to-date comforts and conveniences.

41 bedrooms, 10 fitted bathrooms, handsome suite of reception rooms, complete domestic offices.



Electric lighting plant. Modern drainage. Range of stabling and greenhouses. Fine garage. Engine house. 4 excellent cottages. Bushhouses. Summer house. Delightfully timbered gardens and grounds comprising spacious lawns, water garden, charming sylvan walks, flower gardens, productive kitchen gardens, also

HALF A MILE OF VALUABLE SALMON FISHING ON BOTH BANKS OF RIVER AVON.

The whole comprising an area of about

67 ACRES

For particulars and appointment to view, apply Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

FOOT OF SUSSEX DOWNS

Within 11 miles Brighton, close to bus route, charming old-world village.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE



6 bedrooms (fitted basins) bathroom, 2 reception rooms, kitchen, cloakroom. Spacious stabling. Garage for 4 cars. Large workshop.

Main electricity.

Central heating.

PAIR OF OLD-WORLD COTTAGES

4 ACRES

PRICE £9,500 FREEHOLD

VACANT POSSESSION.

Possibility of further land if required.

Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. How 2277 & 7270.

MID-SUSSEX

2 miles main line station. Outskirts county town.

IDEAL PRIVATE RESIDENCE OR CLUB

Approached by a carriage drive.



6 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 inside bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, usual domestic offices.

Garage and stabling with chauffeur's flat. Entrance lodge. Main electricity. Co's water. Extensive grounds with ornamental lake, in all about

44 ACRES

PRICE £9,000 FREEHOLD

FOR QUICK SALE.

Fox & Sons, 117, Western Road, Brighton. How 2277 & 7270.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS & EAST GRINSTEAD

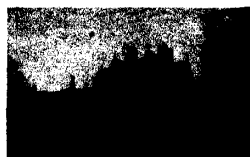
½ mile Harfield Station. Delightful parkland surroundings.

GENTLEMAN'S IMPOSING FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

approached by a long carriage drive, and enjoying an extensive view.

6 principal bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 7 secondary bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, usual domestic offices.

Garage and stabling. Entrance lodge. Bungalow, 4 cottages. Well timbered grounds and paddock amounting to about



16 ACRES

PRICE £9,000 FREEHOLD

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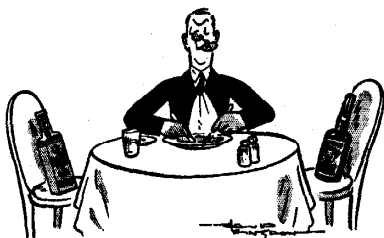
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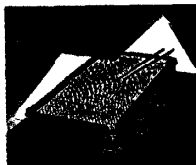


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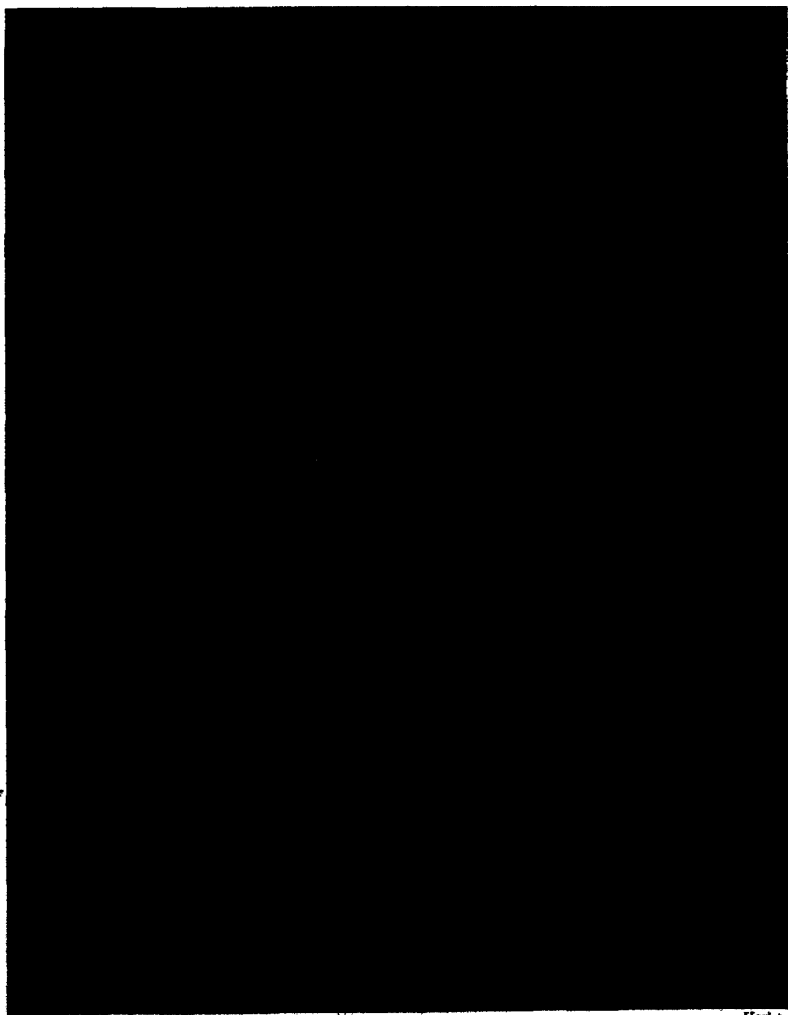


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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2555

JANUARY 4, 1946



Herby

MISS STELLA CARCANO

Miss Carcano, eldest daughter of the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Carcano, is to be married on January 10 in Brompton Oratory, to Captain Viscount Ednam, 10th Royal Hussars, eldest son of the Earl of Dudley and the late Viscountess Ednam

COUNTRY LIFE

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PARLIAMENT AND THE FARMER

JUDGING by speeches which Mr. Hudson has made in the country, there will be little opposition to the broad lines of the Government's agricultural policy, but there are important points of detail that should be fully discussed before final decisions are taken.

Everyone has welcomed the prospect of guaranteed markets and fixed prices covering the chief products of the farm, such as cereals, milk and eggs. But it is important that we should know now how those markets and prices are to be supported. Must we rely entirely on Exchequer subsidies which a future Chancellor, at a time of financial stringency, may be most reluctant to maintain? Reliance on subsidies to allow a reasonable return to farmers and fair wage to farm-workers will bring agriculture dangerously near to the precipice over which our post-war hopes tumbled in confusion after the 1914-18 war. Landowners, farmers and farm-workers have bitter memories of the Corn Production Act and the sequel.

Linked to the guaranteed markets there must obviously be some guarantee about the efficient use of the land. We can hope that the new County Committees will attract the best men and women in the counties who will be willing to give their services in the interests of agriculture's good name. Certainly they will not be content to act merely as the Minister's agents in pursuing his policies. They will want to take an active part in the much more interesting work of showing better methods and keeping British agriculture well in the van of progress. Furthermore, the Minister must trust them. It is already agreed on all sides that there should be appeal tribunals to whom landowners or farmers threatened with dispossession can make out their case. Mr. Tom Williams is rather surprisingly clinging to the right to override the findings of these bodies. Surely this makes nonsense of the promise that they shall be independent.

Another point to be cleared up is the function of the Land Commission which has a place in the Government's proposals. Is it necessary or desirable that the Government should go permanently into the business of land ownership and management? In the war years it was necessary for the War Agricultural Committees, acting as the Government's agents, to take over derelict land and farm it in order to produce food that bushed wheat and the last necessary weight of potatoes regardless of cost. As soon as possible the land farmed by War Agricultural Committees should be handed back to the owners. If they are unwilling or incompetent to manage the land properly they should be required to offer it for sale subject to the buyer's being approved by the new County Committee.

The same procedure could be followed in cases of dispossession on account of bad husbandry. Similarly, a landowner should be allowed, where a tenancy has been terminated, to let the farm to an approved tenant.

All plans for the future of agriculture rest on the assumption that the industry will be able to attract sufficient labour. At the moment the experienced farm-worker is tied to agriculture. The day will come when he will be free to take another job if he so chooses. We shall not have prisoners-of-war with us for ever, nor, unhappily, are the prospects of an agricultural career attracting many men on demobilisation from the Services. A mere 823 have so far been approved for the Government's Farm Training Scheme. It becomes then a matter of great urgency to improve the conditions of employment in agriculture. This is not only a matter of a higher weekly wage. More important is better housing and the speedy provision throughout the agricultural districts of the modern amenities of electricity and a piped water supply. These details will in the end count for more in making agriculture's future than all the careful phrases in Ministerial pronouncements.

NOCTURNE IN SNOW

SEE now the lovely miracle of snow
 Faintly, these first dim shapes, their curving
 Down to the earth, their settling blossom-light;
 Then all the sky unfolds in tumbling white,
 And he is there as a Winter-bare
 Of leaf and bud. Thinly upon the air
 A bird's high, plaintive note; no other sound.
 So, in a drift of beauty to the ground,
 There falls the frail enchantment of the snow.
 Colours are stolen now; no berries show
 Their tiny scarlet.

Comes the quiet night,
 And the moon's candle lit. In this pale light
 That silvers all the misty ghosts of trees,
 Watch the first mischief of the waking breeze
 Among the stark and leafless boughs, and see
 How twisted twigs, etched fine as filigree,
 Leap in a dance, and, shadowed on the snow,
 The thin traced patterns of their dancing go.

ELISABETH MURRAY.

A PROPOS PICASSO

THE exhibitions of recent Continental painting at South Kensington should have the effect of confirming us islanders in preparing to see things as they are. The question may be prompted by prejudice, but why is it necessary for an artist to disintegrate visual creation and recompose it in such curious and displeasing shapes? It is said that artists are not the only disintegrators. Politicians, scientists, psychoanalysts, engineers, writers, indeed society itself, have for some time been disintegrating the concepts of the Age of Humanism. That great epoch, when, as Henry James said, "the human Nature with approval, and to regard man as the measure of the universe, believing in a Deity in man's image." If the artist is logical and asks these specialists, "What is Nature?" or "What is man?" and paints a picture of their reply, the result might well be something like the following: "The human Nature is the Nexus of the logical Latin mentality. But art is not necessarily bound to logic, economics, or any other ics, least of all British art. We have a way of life, a romantic illogical tradition, that has produced art as great as any and inspired us before now when logically all was lost and hope may seem for a time, but when the fever passes the sanity of Nature will reassert itself."

CONSERVATION AND LAND USE

WHEN our National Parks are finally scheduled it may be found that each of them, more appropriately, contains within its boundaries one or more areas which have been set apart in order as far as possible to protect and preserve our national fauna and flora, yet it is important that the two ideas should not be confused in the public mind. It is not because they generally occur in the least frequented and most beautiful parts of the country that the

Conservation Areas and Nature Reserves suggested to the Government by the Investigation Committee have been selected. They are justified purely by their scientific merits. It is recognised, indeed, that the change of scenery and recreation—as well as those of agriculture and forestry—may actually conflict with the principle of conservation. The Committee are, indeed, most sensible in their general suggestion that no application of a conservation scheme should be allowed to interfere with land use. The maintenance of an existing game is insisted on as an essential prerequisite for the continuance of the natural populations and communities of species that it is sought to preserve. On the other hand, it is not suggested—as purists might have wished—that present methods of cultivation should be rigidly adhered to in the attempt to stereotype particular geological patterns for all time. This acceptance of inevitable economic change wherever the activities of man form an essential element in the biotic complex does not conflict with the establishment of reserves (necessarily limited in size) where it will be necessary to minimise its impact—why recesses where no intruders come.

THE GOLFER FOLLOWS HIS HIRE

THE shades of the old professional golfers when they play on the asphodel must feel a little envious of their successors on hearing of the prize money for next year's Open Championship. Once upon a time the winner got a ten pound note or so; in 1946 he will receive £150. It was in the early 'nineties, when the Championship was taken from historic Musselburgh to Muirfield and Musselburgh threatened a rival tournament, that the prizes were first increased. They have once or twice risen since and this time the total prize money is to make a big jump, from £500 to £1,000. What the winner receives is not of such great moment, since his victory brings with it so many indirect gains. What does matter is that as many other meritorious players as possible should get something worthy, and now those who qualify for the last day's play, no mean effort in itself, are to be rewarded. There are only to be a hundred of these instead of 130, another good move, and no amateur with a handicap over scratch will be allowed to enter, a wise restriction of over-weening ambition. Altogether the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient are to be congratulated on a decision which incidentally makes its prize list equivalent to that of the American Championship, and St. Andrews is the most appropriate possible place for this new dispensation to begin.

BANANAS

IN this New Year we have been promised a bananas again, though only "young persons under eighteen" are to enjoy the first few shiploads. The banana was visiting in 1829, as one of the upstart or truly modern crazes, for although it was first seen here in 1827 its popularity is less than 50 years old: bananas were news so recent as 1905, when one London daily reported that

"14,000 bunches arrived from Jamaica and were loaded into 300 vans, and at once distributed to the towns and suburbs."

The first cargo of Jamaica bananas is said to have been landed at Bristol in March, 1901. The vast majority of the bananas that come to this country are Great Michels, which will travel green and higher than disintegrating. Many growers prefer the flavour of the smaller Canaries, which are tender-skinned and therefore poorer travellers. Bananas are not, however, among the fruits of which epicures write appreciatively, and one gourmet quotes with undisguised relish the description which Jacquemont sent home to France of a bunch of bananas visiting in 1829: "They resemble jasmine-scented pomme gone rancid and much sweetened." Just 110 years later a single firm was reckoning to sell in the United Kingdom 40,000,000 bananas a week during the Summer, and this quantity—say 400,000 bunches or about one banana for every man, woman and child—represented about three shiploads.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By
Major C. S. JARVIS

A CORRESPONDENT has queried an incident described in some recent Notes when I mentioned a covey of French partridges I had seen frequently. He states that, so far as he knows, this partridge is never met with in a covey, but always as a single bird or in pairs. I must admit I have never studied the question carefully, as when shooting with a party one is never very certain as to the identity of the various coveys which rise in front of the guns, or are driven over them, and as often as not one does not realise that some of the birds are Frenchmen until the pick-up. I think it is a fact that French partridges pair off much earlier in the year than the British variety, and therefore when single birds or couples are flushed they will often prove to be of the red-legged variety, so that this may account for the theory that they are never in coveys.

It would seem also that there is far less discipline in a French covey than in an English one. If an English covey are feeding in roots or stubble they are all within signalling distance of the cock bird in charge so that, when the alarm goes, the whole covey will generally rise at the same time. The covey of French partridges, on the other hand, are scattered all over the field so that when walked up or driven they will rise as single birds.

I HAVE a belief I have seen and shot birds from strong coveys of Frenchmen several times, though I could not go into court and give evidence on oath to that effect as I do not recall the dates or the localities of the occasions. One memory is of a pack of these birds thirty strong, which I put up many times in the month of January on White Horse Hill near Weymouth.

I have asked the opinion of two men whom one might regard as experts on partridge shooting. The first, who figures as a gun at field trials, states that Frenchmen are met in coveys frequently. The second, who used to shoot regularly at Six Mile Bottom and other very famous partridge estates, is quite emphatic that they are never seen in coveys once the young birds have grown to full-size. I have never been to Six Mile Bottom myself, but possibly on this very wonderful shoot, and others of the same quality, such second-rate birds as Frenchmen are not encouraged, and therefore he may not have had much opportunity to become intimate with the variety. Estate owners do not care for them as they will always run rather than fly, keepers dislike them as they are supposed to interfere with our indigenous variety, and, whatever their age, the game-dealers insist on classifying them and paying for them as old birds.

I WAS delighted to see in a recent number of *COUNTRY LIFE* a study piece on the humble-bee, and trusted friend, the humble-bee, which I was taught—possibly incorrectly—to call the bumble. My dictionary recognises both names, and I feel that bumble is more descriptive than humble, as there is nothing to suggest humility in this bee's work in the early Spring—devotion to duty, yes, and no hint of the strike or "go slow" epidemic in her methods, but humility, no. She has a most strenuous job in front of her—so much to do and so little time to do it in—and, if there is another, and smaller insect already at work on the flower next on her list for visitation, well, "it's just too bad," as the functionary says.

On the other hand bumble does rather suggest the frantic haste which dominates all



LIGHT ON THE HILLS: MID-WALES

F. G. Smythe

her movements as, when she alights on a plant, she frequently misses her footing with at least two of her feet, but as she has still four in reserve it is not a serious matter. Then as she works her way down the broad bean rows she is constantly putting in the preliminary bulldozer work on a flower that even I could tell her had been already sucked dry of its nectar. When she makes this annoying discovery herself her constant droning buzz jumps an octave—the humble-bee's method of saying "damn"—and her movements to the next flower on the stem are suggestive of extreme irritation. In the close-up portrait in the issue of November 16 she is obviously posing for effect, and I appreciate her shapely legs, the slight flirtatious inclination of the head and particularly the "come hither" look in her left eye.

SO much has been written and said on the hackneyed and tiresome topic of queues that I would not mention the subject again without reasonable cause, but the one which had marshalled itself one day recently at Waterloo for my train, the destination of which

happened to be the ever-popular Bournemouth, was so long and sinuous that I imagined the far end of it must be on the northern borders of Hampshire. When at the end of fifteen minutes of shuffling along in the crowd with a heavy suit-case I eventually dropped into a corner seat of the train I felt that I had earned it with the sweat of my brow, and later I was struck by the fact that not one of the many seekers after places noticed that the seat in front of me was unoccupied. In these Notes from time to time I have recounted happy experiences I have enjoyed with a very old friend of Egyptian and last war days, whom I unjustly called a "wangler," and for whom a kindly Providence invariably saw to it that all was well, and that his path in life was nicely smoothed for him. Half a minute before the whistle went this old friend came down the corridor and dropped into the vacant seat as if he had expected to find it.

"How long were you in the queue?" I asked.

"I wasn't in it at all. I decided to risk it and have only just arrived!"

ROMANESQUE WALL-PAINTINGS IN FRANCE

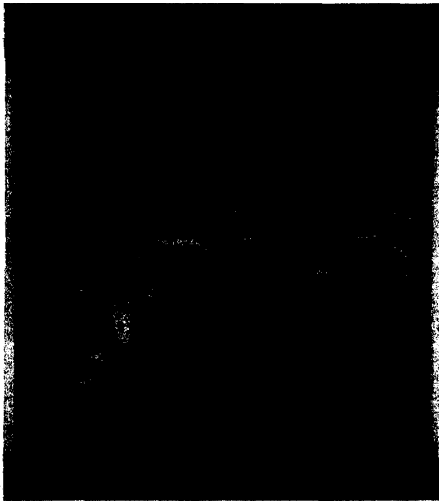
By ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK

IT is just a hundred years since Prosper Mérimée, then Director-General of Historical Monuments in France, published upon the wall-paintings of St. Savin in Poitou an elaborate monograph that is still most readable not only for its author's graces of style, but also for his informed common-sense in archaeology.

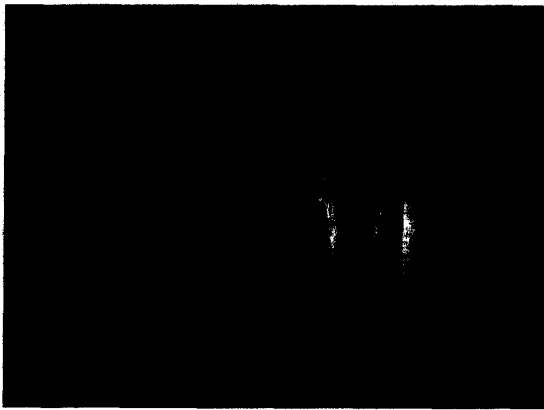
Since Mérimée's day many cries of alarm have been raised over the fading and disappearance of France's Romanesque frescoes. Even in ancient times the scenes were not seldom repainted, for they are evanescent things. There was also some rather ruthless restoration in the nineteenth century. However, despite the inevitable ineffectiveness of much surveillance, the Fine Arts Department's inspection service and the possibility of "classing" a work of art as an historical monument do afford the French a measure of protection lacking to us here.

Medieval monuments shone with colour. Romanesque façades were rich with scarlet, gold, azure and green. Alone, in France, the western portal of Conques church still shows clear traces of colour, but, in the Middle Ages, the walls within and without spoke to the faithful no uncertain language. Our Norman churches are bare of sculpture within, and so perhaps a little harsh to-day, because we had imposed upon us an architectural tradition by a people who, for a variety of reasons, carved the outsides but not the insides of their buildings. Had we been conquered by the opulent Burgundians, our Romanesque edifices would tell a different tale. But, on the other hand, we must imagine our Norman shrines as colourful within as the painted churches of the Orthodox East.

To preserve their Catalan chapel-paintings, the Spaniards have removed many of them piece-meal to Barcelona and there set them up in a museum. The French would do nothing so desperate, but as it would be hardly practicable to coat all the mural paintings with glass or other transparent material, the illuminated walls must be left slowly to fade and to flake away.



2.—EAST END OF THE NAVE AND SANCTUARY OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN, NOHANT-VICQ IN THE BERRY. Early Twelfth Century



1.—REPRODUCTION, IN THE MUSEUM OF FRENCH MONUMENTS, OF THE EARLY 12th-CENTURY FRESCOS OF THE 11th-CENTURY CRYPT OF TAVANT, TOURAINE

When, however, the Museum of French Monuments was rebuilt in 1937, space was set aside for an exhibition of French Romanesque painting's whole range. All through the German occupation work for this great show went on, and with slight means for so astonishing a result. Students from the Écoles des Beaux-Arts were sent into the country, where they first traced the frescoes and then copied them on to canvases treated to reproduce the mortar-like surface used by the 13th-century limners. The canvases, when they arrived in Paris,

were joined up, and the completed copies were moulded on to prepared frameworks reproducing the architectural setting of each picture. The result of six or seven years' work is a series of over forty reconstructions—for a work of art wrenched from its surroundings is robbed of half its significance. At the Trocadéro exhibition you can, in an hour's visit, study, enjoy and in a measure possess, half a hundred baptisteries, churches, chapels, crypts and oratories, all showing the colour and the contour of a superb Romanesque art.

Although one is inclined to name all these mural decorations "frescoes," the fact is that relatively few of them are real frescoes, that is to say paintings executed in water-colour upon a damp surface. In most of them the medium was thickened with

glue, white of egg or soft cheese so that the technique approximates to that of tempera, in which mode some of the pictures are entirely achieved.

St. Savin still reveals the widest surface of Romanesque illuminations of any one French edifice. They fall into four groups: those of the crypt, of the western porch, of the gallery above the porch, and of the barrel-vaulted nave that is an immense illustrated Bible, one of whose scenes is here shown (Fig. 5). It is of Noah with his family quitting the Ark and approaching, in thanksgiving, the Lord God. The tall Delity is among the best preserved of all the St. Savin figures. He stands out against a carmine background and draped in a yellow mantle over a green robe fringed with white. The swarthy visage is here and there touched with red or black, while the long golden-yellow hair streams down against a nimbus of vivid red and green.

The paintings of St. Savin can be dated to twenty or thirty years before or after 1100. Such a large margin of error as one of sixty years is not very satisfactory, but we should do well to reject slick datings for the Romanesque mural pictures either in this country or elsewhere. If inscriptions have been preserved, then we can often guess the date of execution to within a few years. But untouched inscriptions are tantalisingly rare. The church's consecration-year does not tell us much, for that often preceded the building's completion by decades. Costumes, again, are no sure guide, for they were sometimes copied from archaic or alien models. And the "style" of the art seems, now and then, to have lagged behind the times—or was even ahead of what we like to consider were the "times."

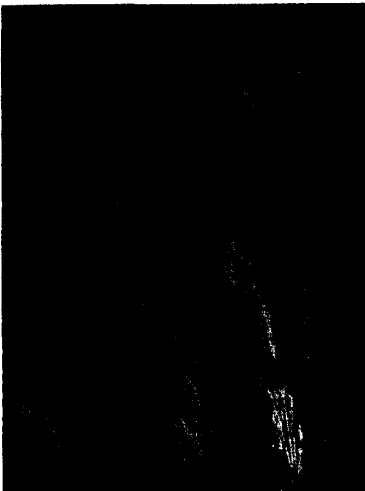
From the evidence of existing documents it appears probable that there were Merovingian mural-paintings. Of these, not unnaturally, nothing remains. There are, however, frescoes in the crypt of St. Germain's Church at Auxerre, and these may go back to the reign of Charles the Bald or, say, to 850. The paintings in St. Michel's at Le Puy may well be of the tenth century's end, and they must be followed fairly closely by the frescoes in the rock-hewn chapel of St. Jonas at St. Pierre de Colamine (Puy de Dôme department).

The reconstructions reproduce originals from many parts of France: painted churches are most numerous in the Loir valley and along the middle reaches of the Loire; then comes eastern Poitou—which has more painted Romanesque churches than any other region

for its size—Burgundy, the Nivernais, the Berry, the Bourbonnais, the Marche and the Limousin. There are some frescoes—and among the most interesting—in Savoy, the Dauphiny, the Auvergne, the Velay, Provence, the Roussillon and a very few in other provinces.

In the Museum the whole series is fairly evenly represented. There is the fierce beauty of the Rocamadour rock-face whose painting is all in sombre, rich tones against a background of lapis lazuli studded with stucco bosses and roundels imitating the cabochon jewels of Limoges enamel. On the other hand, the frescoes from the Loir Valley and from Touraine are calm and graceful, with some of the radiance that was, in the thirteenth century, to become the heritage of French art in general. Reassuring pictures from Areines, from Montoire, from Thévet and from Le Liget are a foretaste of early Gothic.

By inscriptions showing the joined letters characteristic of the eleventh century, we may date, with some accuracy,



3.—DETAIL OF THE ANGEL CHOIR AT BRIOUDE

the frescoes from the chapel of St. Martin de Fenouiller at Maureillas (Fig. 7), near the main road from Perpignan to Le Perthus on the Spanish frontier. Maureillas lies in a region that was for long a fief of the Catalan Counts while they were still vassals of the French kings. Against dark backgrounds that are typical of the Catalan Romanesque (and of that of Auvergne too) the figures at St. Martin de Fenouiller are rigid and full of dignity. Features marked in red ochre lend the faces a fierceness that is quite Spanish, while upon a tapestry-like hanging painted of yellow-ochre fretted with red lines, a great Christ in Majesty looms as menacing as any image of mediaeval Greece.

To the end of the eleventh century can be attributed the mural pictures at Tavant some ten miles to the south-east of Chalon in Touraine. The small church has a cramped, low-vaulted crypt (Fig. 1), divided into three aisles by two rows of stout reddish-tinted columns, while the ribs of the vaulting, outlined in carmine bordered with yellow, divide the spandrels into compartments covered with archaic-looking figures full of movement and vigour. The prevailing dark hues lend the whole scene an indescribable air of antiquity, driving one's thoughts back to the prehistoric caverns of the Vézère Valley not more than a hundred and fifty miles away to the south. The Tavant crypt is impressively reproduced in the museum.

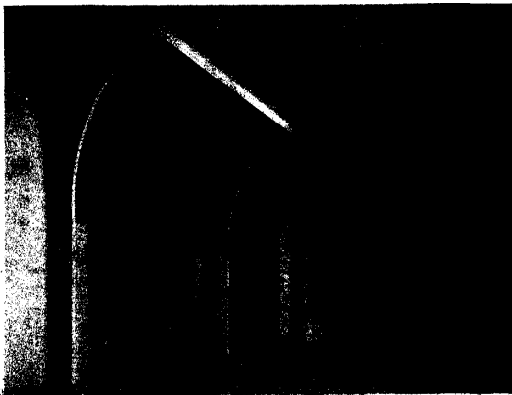
For two centuries after Cluny's foundation in 910 a succession of eminent abbots raised their office to a potent position in Western Christendom. Since, by Cluniac rule, each religious must not only be professed at Cluny but there pass some of his monastic life, the direct artistic influence of the Order was considerable. With us, the Cluniac Priory of St. Pancras at Lewes propagated the Cluniac mode, generally to be recognised by the dark-blue backgrounds—whence some three-quarters of the French Romanesque mural paintings are a *fond bleu*. The Cluniac



4.—REPRODUCTION, IN THE MUSEUM OF FRENCH MONUMENTS, OF THE BARREL-VAULTED NAVE OF ST. SAVIN'S CHURCH IN POITOU. The Frescoes are an illuminated version of Genesis and Exodus



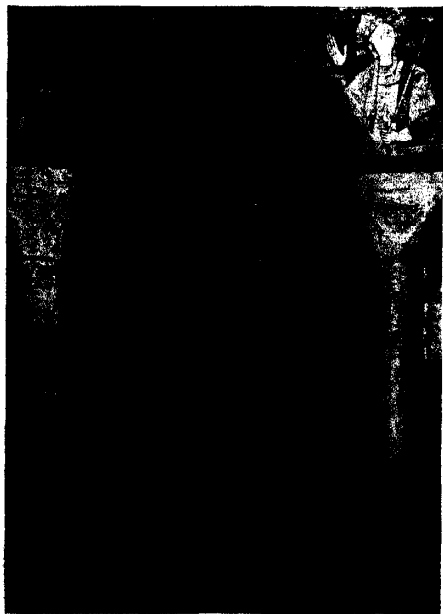
5.—FROM THE NAVE VAULT OF THE CHURCH OF ST. SAVIN, POITOU. GOD RECEIVING NOAH AND HIS FAMILY FROM THE ARK. Museum of French Monuments



6.—SOUTH WALL OF THE GALLERY OVER THE NARTHEX AT BRIOUDE, AS REPRODUCED IN THE MUSEUM OF FRENCH MONUMENTS



7.—CHRIST IN MAJESTY FROM THE CHAPEL OF ST. MARTIN DE FENOULLER, MAUREILLAS, IN THE PYRENEES. Museum of French Monuments



Priory of Berré-la-Ville, only a few miles south of Cluny itself, was set upon a cliff-spur commanding the highway from Macon to the south. Here there still stands a duplex chapel whose upper storey (that served until 1887 as a wood-shed) was covered with paintings. And the choir has still kept almost intact an admirable revêtement that can be dated to the years just before 1106 when St. Hugh of Cluny died. The scene illustrated (Fig. 8) is that of St. Lawrence's martyrdom upon his gridiron in the presence of (probably) the Emperor Valerian. The figures' powerful hues are detached from a rich blue setting and the whole proclaims a Cluniac magnificence derived, at least in part, from Constantinople. Indeed, at Berré-la-Ville Byzantine influence is obvious in the Greek saints crowned with oriental diadems, and in figures that seem copied straight from San Vitale.

It was from her home at Nohant that George Sand wrote to Prosper Mérimée urging him to protect the rich illuminations of St. Martin's Church at Nohant-Vicq. This building shows a plan not uncommon in some other Berry churches. The choir is considerably narrower than the nave, and communication between the two is had by a relatively small doorway leaving a large wall-surface at the end of the nave. At Nohant-Vicq this wall and that of the sanctuary are covered with the most curious paintings (Fig. 2). The Redemption is the main theme, but it is treated in an anecdotal, almost caricatural way, that reminds one of much later things. There is almost nothing of the spirituality



9.—CROWNED HORSEMAN POSSIBLY REPRESENTING THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE, FROM THE BAPTISTERY OF ST. JEAN AT POITIERS

and the acquiescence that emanate from most Romanesque frescoes. The figures' faces are expressionless, almost round, and show joined eyebrows, squinting eyes and two red blobs on the cheeks. The palette is limited to a few colours—carmine, red and yellow ochre, ceruse, black and a bluish grey. The deep-shadowed robes falling in harsh folds are almost in the Spanish-Catalan tradition. But the painter—for all the scenes are apparently by one hand—possessed a striking ability to convey impressions of movement and energy. The Nohant pictures date from about the beginning of the twelfth century.

The Baptistery of St. Jean at Poitiers (although added to in the seventh and largely rebuilt in the eleventh century) is probably the most ancient Christian monument in France. Within there are frescoes that have so Roman an air they remind one rather of Pompeian wall-paintings than of Gallo-Roman mosaics. Witness this crowned cavalier (Fig. 9) in his long yellow robe, blue mantle billowing out behind him, firmly seated upon a fine mauve horse. His is an image derived perhaps from the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius at Rome.

At Brioude the beautiful Romanesque church of St. Julien has, above its narthex, a painted gallery whose north wall glows with a most magnificent medieval Hell, all shades of green. One French critic has compared it with a Gauguin of the later period. Satan, all celadon, writhes surrounded by devils, toads, serpents and all manner of foul beasts, while, to the right, demons carry off a damned soul towards *ung enfer où dampnez sont boillies*. The illustration given is of the southern wall (Fig. 6). The main theme is the Angel Choir, and the heavenly messengers of Brioude are strangely alien to the West. They have olive faces, almond-lidded eyes, glossy black hair and long, clinging robes. The sinuous floral motifs of lilacs and tuberoles seem to come from the East, and it may be that the whole scene was in some measure inspired by the patterns of Oriental silken stuffs, an Occidental echo of things Persian, or even of Central Asian Caves of Ten Thousand Buddhas... *paradis peints*.

The author would like to express his thanks for their help to Monsieur Deschamps, curator of the Museum of French Monuments, and also to Mademoiselle Elise Maillard of that Museum.

8.—FROM THE CLUNIAC PRIORY OF BERRÉ-LA-VILLE, BURGUNDY. THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAWRENCE BEFORE THE EMPEROR VALERIAN (?). The Byzantine influence is especially noticeable in the splendid figures

A JACOBEOAN BED FOR MONTACUTE

PROGRESS by the National Trust in furnishing Montacute as a country museum somewhat on the lines successfully achieved at Temple Newsam, Leeds, is proceeding steadily. A number of gifts and many loans of furniture and *objets d'art* have been made since the Marquess of Zetland announced the proposal in April, and reported progress in a letter to COUNTRY LIFE in July last. Among the loans are a set of six William and Mary chairs originally at Montacute, from Commander H. Phelps, other furniture from Sir Hubert Medley, Mrs. Hudson, and Mr. Price, appropriate period pieces from the Victoria and Albert Museum, and from the Stannus Bequest to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. It has been decided by the Committee that important pieces of later date than 1700 can be accepted when suitable, thus giving the rooms the natural appearance of continual habitation rather than the artificial air produced by limitation to a single period.

The most important gift, received through the National Art Collections Fund, is that of a remarkable armorial bed dating from 1612, presented by Mr. J. C. B. Gamlen. The bed, which was for some years on loan to the Victoria and Albert Museum and subsequently to Montacute, was described in COUNTRY LIFE, April 30, 1923—by a strange coincidence on the opposite page to an announcement of the offer for sale of Montacute by Mr. G. A. Phelps. Mr. Gamlen's gift is the more appropriate since the bed appears to be of West Country origin. He has recorded that "it first came into the possession of the Ball family from which it passed to my forbears the Blagdens. They were yeomen farmers and for a hundred years the bedstead was in a remote part of Devonshire. My paternal grandmother left it to my father and he left it to me in 1920."

The bed is noteworthy for its elaborate over-all richness of treatment and its untouched conditions; besides for the heraldry to be genuine, it is indeed singularly untouched, though for some time the canopy was ignorantly raised an inch or two by the insertion of a strip of wood, since removed. The oak is light brown in colour, untouched by varnish, except for the coloured portions, such as the ground of the carved panels in the head-board, which are well preserved. The tester is divided into four compartments by beams moulded and carved on the edge, each compartment being again divided into four panels carved in low relief with a spray of three flowers, the centre being the Tudor rose. The frieze, carved

OAK BEDSTEAD, 1612. Presented to Montacute by Mr. J. C. B. Gamlen

with linked low-relief roundels enclosing scallop shells, is interrupted by bold corbels carved with lion masks supporting the cornice. The posts, which stand clear of the bed stock, take the unusual form of a series of cup and cover enlargements upon which the short enriched column rests. The whole design and decoration shows the influence of such pattern books as Vredeman de Vries's *Differentie Pourtraicts de Menuiserie*.

But the exceptional feature is the carved

and tinted heraldic panels in the head. The middle one contains the arms of James I, flanked by female caryatid figures supporting baskets of fruit on their heads, the left-hand figure, Peace, holding an olive branch, while Plenty, on the right, carries both cornucopia and sheaf of corn. These emblematic figures are characteristic of the reign of the King whose motto was *Beati Pacifici* and, as we shall see, of the year 1612. The outer caryatides, male and female, are forms each holding a scrolled cartouche carved with a lion's mask. The lateral panels contain, beneath an arch, a shield of arms supported on grotesque demi-figures and surmounted by an escallo shell, all carved in low relief and gilt.

These shields enable the exact dating of the bed. That to the left bears the badge of the Prince of Wales on a field of gules and sable, an unrecorded variant of the usual field of gules. Henry, Prince of Wales, died in 1612, his brother Charles not being created Prince of Wales till 1616.

The right-hand shield bears the arms of Frederick V Count Palatine of the Rhine who became James's son-in-law in 1613 by his marriage with Princess Elizabeth. They are: Tierced in mantle (*chape-ployé*): 1, sable a lion rampant contourny or, crowned gules (Palatine of the Rhine); 2, lozenge, a bend (indistinct) (for argent and azure Bavaria); 3, gules, an orb or (High Stewardship of the Holy Roman Empire). The Palgrave, as he was called in England, was popular, and in 1612 James concluded a treaty of alliance with the princes of the German Protestant Union, so that when Frederick came to England in October of that year he was warmly welcomed "as an intelligent and handsome young prince" and as a connecting link between the English Royal Family and the chief Protestant Courts of Europe. The funeral of Henry Prince of Wales in November delayed the wedding till the following Spring. The bed must therefore have been made during the Autumn of 1612.



THE BED HEAD WITH ARMS OF JAMES I, HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE ELECTOR PALATINE

A MOUNTAIN SHRINE

PARTRISHOW AND THE GRWYNE VALLEY. ~ Written and Illustrated by M. WIGHT

THE wonderful little church of Partrishow, high on a spur of the Black Mountains in Breconshire, may not be the most inaccessible church in Britain, or its site at the greatest altitude, though it stands at over 1,000 ft.; but it is undoubtedly the highest and most remote church of outstanding intrinsic beauty. It can be approached from Abergavenny—some seven miles—or from Crickhowell—some five miles—the roads passing respectively east and west of the Sugarloaf Mountain. Its remote situation, still best approached on a pony, probably saved it from the perils of the Dissolution—the ruin of Llanthony Abbey lies in the adjoining valley—and of the Civil War. Except for the loss of the rood there is very little missing of the rich pre-Reformation furnishing.

The old road approaching from the west across the little valley of Nant Mair, Our Lady's Brook, passes first the Holy Well, a spring issuing from the hillside below the church. Here is the traditional site of the dwelling of St. Ishow, a hermit, who, according to legend, suffered martyrdom at the hands of an ungrateful traveller. The fame of St. Ishow's Well with its miraculous powers became widespread, and tradition says that the building of this church was due to the gift of a pilgrim from the Continent here cured of leprosy.

The spring flows from under a stone coping in which are openings for vessels or images: probably this was used as a baptistery before any church was built. It seems still to have some vogue as a wishing-well, for occasionally rag offerings are found adorning the overhanging bushes.

From the well, past a recumbent stone marked with crosses, a steep road leads up to the modern lych-gate built entirely of stone, in the old Welsh manner, and past the little stable provided for the ponies of priest and people. The earliest part is the nave, which can be dated by an inscription on the font. It was consecrated about 1060 by Herwald, Bishop of Llandaff, together with several other churches in the district. The inscription upon the font in Saxon lettering, translated from its abbreviated Latin, runs thus: 'Menhir made me in the time of Genillin (the lord of Ystradyw in the mid-eleventh century).'

This may be one of the early Christian centres purposely fixed at places associated

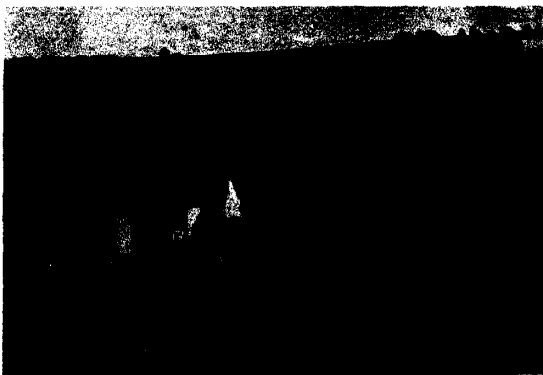
with the pagan worship of our Celtic forefathers: the Holy Well suggests it, and this is certainly a "high place."

By the thirteenth century there were being added the chancel and western chapel, with its interesting timber roof of the century following. To this also belong the double bell-cote and the porch with its holy-water stoup over which is an arch, apparently the head of a former window.

Early in the sixteenth century the nave was transformed by the addition of the magnificent carved oak screen, one of the most lovely that have survived and Partrishow's great treasure. Above it there was probably a solid framing filling the chancel arch, to provide a background for the rood. Along the capping

of the gallery are sockets for candles: new windows were inserted to light the screen, and stairs built to reach the gallery. The chancel is largely Elizabethan, with rails of the same date, or perhaps Laudian. At the restoration, texts and wall paintings were found beneath coats of whitewash.

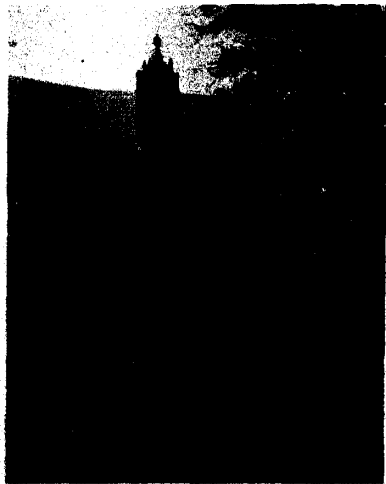
On the west wall is a large figure of Death holding in one hand a dagger and in the other an hour-glass, while scales hang from the left arm. On the north wall is an enormous royal arms: elsewhere are texts, with the Creed, Lord's Prayer and Commandments. These were no doubt painted under the ordinances of Elizabeth directing that all popish devices should be removed and suitable texts painted over them. Also on the walls are some of the



A BLACK MOUNTAIN FARM: TYN-LLWYN IN THE GRWYNE VALLEY



PARTRISHOW CHURCH: SOUTH SIDE, WITH THE STONE BENCHES FOR SERVICES AT THE CROSS



THE CROSS WITH ITS WOODEN READING DESK, AND THE OLD YEW BEYOND

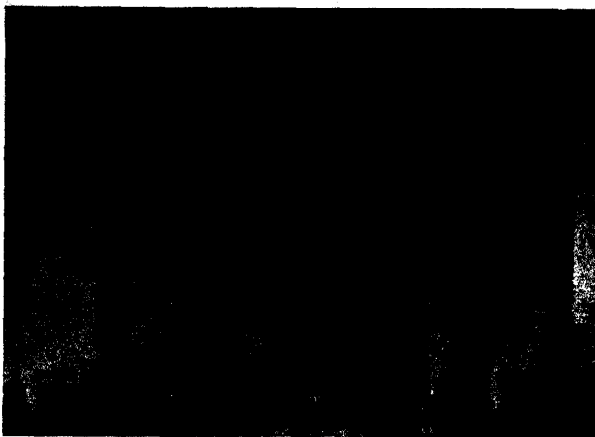
many-coloured slate monuments which are a local feature, many of them having been made at Abergavenny in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

The screen is one of the finest of its kind: it was never coloured, hence its delightful natural tone. As usual with any outstanding piece of art or craftsmanship, tradition makes this Italian in workmanship: Flemish has also been suggested. But there can be little doubt that it is of native origin, one of quite a number that survive in Wales. It has been suggested that these Welsh wood-carvers with "their Celtic genius for abstract design," evolved a style that is something between the naturalistic English Gothic of the previous century, and pure convention. The vine is a frequent motive, with leaves and tendrils conventionalised to form a regular pattern: here they issue at either end from the mouth of a typically Welsh dragon. This screen may have been the gift of one of the Herberts of Abergavenny to whom the district belonged until, at the end of the fifteenth century, it passed to the Somersets, subsequently Dukes of Beaufort, patrons of the living since 1555. The late Duke and the Duchess of Beaufort initiated and made possible the admirable restoration of the little church conducted by Mr. W. Douglas Caroe in 1913.

The last Herbert to live in Partrishow died in 1703 at Tyn-llynw, the Tudor farm-house below the church. This picturesque old house is, in its turn, now in need of sympathetic repair.

Before the screen still stand the two stone nave altars. Francis Bond tells us that three altars were traditional in the English church from very early times, and that is the reason why the chancel is so often narrower than the nave: to afford more space for altars on either side of the chancel arch. But too narrow an arch, if solid, would obscure the high altar; thus evolved these open-work screens which still supplied a backing for the nave altars.

The unusual western chapel also contains a stone altar, with an iron-barred opening above



THE NAVE AND WONDERFUL CHANCEL SCREEN AND ROOD LOFT

it through which the rood or the High Altar could be seen: beside it is a niche for a figure, probably one of Our Lady if this was a lady chapel, though it has also been termed a priest's room or hermit's cell.

The cross in the churchyard dates from about 1300: the new tabernacle head bears the usual Crucifix and Madonna, with, on the remaining faces, St. Ishow and Archbishop Baldwin, who passed this way in 1188, coming

from Talgarth to Abergavenny on his return from preaching the Crusade in Wales, as described by his companion, the lively historian Giraldus Cambrensis, who says: "We proceeded through the narrow woody tract called the bad pass of Coed Grono, leaving the noble monastery of Llanthony inclosed by its mountains on our left." He then, in one of his many asides, proceeds to describe the murder in this valley of Richard de Clare by the Welsh in 1155.

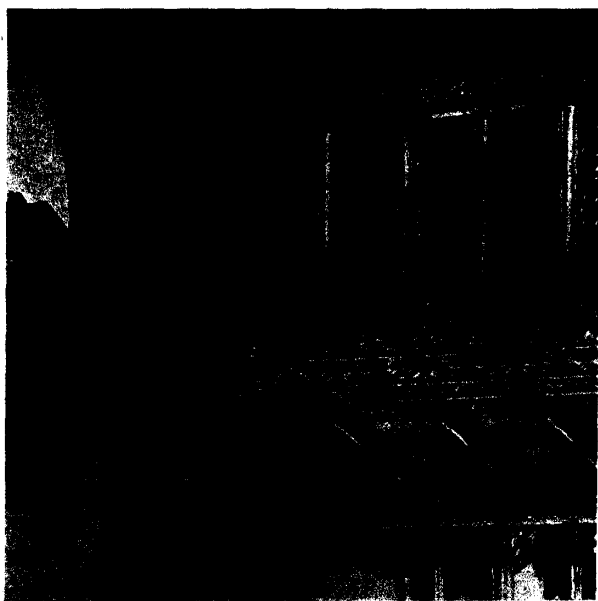
Colt Hoare, who edited Giraldus in 1806, went all over the ground he describes, and found a wood called Coed Dias, the wood of revenge, which he thought must be the site of this murder. A mile lower down, the river is crossed by the bridge called Pont Esgob, which is said to preserve the memory of the Archbishop's journey.

Attached to the churchyard cross is a wooden lectern, the reader facing the church, along the south wall of which runs a stone bench, apparently for a congregation to hear a preacher at the cross, a not infrequent feature in these hills. Near the cross is an ancient yew tree in which both a holly and a mountain ash have taken root and flourished.

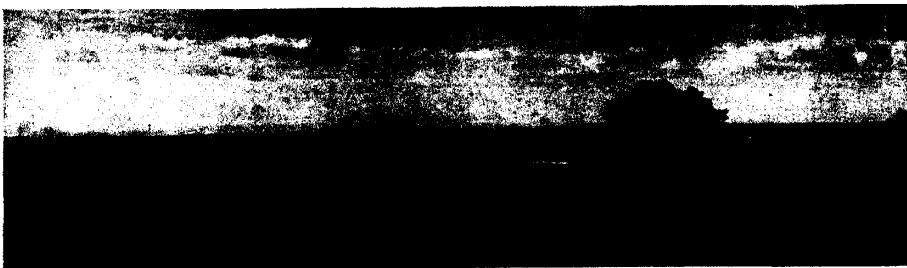
Colt Hoare also noticed the number of ruined cottages in these hills, a melancholy proof of the shrinkage in population even then: probably in the Middle Ages it was considerably greater than now. That of Partrishow parish was given in 1901 as 43; Breconshire as a county had then fewer inhabitants than 50 years previously. When a baby born at Tyn-llynw was christened at Partrishow a few years ago, the previous baby to be christened in the church had just died at a ripe old age.

The whitewashed houses which show up so clearly on these Welsh hills are mentioned by a Welsh poet of the fourteenth century, so that the custom is at least as old as that: and in the Black Mountains there are remote farm-houses, massively built in the local red sandstone, which date back to that century. The southern end of the Grwyne valley, known as the Forest of Moyle, was a district of waste land under the forest laws. The head of the valley has now been dammed to form a reservoir at a height of 1,500 ft.

Before the war broke out, the fame of Partrishow church was attracting many pilgrims once again and even during the war, the Rector of Partrishow and Llanbedr tells me, a surprising number still came to see the historic little church. Perhaps in the future even more folk will come, and perhaps stay, to restore prosperity to the fertile valleys of this lovely countryside.



THE UNTOUCHED WOODWORK OF THE SCREEN
WELSH CARVING, circa 1500



1.—WEST TISTED. THE HAMPSHIRE LANDSCAPE AND SOME OF THE ABERDEEN-ANGUS HERD

MODERN FARM ARCHITECTURE

West Tisted Manor, Hampshire. The property of Mr. Frank Parkinson. An Estate of 2,500 acres, all electric and mechanised, formed with the conviction that high farming, scientifically efficient, will give corresponding returns in yields and living standards.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

THE monumental type of farm buildings favoured a century ago will probably never be repeated. Even if costs were lower and tenures more secure, building and farming techniques combine to replace brick and masonry with a lighter kind of structure which is no less efficient. On the other hand the machinery installed on the modern farm is incomparably more valuable and intricate, and, a point not to be overlooked, the care taken for the comfort of farm-workers has advanced immeasurably since, for instance, Loudon (*Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm and Villa Architecture*, 1835) castigated those landowners who "give greater attention to the health of their horses and beasts than to that of their servants." Well designed and equipped cottages, in some cases a village hall, must now be regarded as part of the architectural equipment of the modern farm. On the arable farm, however mechanised, good buildings are also necessary, for storage, administration and machinery, while for stock and dairy it is essential they be well planned and up-to-date. In the case of an estate on which the running of a number of farms is centralised, the focal establishment must attain considerable size. In most cases these provisions have already been made in

the past. The new owner of a farm or estate expects to find a sufficiency of houses, with their communal ancillaries besides farm buildings.

But at West Tisted, on the chalk plateau of High Hampshire near Alton, Mr. Frank Parkinson was faced, by choice, with starting almost from scratch. In 1939 when he began to form the estate, much of this relatively remote upland parish was agriculturally and socially derelict. A countryman by birth but an engineer by training, he tells me that farming was his first love notwithstanding industry having been his profession. He has always farmed somewhere, somehow. But while the energy and capital he put into industry has made his name a household word in electrical engineering, and him a wealthy man, the equivalent energy and capital put into farming has never, he says, yielded him more than a very small return. At West Tisted he determined to prove his conviction that, capitalised on the scale and managed with the efficiency of an industrial enterprise, farming can, over a term of years, be made to show better results. Not, of course, so large as industry, but a reasonable return, besides affording a good life to those engaged in it. His West Tisted experiment is, in fact, a trial of the high farming ideal brought up to date, the

results of which may well be significant to the future conception of farming in England. It is as yet too early to draw conclusions one way or the other, and in a short article it would not be possible to set out the intricate balance-sheet involved, even if I were competent to do so. But that is the background of the venture. This article's approach to it is primarily visual, to see how this vigorous idealism in estate management is expressed in building and affects the appearance of the landscape.

These chalk uplands are in themselves rather bare and wind-swept, but with grand views over the wide and more thickly wooded valley (Fig. 1). The old Manor House of the Tichbornes (Fig. 3), still partly moated, contains late 14th-century work reconstructed in Jacobean and later times, with the church adjoining to the south. In front of the house is a pond, on the other side of which are ranged the modern buildings of the Manor Farm (Fig. 4). A little to the north-east is the village. Whatever survived of this has disappeared, replaced by pairs of attractive two-storeyed houses (Fig. 2) recalling, with their sweeping roofs and homely chimneys, the traditional character of the Manor House. When building is liberated, a Hall and also a new school building are projected.

Beyond the village is the Home Farm, the house occupied by Mr. W. Creswell the bailiff, and the former shepherd's cottage (Fig. 11) fitted up for Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson's use. A mile or so to the north Lyeway Farm (Fig. 13) differs from the others in having massive and spacious buildings erected about 100 years ago by Magdalen College, the previous owners. In the other direction High Dell Farm carries a pretty old farmhouse of the regional type—colour-washed plaster facing cob or clunch walls with thatched roof (Fig. 12). Thus three farms adjoin and supplement the central Manor Farm, comprising some 2,500 acres of arable and grass land, and employing 70-80 persons. A total population of 200-250 are thus dependent on the enterprise of which a cardinal point is to provide this community with satisfying homes and social service.

The estate's practical objective is the breeding of pedigree milk and beef cattle, pedigree sheep, Wexsex saddleback and Large White pigs.



2.—A PAIR OF HOUSES IN THE NEW VILLAGE



3.—WEST TISTED MANOR HOUSE, SEEN ACROSS THE POND



4.—THE MANOR FARM LIES ROUND TWO SIDES OF THE POND



5.—THE BARN, FROM ACROSS THE STOCKYARD. IT IS ROOFED WITH CANADIAN RED CEDAR SHINGLES



6.—GRAIN SILOS AND THE GRAIN-DRYING END OF THE BARN (Right) 7.—MILKING PARLOUR AND LOADING DOCK

The Ayrshire herd consists of some 400 head bred from the best obtainable Scottish blood; bulls and heifers have already made their mark in the show-ring. The foundation consists of beasts brought from Logan Maine, Bargower and Lessnessock. Lessnessock Crownall, one of the stock bulls (Fig. 15), will become a proven sire this year, and his daughters have already shown a marked improvement on their dams. He stands at the Home Farm, in a commodious pen with thatched residence attached. The Ayrshire milking herd, some 70 head, also has its milking byre at the Home Farm (Fig. 7). These are the foundation females for breeding policy.

The beef stock consists of pedigree Aberdeen-Angus and pedigree North Devons. There are breeding herds of 50 of the former (one of the sires is Berebin of Dalmeny), and some 60 of the latter. The rearing centre is established at Lyeway, where the fine existing covered stockyards are thus turned to useful purpose. A recent addition to the buildings here is a bothy for the accommodation of six unmarried trainees. Youths intending to take up farming or one of its branches as their career are given an all-round training in the course of working on the various farms, for which they are paid a regular wage, and have these comfortable quarters. The bothy, seen in the middle of Fig. 13, is run by a married couple, and provides furnished single bedrooms, a common-room (Fig. 14), kitchen, and next to the entrance, baths and lavatory. The registered flock of Hampshire Down sheep

consisting of 200 breeding ewes with pedigree rams, is centred at Manor Farm, and a flock of Suffolks at High Dell. The pigs, numbering around 400, are mostly folded on the pastures of Merryfield Farm.

The arable side of the estate is fully mechanised, equipped with combine har-

vesters, and a Turner-Oxford grain-drying plant installed at the Manor Farm—of which more in a moment. At the Home Farm grass-drying equipment has been installed in a Dutch barn, adjoining the milking shed. The grass, as soon as dried, is pitched across the concrete floor to the baler, seen in the foreground of Fig. 9, most of the feed thus produced being consumed by the stock on the estate.

At the Manor Farm, where the activities of the estate are centred, together with the repair shop, a milking parlour, and grain-drying plant, buildings of considerable size and distinction have been erected. The architects responsible are Messrs. Adie, Button and Partners, to whom the cottages are also due, and who were the architects of Mr. Parkinson's house, Charters, at Sunningdale. The buildings are grouped around two sides of the pond, which collects all the rain-water from them, the water being pumped for washing down vehicles and the cow byre. The actual stockyards, which are concreted, drain into a liquid manure tank.

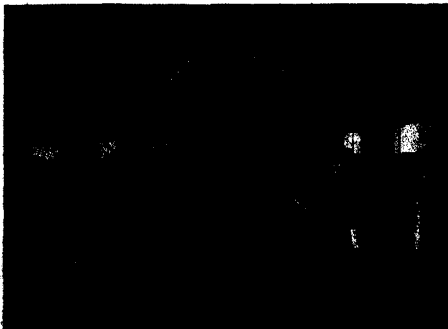
The buildings of Canadian red cedar, roofed with shingles of the same, have now weathered to an attractive silver grey. They consist of cow stalls adjoining the stockyards west of the pond (seen on the right of Fig. 4), a long barn (Fig. 5) on the north of the pond, and a milking parlour for this section of the herd between the two (seen in the middle of Fig. 4). The churns have previously been lifted, empty, to the dairy, the floor of which is at the level of the milk lorry, so that when



8.—GRAIN-DRYER, HOME FARM



9.—HOME FARM. GRASS-DRYER AND BALER



10.—MILKING SHED (AYRSHIRE HERD), HOME FARM



11.—HOME FARM COTTAGE



12.—HIGH DELL FARM-HOUSE

filled they can be passed from loading dock (Fig. 7) to lorry.

The barn, running east and west, is divided longitudinally, the south half, facing the pond, serving miscellaneous purposes. The north half is mostly concerned with grain-drying. Grain when threshed or direct from the harvester is delivered at the east end to a raised platform of lorry height. Thence it is shovelled into conveyors which hoist the grain either into silos for storage (a battery of these silos, two deep, is seen in Fig. 6) or direct into the dryer. The overhead

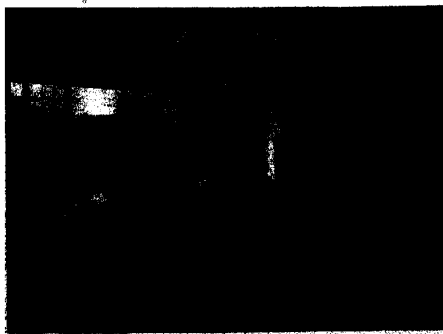
conveyor channels to the silos or dryer are controlled by chains actuating cocks. Similarly, the run of grain from the bases of the silos is controlled by cocks under the floor between the silos. For drying stored grain the same conveyors hoist it from the floor channels to the dryer. After drying, the grain descends the chute seen in Fig. 8, where it is bagged at the level of the loading dock.

The planning and thence the design of these buildings is the outcome of the availability of abundant electrical power. At this, the processing, end of West Tisted's opera-

tions, with grain and grass as with milk, the advantages of all-electric installation can be easily appreciated. The lovely level sweep of the barn roof, which restates as it were the form and function of this most traditional feature of the farm scene, aptly represents the streamlining of husbandry implied in the application of the most up-to-date methods to the oldest industry. As such, Mr. Parkinson's impressive undertaking, although few individuals may have the resources to imitate it, can be studied from many aspects with advantage.



13.—TRAINEES' BOTHY, LYEWAY FARM



14.—COMMON ROOM AT THE BOTHY. (Right) 15.—BULL PEN, HOME FARM, WITH LESSNESSOCK CROWNAIL

OLD ENGLISH CUT GLASS—II

By G. BERNARD HUGHES



PINEAPPLE STEMMED GRANDOLES, FINELY CUT IN DEEP RELIEF DURING THE 1790s

ECONOMY of design in cut glass was superseded towards the close of the eighteenth century by elaborate diamond cutting in relief, the final phase of the glass-cutter's art. When the Irish glass-houses began operating on an extensive scale after 1780 they adopted English motifs en bloc, originating little of their own. There never was any purely "Irish style" of cutting. England was cutting on precisely the same lines though hindered by excise duties, while Ireland was enjoying free trade. Thorpe puts it succinctly when he says that "the luxury types of England became the commercial types of Ireland."

Opinions among collectors differ widely as to the relative beauty of the earlier shallower cutting and the later bold, deeply incised cutting consisting chiefly of very deep diamonds covering almost the entire surface of the piece. There are several kinds of these diamonds cut in a variety of points.

The earliest incised diamond decoration, used to some extent on expensive glass from 1760, was a single encircling row of relief or convex diamonds. Fields or diapers of these relief diamonds quickly became a standard motif throughout the industry.

Cross-cut diamonds or "hob-nail" cutting are relief diamonds, large in area, each with its point cut flat and a simple cross cut into this flat surface. These cross-cut diamonds decorated English glass as early as 1760, but their heyday was from 1785 to 1800. Then their size gradually lessened, the tendency being to reduce the cross-cut diamonds to smaller plain diamonds

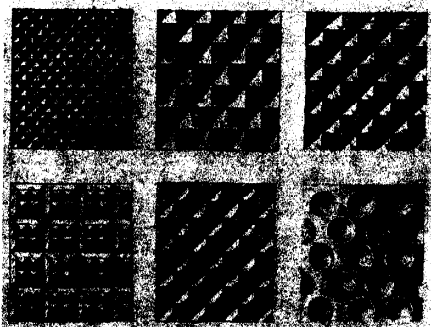
and these to still smaller diamonds. The result was that English glassware of Regency days was often covered with large fields of small plain diamonds in relief, because cutters could safely work them on the thin metal made more necessary than ever by increased taxation.

Strawberry diamond cutting was a Regency feature consisting of large relief diamonds, their points cut flat and decorated with numerous very fine relief diamonds cut into the flat surface. This style appeared in England about 1805, cut in very uneven lines; then it quickly crossed the Irish Channel where the parent diamonds were cut much deeper and the fine diamonds sharper. In luxury work the centre of every tiniest diamond rises to a sharp point. The chequered diamond has four minor diamonds cut on the flat surface.

Numerous combinations of the different kinds of diamond-cutting were used to add to the splendid prismatic fire of cut glass, besides such

motifs as pillars with arches, swag and line cutting, rows of semicircles, basket weavings—the list is interminable.

Prismatic-cutting or step-cutting, used with scintillating effect from 1790 to 1800, was



COMMON TYPES OF CUTTING (Left to right, top) Field of plain diamonds, plain relief diamonds, cross-cut diamonds. (Bottom) Chequered diamonds, strawberry diamonds, prisms



CUT AND MOULDED DECANTERS WITH CUT NECK-RINGS AND STOPPERS. ABOUT 1790. (Right) CUT-GLASS DECANTERS (Left to right) Fluted body with band of small diamonds in relief; body cut with strawberry diamonds and neck prismatic cut; body cut with a band of small diamonds in relief and a circle of prisms beneath. Neck-rings are also cut

a motif needing a thick metal for its perfect display. Consequently these deep, simply-cut, sharp, horizontal prisms, so easily adaptable to curved surfaces, are nearly all of Irish origin. During the reign of William IV they had a second vogue on the lavishly cut glass of the day. Perfect cutting on metal of great clarity produced an effect resembling polished silver.

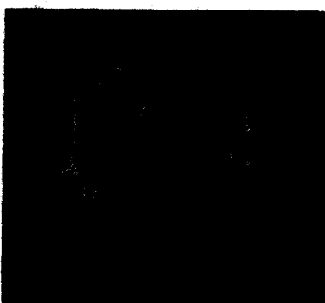
Printies were another favourite theme of the Georgian glass-cutter. These small circular concavities may dot the entire surface of the glass, decorate the rim of a bowl form or glisten in two or three rows on jug or decanter.

Plain, vertical fluting, often flat but usually slightly concave, was a fashionable motif after 1780, either alone or with various diamond motifs. Pillared flutes—each the convex half-section of a cylindrical column—were used in broad bands from 1790 to 1800. Needing thick metal as a basis for their effective display, they are found chiefly on Irish glass.

Other aids to refraction were blazes, those upright and slanting lines cut in an alternation of crest and trough sometimes known as the herring-bone fringe. A 19th-century motif, they are frequently found in company with strawberry cutting. Those short, formally arranged, upright grooves known as splits are found in conjunction with other motifs such as stars to add to the sparkle.

Early hand-cutting lacks the precise uniformity of the later deep relief cutting. In many 18th-century productions where design was intended to be cut horizontally, lines are undulating and far from parallel, there are wavy rifts in the metal, edges are not of uniform thickness. This irregularity was due to methods of working. The thin iron cutting-wheel was operated either by pedal power or by an assistant turning a driving-wheel connected by a leather belt to a pulley fixed on the cutting-wheel spindle. Uneven speed of turning was responsible for irregular cutting. The cutter worked from a drawing beside him; in addition, the rough design was copied in hair lines upon the glass itself with Brunswick black well thinned with turpentine. Excess colour, the result of carelessness drawing or too thick medium, caused the whirling cutting-wheel to drag and blur the outline.

The cutter sat at one end of the cutting-frame, holding the glass against the vertical edge of the revolving wheel, which spun away from him and was fed with a fine stream of wet sand dripping from a flower-pot hanging above the glass. The thin edge of the cutting-wheel was visible to the operator through the glass while he slowly made the rough cut. A smoothing wheel of willow wood or blue-stone finished the cut



GEORGE IV CUT-GLASS CLARET JUG
Plain-cut body and prismatic cutting on the neck.
DECANTER with a band of plain diamonds and cut rings. In Mr. John Bell's collection

The abrasive action of these wheels left the glass with a rough white surface. Transparency was restored by a final polishing wheel of felt or cork fed with putty-powder and water.

Cutting-wheels varied from three inches to eighteen inches in diameter, according to the type of glass being worked.

There were, and still are, three fundamental styles of cutting: hollow cut, produced by a wheel-rim of rounded contour; bevel cut, formed by a wheel having a V-shaped mitre edge of about sixty degrees; panel cut, formed by flat wheel. All cut forms were composed of various combinations of these three elements.

Eighteenth-century glass-cutters always left small uncut areas of the original glass surface between flutes and facets. The addition of steam power to the cutting-frame greatly improved efficiency, enabling the operator to produce deep, symmetrical, sharp-angled cutting. Removal of the entire original surface immensely enhanced prismatic effect.

All old glass cut in relief was worked from thick solid metal, blown quite smooth, then cut. An inferior quality of cut glass was made too, however. This early 19th-century American-invented innovation, omen of later-day mass production, was moulded to a shape approximately that of the finished article, the diamonds merely requiring sharpening instead of being laboriously ground. A deep star was often cut

on the base of such ware. No attempt was made to copy facet cutting.

Because good and poor cutting were produced from the first, the date of a piece cannot be judged entirely by style of cutting and workmanship. Some of the operators retained the earlier and simple fashions in cutting quite twenty years longer than their fellow craftsmen in London. This accounts for much overlapping in style. There were firms in London, Sheffield, Stourbridge and Newcastle specialising entirely in glass-cutting, buying plain ware from the neighbouring glass-houses and keeping in touch with the Parisian styles which at that time led the world. Glass-cutting was an entirely localised art until about 1805. Much cutting was done by expert workers operating pedal machinery in their own homes, generally using the front rooms of their tiny dwellings as workshops.

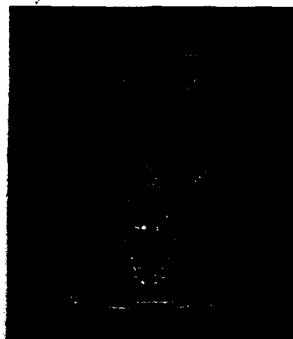
There is often considerable difficulty in distinguishing antique cut glass from modern reproductions. The principal point is to be able to recognise the colour and depth of the old metal. Much of the 18th-century cut glass has a slight, though decided, tinge of green, blue or yellow. At least three present-day glass-houses, however, are copying this to perfection. Placed upon a white cloth, the old cut glass will always reveal itself as considerably darker than a new piece, through which the light seems to pass without check, and which is, in comparison, pale and characterless, flat, vague. Old flint glass breaks up the light and takes to itself the reflected colour of surrounding objects. Modern glass lacks the richness and fullness of the old, although prismatic colour is now as fine as ever and even more brilliant than in Georgian flint glass.

Careful study of wear signs is important. Bases of pieces coming into continual contact with the table and cupboard shelf eventually display hundreds of tiny scratches, either in a series of patches or in a narrow, even ring.

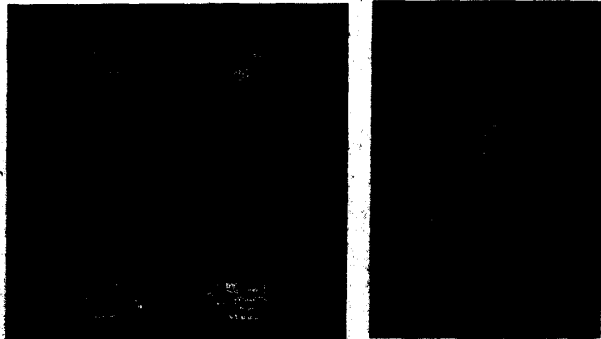
When these scratches are examined through a magnifying glass, lines of old age caused by a century or more of wear will be observed indistinct and welded together in an untidy granular effect. Should the lines all run in one direction, it may be assumed that the glass is new and an abrasive wheel has produced these "signs of wear."

Wash the scratches in warm water and the old ones will display a yellowish tint; new ones show a greyish colour. If a piece of Georgian cut glass is held to strong electric light, minute scratches will also be visible inside the bowl; should these be absent it is well to assume the glass to be modern.

The first article on this subject appeared in the issue of December 28, 1945.



SUGAR-BOWL WITH CROSS-CUT DIAMONDS AND PECTEN SHELL RING. In Mr. John Bell's collection. (Middle) URN-SHAPED CUT-GLASS COMPOTES. ABOUT 1800. (Right) REGENCY CUT-GLASS PICKLE JAR DECORATED WITH A BAND OF LARGE FLAIN SHARP DIAMONDS



ORPHAN OWLS

By

MARGARET M. HUTCHINSON

I FOUND them by the side of the road . . . and Mummy says she doesn't want them back," explained the small girl as she set the basket down on my desk in the classroom. Two balls of tawny down swivelled round on two larger balls of the same material, and two pairs of large round milky blue eyes looked solemnly out to meet the enraptured gaze of thirty or more delighted children.

We christened our baby brown owls Peter and Wendy (the lost children) and housed them temporarily in an outdoor rabbit hutch by day, and a large carton with hay in it at night. Though not more than three weeks old, they were the most cuddly toys imaginable, and quite unperturbed by fondling and nursing and frequent chatter around them. Wendy, the larger and stronger, felt the cold, or perhaps it was the light, and would totter along my arm and snuggle inside my coat, to the wild delight of the children.

Had it not been for so many willing helpers, feeding our new pets would indeed have been a problem. As it was, it was a precarious business, for sometimes the children would bring a number of rats and mice, and dead birds, and sometimes none. The butcher kindly gave us lights and scraps of meat, but owls must have roughage, such as fur, feathers and bones to keep them in condition. This is cast up daily in the form of pellets. If a mouse had to be cut in halves, it was not because a baby owl cannot cope with a whole one, but because rations were short.

They did not tear up their food, but swallowed large portions whole. One day they were each given a rabbit's foot to play with. Peter was determined to swallow his toy. Getting it lengthwise in his beak, he brought his whole body into action to achieve this feat. Baby wings flapped, baby tail beat upon the floor, while stockinged legs performed strenuous bend and stretch exercises; eyes bulged and throat and chest heaved convulsively between frequent pauses for breath. When the foot was nearly out of sight, I retrieved it from the sorely stretched gape. It was four inches long and contained some strong bones which I could not think would be of any benefit to poor little Peter's inside.

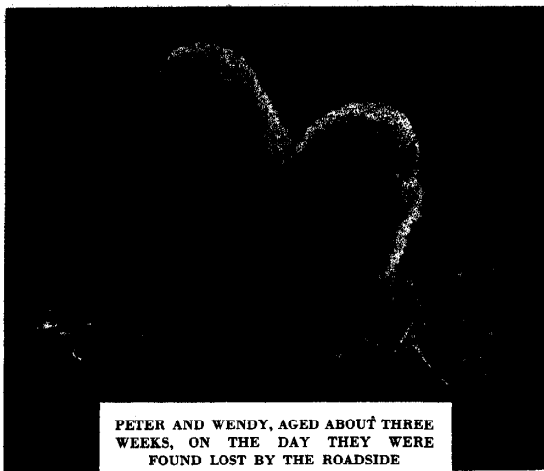
That evening, one of the rabbit's feet was missing, but it was Wendy who sat disconsolate and uncomfortable and disinclined to play, and next morning there appeared an enormous pellet, and separately, the complete and perfectly clean skeleton of a rabbit's foot.

When offered a whole rat, the birds ran their beaks playfully through its fur, but did no more. It had to be removed and cut into palatable pieces on the chopping block—a loathsome business.



Photograph by Phyllis M. Bond

QUIET AND RETIRING BY DAY, THEY BECAME PLAYFUL AS NIGHT CAME ON



PETER AND WENDY, AGED ABOUT THREE WEEKS, ON THE DAY THEY WERE FOUND LOST BY THE ROADSIDE

Inclined to be quiet and retiring during the day, Peter and Wendy became quite playful, in an owlish way, as night came on. Then I would take them into the sitting-room and play with them during the broadcast of the nine-o'clock news. They would pounce like kittens on imaginary mice lurking in the dark corners of their box. Thud would go their well-padded heads against the side, and they would sit up and think it over, then stagger across the box and pounce into another corner. They did a lot of "thinking things over." Wing flapping and leg stretching were nightly exercises, and as the wings grew stronger, these exercises were accompanied by little jumps. Soon Wendy struggled on to the edge of the box where she perched somewhat unsteadily while she surveyed the room beyond. In all achievements, Wendy led the way.

Another exercise concerned especially the neck—a most accommodating portion of the anatomy. Dropping the head loosely forward, and swinging it from side to side or round and round was a trick designed, I guessed, to intimidate.

It was done to most visitors, and especially to dogs. We were also greatly interested in the turning of the head a half circle till the chin rested between the shoulder-blades

and the head lamps looked straight out over the tail.

Another frightening, or protective, device indulged in as the owls gained their mature feathers, was to draw the whole body up narrow on stretched legs, and to make the feathered discs around the eyes oval and the eyes "equity" like a Chinese. Tilt the body slightly sideways and you have a most laughable object. But I have seen this done by a wild wood owl sitting in a tree, when it immediately took on the semblance of a dead branch. Bill-clapping was a signal of annoyance, but the owls never pecked or intentionally scratched.

One day I read in a magazine that owls need water, so hastened to put a bowl in the hutch. No notice was taken of it, however, till the evening, and when I went to fetch my owls indoors for the night, I was met by an amusing spectacle. Wendy was obviously just out of the bath, and Peter was in the middle of it! More bedraggled little orphans I never saw, as I cuddled them in my coat and hurried them into the kitchen to dry. Their ludicrous appearance was enhanced by their having neglected to wash their heads.

Though they were outwardly damp, their spirits were buoyant. They fluffed and preened their feathers and soon began to explore.

Wendy, after thinking it over, flew to my shoulder; another pause for reflection, and then to my head. From there to the drying rack and so to the mantelpiece were easy stages, but each required thinking over, and finally to the top of the cocoa-tin, where she exactly fitted and sat looking like an old-fashioned china ornament and surveyed her conquered world.

Peter, with help, achieved my shoulder, where he preened my hair and flapped his damp wings and envied the enterprise of his big sister.

After this, they were put each night into the empty garage, where they flew from beam to beam and splashed to their hearts' content in a large basin of water on the floor. They also learned to tear up food for themselves, and left much bloody and feathery refuse about, as well as pellets and bird lime. Each evening, before allowing them to have their food, I tried to tempt them down to my hand for it, always using the same whistle, or calling them by name. Though hungry, they would seldom come, however, though they would let me lift them from the beam and place them on my hand to feed.

The gradual change in their plumage was interesting. The downy filaments which at first covered them so closely and made them look like expensive pre-war toys were gradually pushed off as the second coat (which might be termed the adolescent plumage) came through. The filaments hung loosely from the tips of these feathers and blew in the wind, making photography of this stage difficult. The primaries were a fine dark brown with blackish markings, and were like the fluffy filaments, but the tail, at first so round and fan-like, bore an amusing bill of baby filaments around its edge. The adolescent breast feathers were very pale tawny, pencilled with horizontal wavy lines of a slightly darker shade, but at about three months old, when the breast was getting its adult plumage, the new feathers were darker with long dark brown splashes running longitudinally. But I am getting on too fast.

FRIENDLY PETER, AGED TWO MONTHS.
(Right) A FINE PERCH ON WHICH TO
THINK THINGS OVER



Photographs by Phyllis M. Bond

A large wooden cage was fixed in a holly tree for Peter and Wendy to sleep in by day, and it was hoped that they would grow so accustomed to it that they would return to it daily after they had been given their freedom. But though they looked so picturesque sitting side by side on their perch in a dark corner of the owlery, they never liked it, and spent much time beating against the wire door and calling in their childish squeaks. This attracted the wild wood owls, who flapped and hooted round noisily, but whether in anger or in pity I never understood.

Twice Wendy escaped as I was carrying her to the garage on my head. On the first she flew to a branch about twenty feet up in an oak, where she sat, mobbed by a demented thrush and sundry other small birds for at least half an hour. All entreaties to her to come down having failed, I fetched a ladder and brought

her down. The other time, she escaped into the top of a cypress, and was so (apparently) astonished to see me climb up after her that she could only sit watching me till I got hold of her. On either occasion Wendy could have completed her escape with the greatest ease, but I can only suppose she hadn't time to think it over.

It was now time to give Peter and Wendy their freedom, for they had in their captivity taught themselves to fly, to pounce, to tear flesh, to preen and bath themselves and to use the various owlish devices for protection and intimidation.

So one afternoon, their cage door was left open. They soon flew out and spent a damp night in a near-by oak. For some weeks they kept about the garden and fringe of woodland. But while Peter remained friendly and would fly down to a perch near me for a chat, Wendy

became less and less tame, and eyed me with suspicion from afar. I was once lucky enough to watch them wake in the evening. Peter woke first, stretched first one leg and wing and then the other, and tottered along the branch to where Wendy still sat in a sleepy huddle. Nestling up to her, he tenderly caressed her, nibbling her feathers with his bill. She received him coolly, as was her manner always.

On one occasion Peter explored my bedroom, but soon departed on silent wings at the call of the wild owls outside in the dark night. They had been with me two months then, and I went away for a fortnight. When I returned, I could find my owls no more. For many evenings I wandered around the garden and wood calling them and whistling the peculiar note to which they had grown accustomed, but all in vain. The lure of the wild woods had got them, and they had returned to Nature.

"LOUD NOISES" — A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

SHOOUTING and other loud noises are not permitted on the course." This is not, as might be supposed, an addition to that "Etiquette of the Game of Golf" which is presented at the end of the Rules; the Etiquette tells us not to talk when someone is making a stroke but cannot believe us guilty of shouting. No, this is one of the rules for general conduct which a harassed honorary secretary put up on the notice board of the Hamburg Golf Club, I seem to remember that in the Summer of 1940 a golf club near London made a local rule that in case a player was disturbed by a bomb falling exactly at the moment at which he played his stroke he could be allowed another shot. Fortunately loud noises of this particular kind are no more and these peaceful sounds at Hamburg proceed, as I understand, partly from a natural exuberance on the part of week-end players, partly from the fact that they play such exceedingly multi-ball matches that they naturally have to shout rather loud from the flanks to tell each other how they are getting on.

That four balls are, as a rule, a maximum for a game of golf is, I gather from my kind informant, a pure delusion, an outworn creed of an old and hide-bound civilization. The game is rather one to be played in battle-groups of almost any number. Six- or seven-ball matches are quite common and eight balls by no means unknown. These eight-balls are generally played by the crews of heavy bombers, who have become such inseparable companions that

they cannot bear to be parted even when encountering the milder hazards of a game of golf. By contrast with them two other members of the R.A.F.—perhaps these were fighters—went round the course at a steady double shod with gym shoes and having but one club apiece. Not unnaturally, they went rather faster than the multi-ball plodders and went through them as if they had been brown paper, passing one match after another, in my informant's pleasant phrase, "with a joyous nonchalance."

This question of passing, which in more orthodox circles might produce some little difficulties, appears to arrange itself with a very friendly give and take. "On one occasion," so runs my letter, "I got involved in passing a Canadian R.A.F. six-ball match. Having each let the other through at the same hole we got somewhat entangled. My opponent found his ball; so I asked if we could go on. A large head appeared out of a thicket and roared, 'Come on! We're spread over hell's half-acre!'" At the same time, as I gather, sulphurous exclamations rising to heaven from the heather on either side of the fairway added vermillion tints to this picturesque phrase. Hell's half-acre! It is a good name, an admirable variant on an old theme, and I respectfully commend it to anyone wanting to christen a new bunker; but the bunker must be worthy.

It was this state of things which caused the honorary secretary to put up his notice, and no doubt in a general way he was right, though whether he achieved his object may be doubted.

The human voice needs no encouragement and, to quote from my dear old Badminton, "he who rushes noisily up to a match, demanding with loud geniality, 'how you stand,' irrespective of whether anyone is playing a stroke at the moment is a nuisance who ought to be abolished from the golf links." That, however, was written for more sophisticated persons. He who may be called, with all possible respect, the bank-holiday golfer will about a little and must be endured with equanimity. Indeed, it is not the noise but the suddenness of the noise that does the damage. I have been re-reading out of pure idleness the scene in my very old friend *Frank Fairleigh*, in which the villain Cumberland conspires with other villains to rob Harry Oaklands at billiards. "And now, carefully and deliberately, Oaklands pointed his cue—his elbow was drawn back for the stroke—for the last time his eyes appeared to measure and calculate the precise spot he must strike to produce the desired effect—when suddenly, and at the exact moment in which the cue struck the ball, a sonorous anæmia from the rat-like billiard-marker resounded through the room." Of course Oaklands gave a start and missed this crucial shot, and of course Cumberland ran out and took the money.

Putting villains on one side, some of the most virtuous citizens can make the most ill-timed and devastating noises. Stewards, shouting themselves hoarse with "Back on the left them," sometimes fail to observe that one of the players, for whom they are trying to make

life easier, is about to play a stroke. So they let fly ear-piercing shrieks at exactly the wrong moment: and they are especially perilous when, in addition to a little brief authority, they are armed with a megaphone. It was one of these well-known megaphonists who snarled Bobby Jones's fate in his final Amateur Championship final in America, causing him to top a critical brassie shot into a bunker, at a hole which was called the "Ghost Hole" ever afterwards.

I remember vaguely, too, from America, this time from a professional tournament, that one player, who had finished his round and was likely to win, gave a cheerful halloo to a friend just as his most dangerous rival was playing an approach. Nobody thought for a moment

that he had done it intentionally but it caused a little natural bitterness nevertheless.

Against a more or less continuous noise a golfer ought to be able to steel himself; it is the sound that "strikes on the quivering air" without warning that produces the disasters. The sudden click of a camera has been known in all probability to change the course of golfing history. Fortunately the camera hand can usually be appeased by the promise of a practice swing after the real shot has been played. The Duke of Wellington complained of being "much exposed to authors" and illustrious golfers are similarly exposed to photographers. I have never been sufficiently distinguished to suffer much at their hands and oddly enough my only definite recollections of such circumstances are

of having played notably good shots. So I write of them with a hatred which is mingled with gratitude.

By the way, my correspondent told me in his letter one piece of news about the Hamburg course calculated to revive the sportsman's interest. I lamented that a return of six down to a German Bogy was apparently good enough to win most competitions, a fact rather shattering to our national pride. Since then it appears that a Scottish officer, fresh from a tour of duty in his native country, has been round in view of, as compared with the Bogy in 78. Clearly, as somebody said of Ben Sayers in a bunker, he has not been wasting his time. That tour of duty must have included a little golf, which is just as it should be.

CORRESPONDENCE

PLAN FOR COUNTRY HOUSE OWNERS

SIR,—As one interested in architecture, and at the same time somewhat concerned as to the future of the many old houses scattered throughout the country which are not of great size but are still too large to be run comfortably and economically in these present times, I put forward this brief outline of a scheme whereby the owner may retain his house and yet not find it profitable to him. This would be to cut the house into two or three sections: in one the owner would make a nucleus of his preferred rooms, cutting or walling off the other parts into sections to hold one or two small families as tenants, with furnished or unfurnished leases.

Country houses of any period usually have more than one outer door and staircase, which each section would therefore contain, and the addition of small modern kitchens and extra bathrooms should not require a great outlay. In all probability the drive would serve each entrance, and on the other side of the house each tenant could have his own garden.

Take, for example, houses of earliest date down to the end of the Tudor period, most of which comprise either a lofty medieval or later called-in hall as centre, with one or two wings. This hall, with a group of rooms beside and above it, forms one section; in one wing would be the solar, the great parlour or the long gallery, one large room with other rooms for dining-room and bedrooms would make another section; if not built in wings, access can be gained by a door on the other side of the house.

In the later periods where houses are more square in shape with more uniformly large room sections can also be arranged, and in Georgian houses the main entrance hall may have to be used in common by all dwelling in the house.

Outdoors, in the commodious planning of old buildings, there will be garage space and stabling if required; not ignored, but independent.

The owner would rent on a lease to tenants with references exactly as though he were letting a separate house; there need be no interference except on business if he did not employ an agent, and there would be nothing remissive of paying guests.

As for the tenant, he would receive, apart from the charm of the old house, better rooms than he could by renting a small or moderate-sized house at the same price, together with outdoor amenities which belong only to a larger property.

One has heard that country houses could be preserved by being converted into flats. This is a really serious case, and the design of the house and proportions of the rooms are spoiled, while nothing gives one a more dreary sense of confinement and a loss of a feeling of a home than living in a flat.

—J. MORRISON, New York.
(Mr. Morrison's suggestion is not, of course, new, and there are some



A PORTRAIT OF SQUIRE OSBALDESTON ATTRIBUTED TO JAMES BARENGER

See letter: George Osbaldeston

successful instances of the subdivision of houses in this way. But the operation is, in the majority of houses, much less simple than it supposes. Relatively few houses are well adapted for division at an economic cost, when water supply, sanitation, refuse disposal, and possibly lifts have to be installed. In a majority of cases it is apt to be found that—

• The section with the large rooms has too few or no small rooms. The section(s) with the smaller rooms are too high up, face the wrong way, or are otherwise unsatisfactory.

• The structural and installation costs render alteration speculative.

• The division or communal use of the garden raises problems.

On the other hand, conversion can be much facilitated by the use of electricity for cooking and local heating where power is available.—Ed.]

GEORGE OSBALDESTON

SIR,—The rare portrait in your recent article, *Squire Osbaldeston's Ride*, shows "the Squire's" character better than any to be found in his Autobiography. It appears, I believe, in the *Sporting Magazine* some time in the 1830s. The gull-winged eyebrow is a revealing characteristic of this remarkable man.

I enclose a photograph of an oil sketch in my collection which I have no doubt is a portrait of George Osbaldeston, painted when he gave up hunting. It is with some doubt that I attribute this painting to James Barenger. Perhaps some reader might help me in the recognition of details.—R. HAWORTH-BOOTHS (Wing-Com-

mander, D.F.C., R.A.F., ret'd.), Grosvenor House, Thornbury, Gloucestershire.

BEEES IN LONDON

SIR,—Colonel Buzzard in his recent interesting article on humble-bees enquires if news of these insects exists in Kensington Gardens or the Green Park. When living in old Clifford's Inn early in the 1930s I noticed a nest in the grassy bank against the Army hut which for so long dominated the garden overlooked by the Hall. That eminent naturalist H. T. Sheringham to whom I showed it recollected having seen a humble-bee nest in the garden of the "Drapers' Hall at the beginning of the century."—G. BERNARD HUGHES, Moehrs, Grassy Lane, Snaresbrook, Kent.

BOSCOBEL ANECDOTES

SIR,—I was extremely interested in the article on Boscobel printed in your issue of December 14, 1945. When I visited it two years ago, I was told two legends about the house which may interest your readers.

In Fig. 7 of Mr. Christopher-Hussey's article, five long rectangular ailes can be seen on the west side of the house. On first looking they appear to be windows, but in reality they are just painted rectangles. It is said that they represented the five wounds of Christ—and that they were a sign to priests during the penal times that they could say Mass in the house.

Fig. 10 shows the hiding-place at the top of the attic stairs, in which Charles II spent the night of September 6-7, 1681. This attic was used as a secret hiding-place at the time of the legend that some of the king's enemies came there with bloodhounds sent to find him. The hounds could not pick up the king's scent on account of

the strong smell of cheese, and he remained in the hiding-place undetected.

I do not know how much truth there is in these two legends, but as they are both quite credible, some of your correspondents may be interested.—R. M. RHEWCASTLE, 46, Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W.1.

THE ROYAL OAK

SIR,—In his admirable article on Boscobel House, Mr. Christopher Hussey states that there is no record of the disappearance of the celebrated Royal Oak, and every reason to believe that the present tree is the authentic original. I hope this is true, but, apart from the fact of the small size of the tree, Mr. J. Hughes, editor of *The Boscobel Tracts* (1830) writes in his accompanying notes as follows: "A few hundred yards to the south-west of (Boscobel House), in a field commanding a fine, distant view of the Wrekin and the Cleys (sic) Hills, stands the present representative of the Royal Oak, which is of some antiquity. It was planted many years ago on the original spot, from an acorn of the parent tree, which soon fell a victim to the destructive ravages of a local during Charles's brief popularity. The wall erected by Sir Basil Fitzherbert, with which it was surrounded until the year 1814, has since been replaced in better taste by the present owner, with a high iron railing. The brass plate with Sir Basil's inscription, formerly fixed on the tree, as well as the two halves of the stone table in the king's arbour, (one of them forming the threshold), are still shown in the house."

There is then a footnote to the effect that: "Mr. Ward of Kiddermore Green, where the Penderels possessed some land (as appears by will), is said to have an old picture of Charles II seated at the table, the genuineness of which I know nothing of."

Facing these notes is an engraving of the Royal Oak dated June, 1830, which shows the tree surrounded by an iron railing either a deduction, or, precisely similar to, the present one. The bole of the tree does not look more than about two feet in diameter.

What strikes me as a curious feature of Boscobel House is the way in which the convention of the crude false windows and arrow-slits (?) painted on the breast of the great chimney stack has persisted. They appear in a different design in Vanderghucht's engraving, and show in their present form in the 1830 engraving. *The Boscobel Tracts*, so that they must have been perpetuated in many redecorations in the course of centuries. Presumably the original intention was to break up the monotony of so large an expanse of blank walling.—L. T. C. KOLT, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire.

FROGS AND STRAWBERRIES

SIR,—In Major Jarvis's interesting Notes, he mentions a story from Ireland, in which frogs are accused of eating strawberries.



THE OLDEST TIMBER BRIDGE IN ENGLAND?

See letter: Selby's Toll Bridge

Can any naturalist say if the frog, or any of his amphibian relatives, has ever been proved to resort to a diet of fruit elsewhere than in Ireland? I hope we may have more information on this subject.—VIOLET BRODIE, *Hrodie Castle, Forres.*

COUNTRY WIT AND GRAPHIC SPEECH

SIR.—In *Country Wit and Graphic Speech*, by C. H. Warren, in *Country Life*, of December 14, 1945, he quotes: "You might just as well follow a hare with a taber." During the course of centuries this phrase has got slightly changed. The Oxford English Dictionary gives:

1399. Langland, *Ride Redelies*, i. 58. "Men might as well have hunted a hare with a taber."

1624. Capt. J. Smith, Virginia, iv. 158. "Will any go to catch a Hare with a taber and a pipe?"

One can well picture in one's mind the medieval and even Saxon beaters, when beaters carried horns, tabors, and cymbals, to drive the game into nets, trying to get a hare from breaking back by waving a taber in one hand and taber-stick in the other.

As an instance of country wit, during the war, just after the signposts were removed, a motorist in Wiltshire asked his way of an old man to a place where there was a large ammunition dump and got for an answer: "If they wanted the likes of these there they wouldn't have taken down their post."—R. S. NEWALL, *Fiskerton Diocese House, Wylde, Wiltshire.*

CHANGING NATURE

SIR.—Your correspondent, Major Hitchcock, might think we had been hoarding wild sundew if he came to these parts. I would like to make a bet that I could find a sundew on any Lakeland fell—though perhaps my habit of going barefooted on the mountains with my two little boys leads us to see a greater number of sundews than we would if we kept only to the dry paths.

There are 22 hoopoe swans on the Tarn now, the first seen over a month ago.—JOSEPHINE BANNER, *The Field, Little Langdale, Westmorland.*

AN EBONY SNUFF-BOX

SIR.—I am sending herewith a photograph of the lid of an ebony snuff-box which I came across recently. The size of the box is 2½ inches long and 1½ inches wide and the carving is remarkable for its fine and detailed work. The inscription along the top is carved in relief and reads *vous l'avez donc vu grand mere, vous l'avez donc vue* . . . Although the figure held by the old lady is only just over ¼ inch high it is easy to recognise the subject of the conversation. The hat, epau-

lettes, frock coat and characteristic pose of Napoleon Bonaparte are all faithfully rendered.—A. W. BULL, *Beeston, Nottinghamshire.*

SKINNING RABBITS

SIR.—Some weeks ago a letter appeared in your columns describing a method of skinning rabbits, I believe, in the Hebrides. The method mentioned in that letter is also common in Southern Italy. Recently a rabbit was handed over to an Italian prisoner-of-war to skin; this was the procedure he adopted. A small hole was made in the skin of one of the hind legs; the Italian blew into this hole with some considerable force, thereby inflating the rabbit and separating the skin from the flesh. The rabbit throughout was held firmly by the neck. The whole process took about three minutes, during which the rabbit was inflated to about half its size again. The skin was then completely peeled off including that over the head. After this interesting demonstration it was decided to allow the Italian to have the rabbit. *GEOFFREY COOPER, Naval and Military Club, W.I.*

SELBY'S TOLL BRIDGE

SIR.—As Selby Urban Council again brought up the vexed problem of the freeing of Selby Toll Bridge recently (a matter frequently discussed—and shelved—before the war), I enclose a photograph of the bridge in dispute. At a recent Council meeting one of

the councillors, according to Press reports, pointed out that "Selby had paid heavily in retarding her progress owing to the bridge. Everybody who crossed it and all merchandise coming into or out of the town was taxed by the proprietors of the bridge." Many years ago the Selby Urban Council had a chance of buying the bridge for about £8,000. When motor traffic began to swell the value of this solitary link between the town and the farther bank of the River Ouse, the price of bridge and toll rights rose to something like £50,000.

The bridge is said to have been designed by John Smeaton, the builder of Eddystone Lighthouse, in 1790. *JOSEPHINE BANNER, in Ancient Bridges of the North of England*, states that it is "probably the oldest timber bridge in England," and goes on to quote Thomas Allen who, in his *History of York* (1832), declares that "the swing section (of the bridge) weighed 70 tons and works on balls resembling cannon-balls," an early instance of the use of ball-bearings.

My photograph was taken from the eastern bank of the River Ouse.—G. BERNARD WOOD, 32, Mickelfield Lane, Raudon, Leeds, Yorkshire.

AN OLD CIDER MILL

SIR.—This photograph, which was taken at a farm near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, shows on the right a very old cider-apple pulping wheel in its trough.

The cider-apples were picked on a sunny day and heaped up under the trees and left to ripen and be touched with frost, and when found to be ripe enough, generally by the end of November or beginning of December, were taken to the crusher; theyellow

apples being considered to make the best cider.

This crusher consisted of a huge circular stone trough, the diameter of which was as much as ten or twelve feet, and in this trough rolled an immense stone wheel which crushed the apples to a pulp, which pulp was given to the pigs.

The stone wheel was called the runner.—E. M. BOOBY, *Clydebank, Emoult, Devon.*

RAIN AND SHINE

SIR.—In reply to your correspondent's letter about "the Jackal's Wedding," I have always heard "Fox's wedding" applied to a shower while the sun is shining. This seems a common saying. "Jackal's wedding" occurs in other parts of India too. I have come across it in the central parts of the country.—ATBURNER.

HOME OR FAMILY?

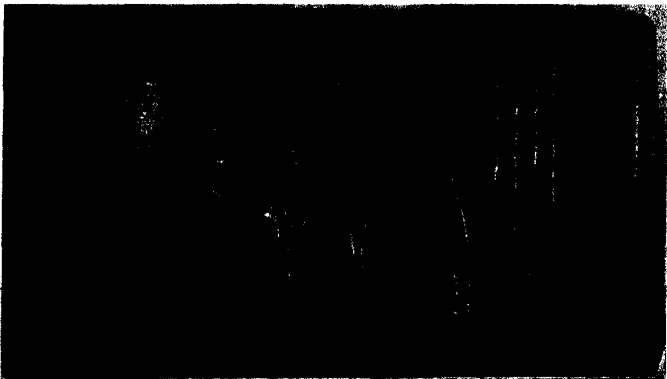
SIR.—In Major Jarvis's Notes a little while ago, writing of cats, he stated that he considers it unusual for a cat to be more attached to an owner than to his home; and that such a case only occurs when the cat's family does not possess a dog.

I have kept dogs and cats together for more than 25 years—Irish and wire-haired terriers; and for the



THE HUGE STONE CRUSHER OF THE CIDER MILL IN ITS CIRCULAR TROUGH

See letter: An Old Cider Mill



THE GRANDMOTHER AND THE STATUETTE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

See letter: An Ebony Snuff-box

past eight years a Labrador. Two of my cats have attained the ages of 17 and 18 years; one, a blue Persian, is still here and in good health. I have moved several times during these years; and without exception the cats have moved too, without the slightest sign of uneasiness at a fresh home or garden.

I have bred cats for nearly 15 years, and I think most members of the cat fancy will agree that cats, if treated as intelligent and loving animals, are far more attached to their family than the dog, and do not mind where they live.

The affection which my dogs have always shown to my cats has always astonished me. I do not know whether other animal lovers share this experience.—J. M. NEWTON, *Crab Tree, Hamm Court, Weybridge, Surrey.*

THE OLD HORSE

SIR,—A few days before his death,

to speak for themselves.—GEORGE COCKERILL, *Honorary Director and Chairman of the Council, International League for the Protection of Horses, 4, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.*

AN ACID TEST

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of August 31 it is interesting to compare the proposed shopping centre in Chipping Ongar (in *The Greater London Plan*) with "the weatherboard architecture of Essex." It might be called "An Acid Test"—Powys Evans, *Bryn Tinon, Bodidern, near Holyhead.*

TIT TACTICS

SIR,—I was interested to read the letter *Tit Tactics* and think it may interest the writer to know that, for very many years, I lived in the country and always had a few half walnut shells suspended from my bird-table by string about 4 to 6 inches long and filled with hard or dripping (pre-ferably) fat. These the greater tit would always pull up, hand over hand, and hold the nut securely while he had his meal. The small tit would always swing on the shells and so have his meal.—N. R., *Coventry, Warwickshire.*

THE FOUR

BEARS

SIR,—The Epstein-like figure in the foreground of the accompanying photograph is one of four stone bears, life size, now lying in the burial ground of Dacre Church, near Farnthorpe in Cumberland. These formerly sat, one at each corner, on the top of the square keep of Dacre Castle adjacent.

According to W. G. Collingwood, Chancellor Ferguson made out that in their original position they were intended to tell a grotesque story, thus:

"Bear to the north-west of the church is resting on his stick. Bear to the south-west (in the photograph) has a monkey on his back. Just jumped on because he knows it teases." Bear to the south-east is grabbing the monkey. Bear to the north-east has eaten him and is happy."

Of the original structure, built about the middle of the fourteenth century, only the castle keep remains, with some earthworks.—P. MAREDEN, *Lytham St. Anne's, Lancashire.*

BRAID-MAKERS' TOOLS

SIR,—My mother, who was born in Essex, 86 years ago, was much interested in the letters on braid-making tools in your issue of December 7. She explained the whole process of braid-making, having done many hundreds of yards as a girl. The straw was good length, wheatstraw, cut at every joint, then placed in a barrel into which brimstone was burnt. This bleached the straw, which was afterwards put up by means of the "engine" illustrated in your paper. It was then plaited into braid and wound on a half-yard board. This was taken to a local agent who paid sevenpence a yard for ordinary braid and twopence for a whipcord braid. The agent then sent the braid to Luton to be made into straw hats. My mother lived in the village of Jaspers Green, Shalford, Essex.—A. V. CURNOCK, 132, *Fore Street, Edmonton, N.B.*

IN BRASS AND IRON

SIR,—The bone and wood straw-splitters illustrated in Mr. J. King's letter (COUNTRY LIFE, December 7, 1945) were later copied in brass and iron by local blacksmiths both in Bedfordshire (where the straw-plaiting industry was largely concentrated) and

also in Essex. The bone type were said to have been invented by French prisoners of war held at Yaxley barracks, between 1803 and 1806, and early copies in iron and brass fetched between one and two guineas.

The number of cutting blades varied according to the number of "splints" into which the straws were to be split, the object, of course, being to produce lighter and finer straw plait than was possible by the earliest whole-straw method.

They were known in this area as "machines," (see *Guide to the Hat Industry* collections in Luton Public Museum).—CORRATOR, *Luton Public Museum, Warden Park, Luton, Bedfordshire.*

THE RULE OF THE ROAD

SIR,—A recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE contained a query regarding the reason of the "keep left" road rule in England.

It is one of comparatively recent origin and would appear to have had its beginnings, strangely enough, in the fact that the war side was the one into which ladies chose to sit their mounts.

Dresses were long, puddles were deep and numerous, and keeping to the left gave a certain amount of protection from fast-moving vehicles which had then to pass on the off side. So ladies, appropriately, set the fashion.

Their sisters on the Continent were neither so hardy nor adventurous and whenever possible travelled by coach or litter. When the increase in the volume of traffic forced it to consent to a certain amount of discipline *le droit* was, after all, "right" while the left was always *gauche*!—W. H. P. GARDINER, *Rushock, Droitwich, Worcestershire.*

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, BATH

SIR,—While the Central Council for the Care of Churches is bemoaning in particular the loss of buildings of the English Renaissance, the Bath Corporation, in connection with their "Plan," would seem to be determined to wipe out the church of St. James in this city, which was gutted in the air raids of 1942, but of which the stone shell is for the most part un-



AN ENGLISH RENAISSANCE CHURCH

See letter: St. James's Church, Bath

injured. This is quite unnecessary from the town-planning point of view. The body of the church, which is of some historic interest, was rebuilt in 1768, and the steeple about a hundred years ago. The latter is well-proportioned and the detail good if somewhat coarse; moreover, externally it has remained intact apart from the lead-covered cupola; and the clock has always proved a boon in a district where public clocks are scarce.

I enclose a pen-and-ink sketch since a suitable photograph would not appear to be available.—E. M. HICK, 11, *North Parade, Bath.*

DAGGA

SIR,—What opium is to the Chinese, dagga is to the South African. Its use is strictly prohibited, but in the mountain districts of Basutoland no chief seems to be able to stamp out the forbidden pastime for fear of arousing public indignation.

The method of smoking it varies. Some dig slanting holes in the ground. In one they place the dry dagga leaf, and in the other a short piece of cane. They fill their mouths with water, and placing a small glowing ember on the leaves, draw in the smoke. They spit out the water followed by the smoke down a hollow reed.

I enclose a photograph of a Basutoland native who is exhaling through the reed.—M. L. N.W.S.



THE DAGGA SMOKER FROM BASUTOLAND

See letter: Dagga

ONE OF THE FOUR BEARS IN DACRE CHURCHYARD, CUMBERLAND

See letter: The Four Bears

Freddie Fox wrote to me expressing his anxiety lest the shortage of feeding-stuffs, frozen grass, etc., should cause suffering to many horses through the coming Winter.

"It is very hard for some people," he wrote, "to sign an old friend's death warrant. I have one I have hunted 15 seasons before the war and an armful of hay. I have a back round when time permits and one of us has a word for him every day, so he is all right and looks it. But the time will come when he may be destroyed, and you would be surprised how much even the thought haunts me. I have seen old favourites 'pensioned off' miles from anywhere, nobody going near them for days, weeks or months, no shelter and nothing but Winter picking to eat in the Winter months. Horses I am sure love human companionship, and owners who are only putting off for a year or two what has to be done eventually may be causing dreadful suffering by mistaken kindness."

Freddie Fox was anxious that I should issue an appeal to horse-lovers to do all they can to avoid such suffering, and added: "If your letter serves to point this out to only a few of the thoughtless or uninitiated it will be worth while."

I will leave Freddie Fox's words

ESTB. 1742

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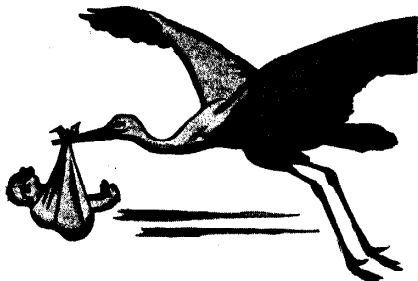
Looking Ahead

The Main Line Railways' post-war plans include the introduction of the latest scientific improvements in new locomotives and in re-conditioning existing engines. Passenger rolling stock will include new designs with bright colours, new fabrics, plastics and other materials.

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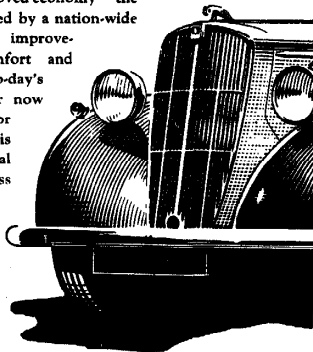
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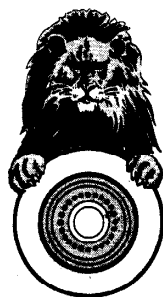
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MR. RAMSHAW CARRIES ON

By CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT

At our shows in the evenings Mr. Ramshaw's escapades were often astonishing. My own appearance was occasionally greeted by a faint hand-clapping. The films—which included slow-motion sequences of Mr. Ramshaw and the other eagles in action—often caused an audible response from the audience. But when Mr. Ramshaw had gone through his paces—spreading his wings on the word of command; flying to the outstretched hand of some venturesome member of the gathering, or sailing, [loose, about the hall,—there would come a great burst of applause, a roar of delight—or of relief that it was all safely over.

Perhaps the most remarkable of Mr. Ramshaw's recent activities, however, was his appearance in a modern feature film most of which was made amid the glorious scenery on the Island of Mull. In it he is shown going off by himself into the wilds to enjoy a private hunting expedition. He has the laugh on me when he steals a rabbit intended for dinner and achieves the almost impossible by catching a lamb-killing fox which had been roaming the countryside, creating a deal of havoc among the flocks, to the concern of owners and shepherds alike. All this was according to plan, but unofficially he created an exceedingly poor impression by indulging his weakness for poultry—a weakness which I have endeavoured to eradicate, but apparently without success. Twice, and despite every conceivable precaution, he crashed onto a beauti-

WINGS AGAINST THE SKY

fully-conditioned first-season hen with the inevitable result. Of course the owners were liberally recompensed for their losses, and in addition members of the unit subsequently ate the bodies of the unfortunate victims. Among those lucky enough to enjoy the feast the eagle was highly popular. The heads and necks of the birds were, naturally enough, reserved for the crafty actor-hunter—Mr. Ramshaw.

MR. RAMSHAW AGED 17—A PICTURE OF DIGNIFIED WARINESS

MR. RAMSHAW, my 17-year-old eagle, is still achieving the fantastic. As though his war-time experiences—being torpedoed; sailing, out of control, over New York city; rushing in headlong flight from Arras to escape the Germans—were not enough, he has recently been doing his best to keep up his strange reputation. A few weeks ago he was up in Orkney, entertaining various Service units and, incidentally, doing a little nature study between whiles.

He naturally saw some unusual birds—it is almost impossible there to go far off the track, or to gaze skywards, for any length of time without seeing what seems a rarity. From his weathering places in the hotel garden on the mainland or behind the huts on South Ronaldshay he saw—for if I did he certainly must have done—great skuas, Arctic tern, fulmar, peregrine, merlin and rook. Not that the rook can be considered a rare bird, but one hardly expects to find them and a rookery so far north.

On occasions we took him out to try for a rabbit but were never successful, the quarry invariably being too close to their underground retreats. Neither did we do any good at rats which had their dwellings under the great heaps of bleached cattle-bones that had been dumped on the saltings. The rats, like the rabbits, scuttled to earth on the first sign of alarm.

Short-eared owls, of which we saw a quite surprising number, had, apparently, little difficulty in securing as many of these long-tailed pests as they required, their noiseless approach and sudden foot-stroke giving the unwary victim little chance of escape. On one owl's nest which we found the tiny young were surrounded by the bodies of half- and three-quarters-grown rats. Some were removed to form the chief item of Mr. Ramshaw's meal on the following day.



THE EAGLE RETURNING TO HIS OWNER'S FIST AFTER A FLIGHT TO TRY FOR A RABBIT



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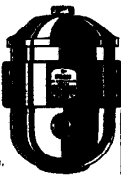
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NEW BOOKS

A LADY IN SIAM

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

ANNA CRAWFORD, who was born at Carnarvon in 1894, is the subject of Margaret Landon's book, *Anna and the King of Siam* (Harrap, 12s. 6d.). The attractive and numerous pictures are by Margaret Ayer.

While Anna Crawford was in Carnarvon, her parents were in India, and there her father, a soldier, was killed. She was 15 when she went out

own printing-press. He was as "well up" in several other languages as this letter shows him to have been in English. Eventually (but this was after Anna had left Siam) his death was to have affinities with Bacon's. Both died through exposure while examining scientific phenomena.

There was another side to the matter. The King was tyrant as well as philosopher, inheritor of a code

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM. By Margaret Landon (Harrap, 12s. 6d.)

THE CHRONICLES OF CHURCH FARM.

By Monica Hutchings (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s. 6d.)

RED RAIN. By Leslie Kark (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)

BEDELLA. By Vera Caspary (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 8s. 6d.)

to rejoin her mother, who had married again. Anna and her step-father did not hit it off, but an early marriage delivered her from domestic tyranny. Her husband, a Major Leonowens, did not live long, and Anna was left with a boy and girl and small means of keeping them. She was an enterprising woman and opened a school in Singapore for British officers' children.

THE KING'S LETTER

This school attracted the attention of the Siamese Consul in Singapore. He had been instructed by the King of Siam to find an English teacher for the royal children. Anna was offered, and accepted, this position. She was 28 when she went to Bangkok in 1882. Her son went with her, and her daughter was sent to England.

The letter which the King of Siam sent to Anna clinching the bargain is worth giving in full, for it shows something of the mind of a remarkable man: "Madam, we are in good pleasure, and satisfaction in heart, that you are in willingness to undertake the education of our beloved royal children. And we hope that in doing your education on us and on our children (whom English call inhabitants of taught land) you will do your best endeavour for knowledge of English language, science, and literature, and not for conversion to Christianity; as the followers of Buddha are mostly aware of the powerfulness of truth and virtue, as well as the followers of Christ, and are desirous to have facility of English language and literature, more than new religions. We beg to invite you to our royal palace to do your best endeavourment upon us and our children. We shall expect to see you here on return of Siamese steamer *Chow Phya*. We have written to Mr. William Anderson, and to our Consul at Singapore, to authorise to do best arrangement for you and ourselves. Believe me, yours faithfully."

The King turned out to be as remarkable as this letter would lead one to expect: a thin, ascetic man, who had been priest as well as king, a student of science, literature and philosophy, and the possessor of his

that accepted great cruelties as all in the day's work. While he was enlightened enough to dream of a better future, he was not strong enough to turn on an evil past.

Anna wrote a couple of books about her experiences in Siam, and these, together with documents which the author of this present book has discovered, are the basis of this work. We have a clear and attractive picture of the Siamese court, with its oriental splendour and servitude, and especially of the harem city of 9,000 women, ranging from lusty "Amazons," whose jobs seem to have been not unlike those of our own police-women, to delicate and pampered court favourites.

ELEPHANTS FOR LINCOLN

But the outstanding figure is the King himself, who delighted in writing long, ornate letters to Queen Victoria and other rulers. He did not disdain even presidents, and there is an attractive letter to Abraham Lincoln, offering a gift of elephants. "When they arrive in America, do not let them be taken to a cold climate out of the regions under the sun's declinations or torrid zone, but let them be turned out with all haste to run wild in some jungle suitable to them, not confining them any length of time. If these means can be done, we trust that the elephants will propagate their species hereafter in the continent of America."

Lincoln had a civil war on his hands and didn't want elephants, too. He reminded the King that "our political jurisdiction does not reach a latitude so low as to favour the multiplication of the elephant, and steam on land, as well as on water, has been our best and most efficient agent of transportation in internal commerce."

Anna eventually went to live in the United States, where she became something of a figure in the New England literary set; and later she made her home in Canada with her daughter and a young leader whom the girl had married. She had evidence that her great adventure had not been in vain, for she lived long enough to see her most august pupil ascend his father's throne and rule with enlightenment. He sent her a message which

must have cheered her heart: "All that I ever learned of good in life you taught me."

THE FUTURE OF THE FARM

Mrs. Monica M. Hutchings, in *The Chronicles of Cinders Farm* (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s. 6d.) writes attractively of the 150 acres of Somerset land where her lot is laid. The war has given agriculture a "boom" time, as was always do, but farmers' memories are full of the seven-war period when Cinderella is returned from the palace to the cinder-path. Mrs. Hutchings faces this shadow over the future in her last chapter and puts up a good case for the enlightened treatment of agriculture. "The younger generation of farmers will improve both the quantity and quality of their produce. It remains only for you, the townspeople, to express a preference for it, and to show that preference by buying it. And for those who throw up their hands and say 'But what about our incomes? Unless we import food we can't export our manufactured goods.' My reply to that is that a revived country, with all its local industries working full swing, could largely replace as a market those overseas—bearing in mind the fact that for five years these overseas buyers have had to look after themselves and might well prefer to continue to do so to a very great extent where their manufactures have had to be developed on account of the war."

Mrs. Hutchings is aware that "archaic" farm-houses, unable to compete with the comfortable labour-saving houses in town, tend to discourage settlement on the land, and she makes what I take to be the sensible suggestion that an allowance of income-tax should be permitted for "modernising."

Describing an Autumn morning scene, the author speaks of "gossamer threads diamonded with dew," and adds: "Go summer, the old name for these minute webs, has a sad sound about it." "Go summer" is a charming and most perfectly descriptive phrase, but I have never personally heard it used. The Oxford English Dictionary derives gossamer from goose-summer—"St. Martin's summer, when geese are in season; hence, gossamer, which is then chiefly observed." Either way, it's an acute piece of nature-observation entrapped into a beautiful word.

NEW NOVEL

To find two good novels in a week is not a common experience, but that has been my luck. *Red Rain*, by Leslie Kark (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), and *Bedelia*, by Vera Caspary (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 8s. 6d.) could hardly be more different, but each is the work of a better-than-usual novelist.

Mr. Kark begins with a Lancaster bomber, which is shot down over Germany. All save one man in her were killed. In a series of chapters, he gives us the portraits and achievements of the men who at last came together to form the doomed crew: a London policeman, a Liverpool bird-seed salesman, a young American Rhodes scholar, a Highland gillie, a rolling stone, a middle-aged married man. Then there is a chapter which shows them all together—no longer, for the purpose of the job individuals, but a team, a brotherhood, each relying on all the others, jointly dedicated.

Every one of these chapters is excellent; some are superb. My own favourite was that describing the

growing up of the young artist: his shy approach to life at home, at school, in his first studio. In this chapter there is full evidence that Mr. Kark's imagination can be fed by other things than war, and that in due season we may expect him to take with assurance all life for his province.

WITH A DIFFERENCE

Miss Caspary's book is a "thriller" with a difference—a thriller related by a fine writer who knows that more external sensation will never make a book worth reading and that, in any genre, a novel must finally depend on character.

Bedelia was an attractive woman who killed for money—continuously and ruthlessly. It would not be fair to go into the hows and whys of the matter. Let it be enough to say that we believe in Bedelia and that the setting in which she finds herself—an American small town in 1913—is beautifully rendered. The people of the community are alive and alert, and the essence of the horrible moment is distilled not out of improbable high spots, but out of the placid background: the shovelling of snow in the streets, the delivery of the grocery parcels, and all sorts of domestic trivia. The author leaves on the mind a vivid sense of how evil may slide in and interweave with the common stuff of daily living.

LONDON'S FOREST

TO produce such a book as Mr. William Addison has just written in *Epping Forest* (Dent, 12s. 6d.), a man must know not only what to put in; he must have the judgment and the art to know what to omit so that the result may be a book, not a guidebook. The proof of Mr. Addison's success is that we read on and on, enthralled, with never a sense of irrelevance, dullness or of parts clumsily joined. Beginning with Forest legends and the founding of Waltham Abbey, the author takes us through the centuries as through one inviting woodland glade after another, informing us without heaviness, enlivening us with good stories, humour and that lovely quality, toleration, which he himself so much admires when he finds in characters he brings before us. Most people, asked to recall famous names associated with Epping Forest, could probably muster a dozen or so. They would remember Queen Elizabeth's hunting lodge, the Dickens inn at Chigwell, poor John Clare in his madhouse, Tennyson writing "Ring out, wild bells, the Christmas that was in Wanstead, William Morris at Woodstock, the Quaker families of Fry, Buxton, Gurney, Howard. And to these they could probably add, from to-day and yesterday, the names of Epstein, T. E. Lawrence, Edward Thomas, W. W. Jacobs. But how many of us know, for instance, that "George Herbert came into the Forest in 1629 . . . but left before Donne arrived," that "Livingstone, a great explorer, explored all the countryside about Ongar," or that Diarsel attended "Cogan's School at Walthamstow"? The book is rich in a thousand little bits of history, a string of bits and pieces. Massed together at the end—a happy arrangement—are thirty-two fine photographs of forest scenes and buildings, as well as maps ancient and modern. This is a chronicle to read, possess, treasure. V. H. F.

Soviet Ballet (Collins, 15s.) will be valued by every lover of the dancer's art, for Miss Iris Morley has spent the last few years in Russia and has expert knowledge of the phases through which the ballet has passed there and of its present glories. Less well-versed readers will find in the many lovely photographic illustrations, perfectly reproduced, a feast of beauty.

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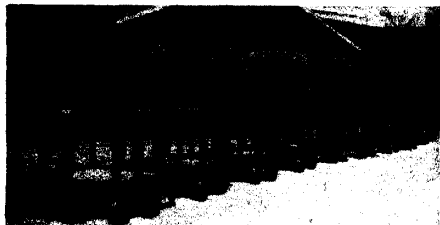
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FARMING NOTES

THE TRIED HAND

SOME new and pertinent questions about the labour employed on farms appeared in the December returns which we farmers now dutifully make to the Ministry of Agriculture. Before the war we were asked to make only one annual return of crops, livestock and labour employed. That was on June 4. Now we have to do the same thing each quarter. The questions that interested me particularly were those asking for the numbers of men and women over insurable age. That is men over 65 and women over 60. Most of us to-day have more old age pensioners working on our farms than ever before.

Until the end of the war they no doubt felt that they could best help the country by staying in the jobs where their skill was needed. We have been very glad to keep these tried hands and have turned a blind eye if occasionally an old man took a day off or did not turn up on a Saturday morning. Now our old friends are drifting away. They can pick up part-time work and doing odd-jobs about the village. They have certainly earned their semi-retirement. Even so, I expect that the Ministry's December returns when we see them in a few weeks' time will show that agriculture is employing a high proportion of old men.

Out of Uniform

I WISH we could expect a similarly high figure to come from the answers to another new question about the numbers of demobilised from His Majesty's Forces who are now working on farms. Until last month when the block release scheme was introduced a mere handful of individual specialists had been allowed to return to the land under the Class "B" release scheme. We are looking forward now to getting 10,000 under the block scheme. They are to be "general farm-workers, market garden-workers, shepherds, cattle-men, stockmen, yardmen, dairymen, carters, horsemen, ploughmen, tractor-drivers and farm labourers." This is the official list of categories. Many of the terms, of course, mean the same thing. I hope all these 10,000 will show up in the next agricultural returns due to be made in March. Happily also we are now getting a trickle of demobilised farm-workers who have been released under the ordinary Class A age and service scheme.

These are the men who were in the yeomanry or other county regiments as Territorials before the war. They put on uniform permanently in September, 1939, and, although many of them were in the twenties then, they have qualified for the earlier release groups on account of their length of service. Not all these men are coming back into farming. One man, who worked as a tractor-driver on a neighbour's farm and was transferred into the Royal Engineers in 1940, now has good all-round mechanical knowledge, and has decided to join with another Service man in taking over a small garage and developing a tractor repair and maintenance business. He will certainly get plenty of calls for his services.

Potato Reserves

THE Ministry of Food's potato staff are persuading farmers to set aside part of their maincrop potatoes for the end of season reserve. I thought that we should probably be able to draw some extra early potatoes from the Channel Islands next May and June, which would have obviated the necessity for keeping old crop potatoes through into the

weather. But I am told that the visitation of the Colorado beetle to the Channel Islands during the German occupation will prevent the islanders from growing a full crop in 1946 and that shipments are not likely to be heavy. This business of storing maincrop potatoes is a far from satisfactory to the grower, who dislikes seeing his crop wasting. The scientists have not yet provided us with economical means of treating potatoes so that they do not grow out in the clamp when the warm weather comes. It may be that some varieties are less prone to sprout than others. One important factor is the construction of the clamp itself. Plenty of earth, keeping out the air once sweating has ceased, certainly helps to preserve potatoes in some order. But nothing will keep sound the potatoes which had a touch of blight when they were put into the clamp. Some varieties are much more susceptible to blight than others. Gladstone has a bad reputation on this count, and so indeed have all the red-skinned varieties.

Phosphates and Potash

THERE is little hope of getting more phosphates for 1946. Mr. Tom Williams has said that, while there should be enough superphosphate and basic slag for the arable crops on the basis of the Ministry's rationing scheme, only a limited amount will be available for use on grass land. It is unfortunate while we are establishing new leys that there is not plenty of phosphate to give them a good start. It is phosphate that the young grasses and clovers need to make strong root growth in the first season.

We can get a little extra phosphate for new leys, but the ration is not at all generous. The best quality seeds cannot show their merits if they lack the right plant foods. Potash is still short and likely to remain so. Before the war we obtained most of our potash from France and Germany. That source of supply is not presumably operating yet, at any rate not sufficiently to allow exports to this country. We have been drawing our potash from Palestine. Shipping is no doubt still the limiting factor in this supply.

We may, however, draw some comfort from the Ministry of Food's promise that a large quantity of rationed animal feeding-stuffs will be distributed in the next rationing year from May onwards. This will necessitate a greater import for which, apparently, shipping can be found.

Army Huts

THE devious ways of Government Departments can be exasperating to the simple farmer, and man who has been trying to acquire one of the Army huts standing on part of one of his fields, which was used as a searchlight station during the war, has got himself hopelessly entangled with the War Office, the Ministry of Works and the Ministry of Agriculture without apparently much advance towards his goal. He has been told that he understands that both the huts on his land have been sold to the French Government and they will soon be dismantled. The official arrangement, so I am assured, is that where a site has been de-requisitioned and the huts declared surplus the War Department first offers them to the owner of the land on which they are erected. If the owner does not wish to buy them, sale to a third party is undertaken by the Ministry of Works. This sounds all right, but it does not seem to be working out very well in practice.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

HANFORD HOUSE

ABOUT midway between Sturminster Newton and Blandford stands Hanford House, sheltered on the east and north by the ridge of which Hambleton Hill and Hod Hill are the highest points, and occupying a pleasant position overlooking a wide bend of "the rushy Stour."

The Hanford lands, now of roundly 800 acres, were held by the Seymours from the neighbouring Cistercian abbey of Tarrant, which was founded in the reign of Richard I and re-endowed in the reign of King John. The Seymours owned not only the house and land but a fishery in the Stour, in the time of Henry VIII, but afterwards the property passed for a while to a family named Daccombe. The Seymours again came into possession of Hanford during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Robert Seymour erected the present house, and the date 1623 on a leaden pipe accords with what would be ascribed as its period by any lover of Jacobean architecture. Externally, Hanford House retains in perfection all its original decorative and classical features, and the gables and chimney stacks, the mullioned windows and the large bays, exhibit the mastery of proportion that its designer enjoyed. The quadrangular court has been refitted to make a spacious room, and the original external porch, beautifully designed and finely worked, now ornaments this apartment. As with other homes of its period, some of the carving seems to have been the work of craftsmen from the Low Countries.

Hanford House is for sale with 50 acres, by order of Colonel Vivian Seymour, whose agents are Messrs. Wilson and Co. Some seven years ago a very large sum was spent in bringing the house into accord with the most exacting residential requirements; for instance, as many as eight bathrooms were installed, and radiators were fitted throughout the house. Hanford House is in a first-rate centre for sport, and the proximity of pre-historic and Roman and other ancient remains of a military character make it a place of special interest to the archaeologist. Enough has been said to emphasise its import to the student of architecture. An illustrated article on Hanford House appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* of April 22, 1905.

Messrs. Wilson and Co.'s recent transactions have included the sale of the extensive Bayfordbury estate, near Hertford, on behalf of the Clinton Baker trustees. The mansion was for many years the home of the Kit Cat Club collection of portraits. Great scientific developments will take place at Bayfordbury now it has been acquired by the John Innes Horticultural Institution.

LORD ORMATHWAITE'S LAND

TWO days were devoted to the disposal of many square miles of Lord Ormathwaite's estates in Radnorshire. The salerooms at Kingston and Penybont were crowded with excited bidders, the general atmosphere of the auction being one of strong contrast to an average English sale. Lord Ormathwaite, who succeeded his father a year ago, was present and decided whether certain offers for large groups of lots should be accepted or refused. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley were represented by Mr. Alexander C. Sims, Mr. E. S. Osborne, and Mr. Daborn, who took turns in the rostrum, and disposed of 8,674 acres for a total of £116,600, leaving the balance of the 12,000 acres (80 less out of 132) to be dealt with privately. The farms lie along the River Ithon for about eight miles, and are all within easy distance of Llandudni, Wales, and the Shrewsbury border. The highest offer for the 4,844 acres of the Gledastrey portion was

£86,280, and Lord Ormathwaite rejected it. When this portion was put up in 48 lots, 36 of them, extending to 2,850 acres, changed hands for £47,240, most of the buyers thereby changing their status from tenants to owners. The Cefnlllys section of the estates, 2,280 acres, was nearly all sold, and added £24,000 to the aggregate. Of the Llanddewi-Ystradenny portions, 5,222 acres, over 3,880 acres mainly pasture for sheep, were sold for a total of £44,445. The chief holding, Llanddewi Hall Farm, realised £5,500. Lord Ormathwaite intimated his intention to give a large site for a public hall in one of the villages.

Farm sales include Downhead Manor holding, a good house and "accredited" buildings and 280 acres, on the road from Sparkford to Ilchester. Mr. Leslie Waite (Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff) withdrew the farm at £17,000 at auction in Yeovil, and immediately afterwards sold it. Duncans Farm, a 17th-century house in 18 acres, at Coneyhurst, was sold before the auction at Horsham. Another sale by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff is that of Stocks Farm, Burley, for £5,250.

THE NET YIELD FROM REALTY

THERE has been a progressive decline in the rate of interest on trusted securities during the last twelve months, and even the time-honoured $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, for a long while looked upon as little more than a nominal payment for money entrusted for safe keeping, is definitely threatened. Five per cent. was formerly regarded as a basic figure for the calculation of the value of freehold ground rents where the reversion was of small practical importance, that is, too remote to be worth taking into account. The all-round reduction of interest has had unwelcome repercussions on the balance-sheets of insurance companies, and if it were not for the fact that the net yield from real property has already reached a low level, it might be of more immediate importance than it is to property owners. In estimating the actual net income from freeholds and leaseholds the superficial observer is apt to jump to an erroneous conclusion, namely, that it rules markedly higher than from other investments.

The error is due to making no allowance for the trouble and expense of management. These and other incidents of ownership may reasonably be regarded as representing something that is not extravagantly remunerated by the difference between the interest on, say, a sum equal to the capital value of the property, and the apparently higher return in the form of rent. Of course, irrespective of the actual gross yield, the owner of freehold property enjoys the benefit of having a tangible and permanent security instead of, as in most other investments, merely a document of title.

OWNERSHIP AND TENANCY

IT will be seen that extensive adjustments must be made to arrive at the true comparison of the value of realty and that from other investments. A vast quantity of house property is subject to rent restrictions, which apply to a good many flats as well. The general rise in the purchase price of houses does not benefit an owner very much unless he wishes to part with his property and has some ready and remunerative means of using the money. Tens of thousands of owners are still standing at a great loss owing to the claims to or destruction of premises by enemy action. The foregoing facts need to be borne in mind to reach a just estimate of the property owners' position, and to offset some of the real or fancied grievances of urban tenants.

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DESIGN FOR SPRING

FASHION news becomes exciting again with factories turning over at last to peace production and old friends on the point of being restored to circulation. You will be seeing the Wolsey twin sets again in the Spring, pure linen frocks and blouses in the Summer and printed crêpes—the frocks were practically all plain last year as the colour printing processes take time. The prints are flowered all over in mixed colours, the dresses with their tiny "cap" sleeves just covering the tops of the arms, wasp waists and full gathered skirts, definitely youthful. Slender printed crêpes, light grounds well covered with exotic flowers and foliage and draped over the hips, are for the more sophisticated. Necklines are cut away and draped fichu-wise, or plain, round and hug the base of the throat when the dress fastens down the back.

Three-quarter coats in cinnamon, canary yellow, chamois yellow, hunting pink, emer-

Right—
Pringle's Spring shirt in marocain, with tucked front, neckband and bow

Below—
The classic herringbone tweed in brown and oatmeal, soft textured with long, waisted jacket. Worn in town with a white cross-over blouse. Jacqmar.



PHOTOGRAPH: ANTHONY BUCKLEY

ald, plaid, tartan are shown over dark dresses. They are tweed, corduroy, faccloth, and will brighten up the countryside. Deréta line their bright coats with a dark contrast, their pastel with black, navy or brown. They show a full-length brilliant plaid tweed with deep, easy armholes, that hangs from the shoulder and is almost as full as a cape. This is Utility, outstanding in price as well as design and one of the hits of the Spring.

Wolsey base their 1946 collection on the colours of the Bayeux tapestry. There are some charming mellow 'stone colours and beige, an exquisite mist blue, a sharp incisive green they call "Gyrth," and a clear bright red that is called "Duke William" red. The terra cotta and earth-brown shades look every bit as effective used for contemporary frocks as they do in the tapestry. Wolsey are making a few two-pieces of hip-length straight jackets over tailored, pleated jersey frocks. One of the best Utility frocks in a season of good Utilities has plain three-quarter sleeves set in with the rounded lines on the shoulder that are being shown in Paris. This has a gored skirt and a neat waist darted in front to keep it flat. It has one of the small, round collars close to the throat that appear on many of the smartest frocks of this year, is as neat as a "shirt-waist"

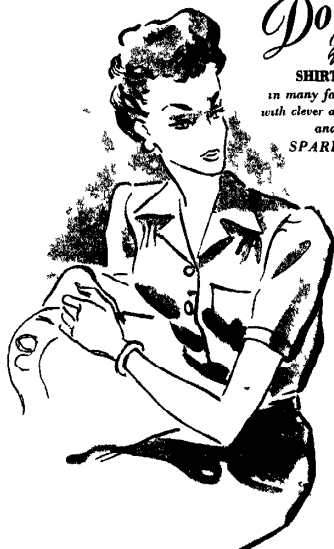


PHOTOGRAPH: STUDIO 1.

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SHIRT BLOUSE

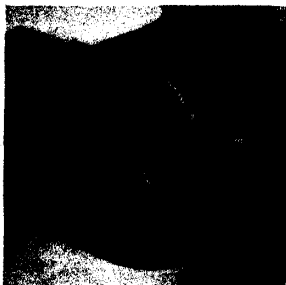
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Spectator

By Wallace



Joyce's design for Spring in nut brown calf slashed with black

but more feminine with its curves instead of the sharp angles and straight lines of squared shoulders and pleats.

THE first collection of straw hats shows the way our heads will look this Summer. Sailors are to the fore in the collections again—sailors with the wide shallow crowns and straight brims of the early bicycling days but made to be tilted backward on the head, not crammed down and pulled forward, as they are shown in old photographs. They are new-looking and most becoming. Flowers are everywhere, wreathing sailors, laid against crowns or on the brims of cartwheels, another fashion to be revived, on dear little

straws with minute flat brims and flower-pot crowns, massed each side of straw toques shaped like a toreador's hat. Many of these flowers are made in vivid plastics. Crownless hats are strongly featured. High pillboxes in felt and straw are left open to the heavens; wide haloes are finished with a ribbon and bows that moor them on but shorn of a crown, and, for evening, ribbon wreaths are shown with a bow each side over the ears and a veil streaming over the shoulders that show almost all the hair. Miss Hammond of Erik has a charming felt beret, a high peaked felt fluttering with coq's feathers. Madame Clarida has the latest beret from Balenciaga in Paris, a hat that is worn well forward. It is a triangular beret and the peak is tilted down immediately above the bridge of the nose. On one side, there is a question mark of beige feathers. This is a very chic hat for a suit; it is as flat as a pancake. Clarida is making high cylinders of felts and straw, pillboxes in straw and silk with pompons cocked at the side, halo hats of white blossoms, cartwheels in pastel crêpe with open crowns. One characteristic that emerges is that, with the exception of the high peaked berets and pillboxes, the hats look shallow compared with last year. Newest of all, perhaps, and likely to sweep all before them, are the sailors with the wide, shallow crowns.

Tweed suits are interesting on account of their intricate seaming which softens the outlines while adhering to much the same silhouette as last year. A few short jackets are shown and they look very different but

the majority of the suits have a medium-length jacket that moulds the figure by darts and gussets which define the waist, without the aid of a half belt at the back. A few feather-weight tweeds are being woven again. Designs are restrained, colours becoming more exuberant.

A 40-oz. duveteen was an interesting novelty shown at the International Wool Secretariat. It had the bloom of velvet, was absolutely soft and flexible, thick as a travelling rug.

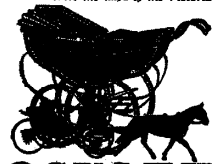
Some brilliant seer-sucker effects in tweeds have been woven in Yorkshire, with the *bowle* yarn used to emphasise the chalk stripes and overchecks. Bedford cords in deep rich colours as well as bright are designed for the straight three-quarter coats that are being revived for the Spring.

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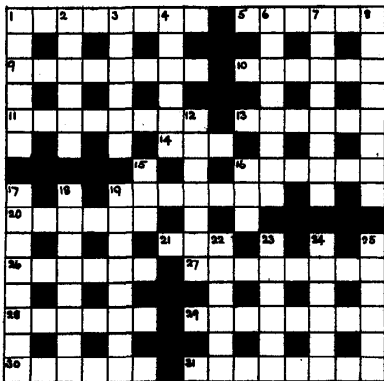
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CROSSWORD No. 832

Two guesses will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 832, Country Life, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, January 10, 1946.
NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____ (Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 831 The winner of this Crossword, the above of which appeared in the issue of December 23, 1945, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Horse is the sailor; 9, Income; 10, Enchain; 11, Arid; 12, Plain; 13, Kites; 16, Dodge; 17, Camera; 18, Actress; 21, Seeding; 23, Edna; 24, Impet; 25, Wash; 26, Evident; 29, Creation; 30, Land of my fathers. DOWN.—1, Hall and Farwell; 2, Machine; 3, Inn; 4, Tunes; 5, Leaves; 6, Auld; 7, Lament; 8, Lament; 14, Psalm; 15, Rumer; 18, Tension; 20, Symptom; 21, Step off; 22, Imagine; 24, Agnes; 26, Veto; 27, Last.

ACROSS

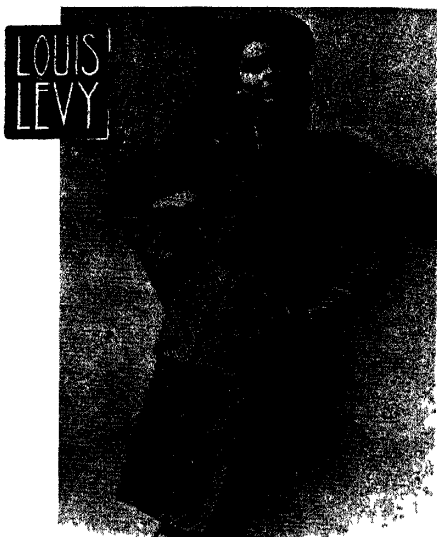
1. An outstanding exponent of the uses of air power (8)
5. Made a great hit (6)
9. But, strangely enough, Daddy can make no use of them in flight (4, 4)
10. The lamp-post encountered in the black-out (6)
11. Drain on income (8)
13. Recess (6)
- 14 and 21. To do this you need a river enclosure and perhaps a dredger (6)
16. Allot: to the pawnbroker three balls (6)
19. "Who shall decide when — disagree" — Pope (7)
20. Mister or doctor, for example (6)
21. See 14
26. May be made visibly or audibly on the end of 31 (6)
27. Hungry as a bird? (8)
28. The watchman's circular tour (6)
29. Effect of a young clergyman's ministrations? (8)
30. Sack (6)
31. Ink sales (anagr.) (8)

DOWN

1. A West Country town takes its shire on (6)
2. Plus 86 (6)
3. May belong to Constable or Mowbray (6)
4. Tale, not tail end (6)
6. If a wren were working this, it would tell her what to do (8)
7. Of capital importance to South Africans, of course (8)
8. Undesirable residences (8)
12. What Shakespeare was comparatively (7)
14. A small one over the eight (8)
16. Harker must have got rid of her (8)
17. These have made a rapid rise (8)
18. For an underground trial run? (8)
19. "A Sweet — in the rivers." — Harriet (8)
22. The best physician (6)
23. Bring back, oh I bring back (6)
24. A King's lover (6)
25. More than a flower, so to speak, behind (6)

The winner of Crossword No. 830 is

Mr. E. I. Lawson,
17, Kasei Drive,
Dundee.



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THE trees, bereft of their concealing green, sparkle with winter's lanterns while, from a sheltering rick, the robin and the bunting herald the approaching pleasures of the peaceful years ahead. However, let the snows come and the keen winds sigh, the fortunate Ford owner is out and about—enjoying January's passing show in the warm, armchair comfort of his Ford car.



Snow in Glendon, painted by Maurice C. Wilks



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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX No 2557

JANUARY 18, 1946

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY CHECKED

By Direction of J F Montagu Esq

LEICESTERSHIRE

Oakham 4 miles, Melton Mowbray 8 miles Leicester 17 miles

THE COLD OVERTON ESTATE

A Residential, Agricultural and Sporting Property in the Cottesmore Hunt Country

COLD OVERTON HALL

A Country Mansion of character built in local limestone and containing flagged en-trance hall oak panelled long gallery sitting room dining room library 9 principal bedrooms 7 bathrooms Excellent servants accommodation

Electricity and Estate Water Supply Garage for 6 cars Stabling for 20 Horses



Beautifully laid out grounds with Squash and Hard Tennis Courts

4 DAIRY FARMS

(2 T T Attested) varying from 177 to 283 acres The Old Rectory and cottages comprising

THE VILLAGE OF COLD OVERTON

Woodlands and Accommodation Lands with Buildings In all about

1,500 ACRES

FREEHOLD MAINLY WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

For Sale by Auction at Victoria Hall Oakham on February 22 (unless previously sold)

Solicitors Messrs WITHERS & CO Howard House 4 Arundel Street W C 2

Auctioneers Messrs FSCRITT & BARRELL Elmer House Grantham Lincs and Messrs KNIGHT FRANK & RUTLEY 20 Hanover Square W 1 and 14 Dogpole Shrewsbury Particulars (in course of preparation) 5/

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

WEST KENT—LONDON 27 MILES

Between Sevenoaks and Tonbridge Close to Village Bus Services and Churches

Occupying a choice situation about 275 feet up on a light soil facing South with panoramic views

The well appointed modern red brick and tiled residence is approached by a drive with lodge (4 rooms and bathroom)

Oak panelled lounge hall 3 reception rooms 9 10 bed and dressing rooms (5 with basins) 4 bathrooms Kitchen with Euse cooker

Companies' electric light, power and water Central heating



Telephone with extensions Modern drainage

Gardener's cottage of 5 rooms and bathroom. Stabling. Garages and excellent outbuildings

THE WELL-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS

lawns for tennis courts and putting course herbaceous borders ornamental pond well stocked kitchen garden park like pasture land of about 27 acres and about 15 acres of woodland which is a feature of the property

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 50 ACRES Golf Hunting Shooting

Sole Agents Messrs KNIGHT FRANK & RUTLEY 20 Hanover Square W 1 (20 801)

Immediate Possession

BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND DORKING

650 feet up, facing South with panoramic views

Occupying a sheltered position the Norman Shaw residence which was erected in 1904 is in first-class order and is approached by a long drive with Lodge at entrance Lounge 4 reception rooms billiards or dance room 9 principal and 4 servants bedrooms 4 bathrooms white tiled domestic offices

Companies' Electric Light and Water Central Heating.



Telephone Septic tank drainage Garage accommodation for 4 cars. Two cottages The Pleasure Grounds are an outstanding feature and set in terraces which form a delightful setting to the house Tennis court

FINE SWIMMING POOL

Lily ponds Well-stocked kitchen garden Woodland In all about 40 ACRES

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

The property was the subject of an illustrated article in "Country Life" about 35 years ago

Owner's Agents Messrs KNIGHT FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square London W 1 (26,400)

Reprint 8771 (10 Shs)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telephone 1 "Golfers, Woods, London"



JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8 HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1

MAYFAIR 3516/7

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 384) AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, YEOVIL AND CHICHESTER

NORTH GLOUCESTERSHIRE. Near Camden.

A Fine Old Tudor House, partly Stone Built and partly Timbered

Many original features. HALL, 3 SITTING ROOMS and MODERN OFFICES (GAS COOKING), 2 BATHS, 5 BEDROOMS, GARAGE, MAIN WATER, GAS AND ELECTRICITY. MODERN DRAINAGE. BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.

In all about $\frac{1}{4}$ Acre

FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

PRICE ASKED, £5,500

Joint Sole Agents: JACKSON STOPS, Cirencester (Tel. 384), and WALKER BARNARD & SONS, Bristol-and-Avon (Tel. 8018) (8217)

WEST SUSSEX

By a charming small village within a few miles of Midhurst

A well-appointed Residence of moderate size having 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, CLOAKROOM, 5 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS, DOMESTIC OFFICES WITH AGA COOKER. CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRICITY. LARGE GARAGE. Formal gardens with small Paddock. GOOD COTTAGE.

In all about

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ACRES

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £10,500

Details of Sole Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 87, South Street, Chichester (Tel. 5943).

COTSWOLDS

FIRST-RATE MIXED FARM WITH CHARMING SMALL HOUSE

3 SITTING ROOMS, 4 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM, HOT AND COLD SUPPLIES THROUGHOUT. ELECTRIC COOKING. 5 GOOD COTTAGES, 2 SETS OF EXCELLENT BUILDINGS.

500 ACRES

good land, farmed by a widely known farmer for many years. Valuable timber. Excellent water supplies. Main electricity. Income from present lettings approximately £800 PER ANNUM. Good shooting property.

PRICE ASKED £17,500

Full details of the Land Agents: JACKSON STOPS, Cirencester. (3182)

By direction of the Rev.

WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION OF HOUSE, GARDENS, ETC.

SOUTH CERNEY HOUSE

Near Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

Charming Cotswold Residence in first-class state of structural and decorative repair. 4 RECEPTION, 6 BED, 3 BATHS, 1 ATTIC, DOMESTIC OFFICES, SEVEN COOKERS. STABLES AND GARAGES. Picturesque gardens and grounds, intersected by stream. OLD MILL. SMALL FARMERY. 4 COTTAGES (possession of one). Own electric light (main in village). CENTRAL HEATING. TELEPHONE.

40 ACRES (12 in hand)

FOR SALE BY AUCTION IN THE SPRING (unless previously sold privately)

Full details, photographs and orders to view of the Sole Agents: JACKSON STOPS, Cirencester (Tel. 384-S).

TO BE SOLD WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Tisbury 5 miles.

Charming old-fashioned stone and stone tiled residence. Southern aspect with views overlooking park. 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, CLOAKROOM, 10 BED, 3 BATH, STABLES, GARAGE, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND VILLAGE WATER SUPPLY. Charming gardens.

20 ACRES

of land adjoining could be purchased in addition

Full particulars of the Joint Agents: JACKSON STOPS, Cirencester, and TUGGOTT & SON, Tisbury.

ONLY JUST IN THE MARKET

WITH POSSESSION

HAMPSHIRE

5 miles from main line station 1 hour London.

For sale—a choice Modern Residence: 5 BED, 2 BATH, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, ELECTRIC LIGHT, CENTRAL HEATING AND ALL MAIN SERVICES. Garage and attractively wooded grounds.

PRICE £7,000

JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.

PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSE ON TROUT STREAM

A mile of first-class exclusive fishing available. Only 40 miles from London

The House is elevated above the river with lawns sloping down to the water's edge, so that it is possible to fish close to the house. 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, GARDEN ROOM, 5 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHS, 2 GARAGES. MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY. OLD-WORLD GARDEN. Fine specimen and flowering trees. Fish Pools and stretch of woodland bordering the stream.

ABOUT 23 ACRES

PRICE £7,000. OPEN TO OFFER

Additional Pasture and Woodland available
Vacant Possession. JUST DEREGISTERED.
Sole Agents JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Mayfair 3516/7).



Greenwich 3181
(2 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

45, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

MIDD. AND BUCKS BORDERS

Within 10 miles of London.

AN ANCIENT AND HISTORIC MANOR HOUSE

Approached by carriage drive



and containing entrance and inner halls, library, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Complete domestic offices. SEVEN COOKERS.

PANELLING. OLD CHIMNEY PIECES. WILLIAM AND MARY STAIRCASE AND MANY OTHER FEATURES.

CONTROLLED CENTRAL HEATING. COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.

LODGE. COTTAGE. FLAT. QUEEN ANNE SUMMERHOUSE.

OLD-ESTABLISHED GARDENS INTERBATED WITH MOAT AND MILL STREAM.

ABOUT 14 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD, WITH POSSESSION

Owner's Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 45, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.1.

5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvenor 9191 (2 lines)
Established 1875

HERTS

30 miles from London, on outskirts of picturesque old-world village.



POSSESSION BY ARRANGEMENT.

GENUINE ADAMS HOUSE

COMPLETELY MODERNISED

17 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 5 large reception rooms.

ALL MAIN SERVICES

CENTRAL HEATING.

HARD TENNIS COURT. LOVELY GARDENS

2 GARAGES, FLAT OVER.

2 COTTAGES

ABOUT 8 ACRES

Personally inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1

Regent
4304

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

280, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

GLOS AND HEREFORD BORDERS

In a splendid position, with views across the River Wye

A DELIGHTFUL HOUSE OF GEORGIAN CHARACTER

Salmon and Trout Fishing in the Wye

4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms
Electric light, main water. Central heating.
2 Cottages (let). Garage, stabling.
Pleasure gardens of about 2 acres, pasture, woodland, etc.

In all about 18 ACRES.

FREEHOLD, ONLY £6,500

Agents OSBORN & MERCER, as above (17610)

PINKNEY GREEN, MAIDENHEAD THICKET

In a delightful position well above the river valley in an unusual situation just within easy reach of Town

Adjoining a large area of National Trust land

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTIVE ARCHITECTURE



Extremely well fitted and modernised, with long-hall, 8 fine reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths

Main Electricity and Water. Central Heating. (Cottage) Chauffeur's flat Garage Stabling Lovely old gardens, inexpensive to maintain, and including wide, spreading lawns

Walled Rose Garden, unique private Maze. Hard Tennis Court, outdoor paddock, etc., in all

ABOUT 12 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD, £12,500

Agents OSBORN & MERCER, as above (17592)

ON THE SOUTH SLOPE OF THE NORTH DOWNS

About 20 miles from London in a splendid position some 400 ft above sea level. Within easy reach of Station with excellent electric train service

A WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

ALL ON TWO FLOORS
with hall, 8 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom
Co's water. Electric light. Two Garages.
The modern gardens are well timbered and include lawns, flower gardens, kitchen garden, etc., in all

ABOUT ½ ACRE

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Agents OSBORN & MERCER, as above (17618)

GLOS

In a magnificent position commanding wonderful panoramic views over the Downs and the Cotswolds

A DELIGHTFUL OLD HOUSE

South aspect. 880 ft. above sea level.
8 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom
Main electricity and water.

Cottage (at present let).

Garage.
Attractive gardens with lawn, herbaceous border, prolific vegetable garden with soft fruit, etc., in all

BETWEEN 4 AND ½ ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,700 OR NEAR OFFER

Agents OSBORN & MERCER, as above (17435)

5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

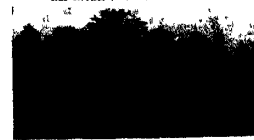
Grosvenor
7038-39

SUMMIT OF HINDHEAD
Battersea 2½ miles. Bus services



ORIGINALLY A FARMHOUSE but added to in recent years. Radically upon two floors amid pine woods and common lands 4 reception, 7 bedrooms (mainly 3 bedrooms). Main electricity and water. Central heating. Modern. MAILED GARDENS AND WOOD ABOUT 4 ACRES. FREEHOLD, £6,000. Possession on completion. Year golf—first Agents OSMY and WYR, Halesmere (Tel 680) RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

ONLY 16 MILES WEST OF LONDON
Bus services to Slough and Staines



HISTORICAL MANOR DATING FROM REIGN OF KING CHARLES II. On gravel soil, facing south. Immaculate hall—5 reception, 9 bedrooms, 8 bathrooms. Main electricity and power. Ample water. Central heating (automatic control). Garage 2 cottages. Lodge. Gardens interspersed by TROUT STREAM. Beautiful view ABOUT 12 ACRES. UNEXPECTEDLY LOW SALE. Possession on completion—Recommended from personal knowledge by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

LONDON'S NEAREST SEA RESORT

1 hour by rail



FAITHFUL COPY OF TRADITIONAL COTSWOLD HOUSE. On a hill commanding uninterrupted views with an ever-changing panorama of passing shipping. Built of grey Kentish ragstone beautifully finished. Really fascinating interior 4 handsome reception, 4 bedrooms (baths), bathroom. All services. Central heating throughout. Garage and 2 TERRACE GARDEN OF PROUDLY CHARM (sold out by Charles of Hawley). FREEHOLD, £7,495 (or close offer), includes all fixtures and fittings—Authorized Agents RALPH PAY & TAYLOR.

184, BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.2.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kensington
6182-3

GREY BARGAIN HERE
Near Maidenhead

BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE

High up, in lovely setting

4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 5 bath (also 5 in separate wing), 2 cottages. Excellent for 8. Stabling. Cottage. Main water and electricity. Drainage. The whole in perfect order and in the character

Lovely old English timber. The beautiful timber. Walled gardens, hard tennis court, paddock, etc.

18 ACRES

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

FREEHOLD, ONLY £12,500

A serious amount of Furniture, etc. could be purchased if desired.

Bentall, Horsley & Baldry

184, Brompton Road, S.W.2 (Kens. 6182)

EASY DAILY REACH, 45 MINUTES
JUST THE EARLY-RUN CHARACTER HOUSE

60 acres in demand, full of old oak (dating from 1800), with all main services installed, near village green on Hurry-Hants borders.

2 good reception, 5 bed, bath. Garage

Garden, paddock.

4 ACRES.

FREEHOLD ONLY £6,250

with immediate possession

Example inspection advised.

Bentall, Horsley & Baldry

184, Brompton Road, S.W.2 (Kens. 6182)

GENTLEMAN'S FARM BARGAIN

SALISBURY (easy reach of)

480 ACRES rich vale pasture and upland grass in ring fence. Excellent for pedigree stock. Superior house (3 reception, 7 bed)

in splendid condition. Fine range of buildings and outcrops

FREEHOLD ONLY £9,900

with early possession.

Bentall, Horsley & Baldry

184, Brompton Road, S.W.2 (Kens. 6182)

VIEW AT ONCE
Exceptional Opportunity.

CRENSHAW-GLOUCESTER

PRETTY LITTLE COTSWOLD HOUSE.

3 reception, 3 bed, bath.

Main water. Co's electricity.

Septic tank drainage.

Nice Gardens, Orchard and Paddock, etc.

Immediate Possession.

FREEHOLD ONLY £6,750

Bentall, Horsley & Baldry

184, Brompton Road, S.W.2 (Kens. 6182)

Grosvenor 1586
(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(INCORPORATED 1776)
25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hebert Place, Eaton Sq.
West Hill, Hants.
Belgrave Sq.,
and 21, Victoria St.,
Westminster S.W.1

KENT

Near Otfordhurst, 5 minutes from a Station, 30 minutes from London.
Quiet and secluded position.

THE CHARMINGLY ARRANGED AND EASILY RUN RESIDENCE



contains: Hall, cloakroom, spacious inner hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Excellent offices with make-up sitting room. All main services. Central heating. Fitted wash-baths. Double garage. Charming gardens with hard tennis court. In all

ABOUT 1 ACRE
FOR SALE, FREEHOLD

WITH POSSESSION, AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE

All further particulars from the Sole Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

COUNTRY PROPERTIES WANTED

MESSRS. GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS have a large number of applicants waiting to purchase COUNTRY PROPERTIES of all types from £5,000 UPWARDS. Recent applications include the following:—

WITHIN 45 MINUTES & OR W. OF LONDON. Up to £15,000 paid for MODERNISED CHARACTER HOUSE or modern house. Must be well equipped and in first-class order, with about 7 bedrooms, 3-4 bathrooms, and up to 8 ACRES.

UP TO 60 MILES FROM LONDON. GEORGIAN OR QUEEN ANNE HOUSE with 7-10 bedrooms, a cottage and about 20-30 ACRES. Good price paid for suitable property.

Owners wishing to sell are invited to send full particulars to MESSRS. GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. Telephone: GRO. 1463.

SALISBURY
(Tel. 2491)

WOOLLEY & WALLIS

and at RINGWOOD
& ROMSEY

NEW FOREST RESIDENCE

In one of the best residential positions. Built on a picked site with lovely views.

CENTRAL HALL, 3 REC. ROOMS, 6 PRINCIPAL BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 3 SECONDARY BEDROOMS.

AMPLE DOMESTIC OFFICES. SERVANTS' HALL.

MAIN SERVICES: ELECTRICITY, GAS, WATER.

Garage, Stables, Farmery, Grounds: Paddocks, Orchard.

10½ ACRES

COTTAGE

£5,500

Particulars from Messrs. WOOLLEY & WALLIS, Castle Auction Mart, Salisbury; and at Romsey and Ringwood, Hants.

WYLYE VALLEY, WILTSHIRE

Salisbury 4 miles.

Excellent views across meadows.

BRICK AND TILED RESIDENCE

ENTRANCE HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, KITCHEN with "Baco" Cooker 6 BEDROOMS, DRESSING ROOM, BATHROOM.

MAIN ELECTRICITY. WATER BY ELECTRIC PUMP.

PARTLY WALLED GARDEN

ABOUT ½ ACRE

VARIOUS OUTBUILDINGS. GARAGE.

£5,000

EARLY POSSESSION

Particulars from Messrs. WOOLLEY & WALLIS, Castle Auction Mart, Salisbury; and at Romsey and Ringwood, Hants.

Central
8344/5/6/7

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

(Established 1790)
AUCTIONEERS, CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS.
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON. E.C.4

Telegrams:
"Farebrother, London"

KENT

Between Ashford and Maidstone.

MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE, LABOUR-SAVING, WITH OLD AND MATURED APPEARANCE

5 bedrooms, dressing room, lounge, dining room, hall, 2 bathrooms.

ESSEX COOKER. PARTIAL CENTRAL HEATING. COMPANIES' ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE.

GARAGE. CONVENIENT OUTBUILDINGS. LOOSE BOXES.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS. PADDOCKS AND FIELDS.

IN ALL ABOUT 25 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

Further particulars from the Agents: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4 (Central 8344/5/6/7)

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1
(Regent 4086)

SURREY HILLS

In a secure and unspoiled district only 17 miles from town, sheltered position, 450 ft. above sea level, on a southern slope of the hill.

A REALLY CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE

In excellent condition, ready for immediate occupation. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 side rooms. Main services. Partial central heating. Brick-built garage for two cars.

Delightful terraced gardens, very productive, and well designed with ornamental ponds, tennis lawn, well grown trees, kitchen garden, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 10½ ACRES. FREEHOLD TO BE SOLD. Slightly moderate prices for quick sale.

Strongly recommended by the Agents: Messrs. C. & J. BUTLEY, Wokingham Station, Surrey and MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

"MIRAFLORES"

5, ORANGE ROAD, BUSHY, HERTS.
A few minutes' walk from Bushey and Oakley Station, close to bus service, near several well-known Golf Courses.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD
A REALLY ATTRACTIVE HOUSE IN THE MODERN GEORGIAN STYLE

on two floors only. Lounge-hall with oak floor and painted walls. Drawing room, dining room, 5 bedrooms. Good bathroom, etc. Electric light and power. Central heating. Good garage. Attractive garden inexpensive to maintain.

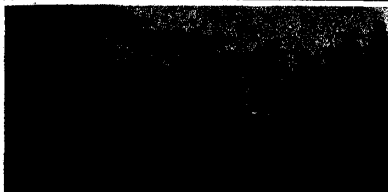
FOR SALE BY AUCTION ON TUESDAY, JAN. 26 unless previously disposed of.
Agents: MAPLE & Co., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond St., W.1

Telegrams:
"Wood, Agents, Woods,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Mayfair 6341
(10 lines)



By direction of Mrs. Eric Belling Smith.

MAIDENHEAD THICKET, BERKSHIRE STUBBINGS (HOUSE). FOR 4½ YEARS THE ENGLISH HOME OF H.M. QUEEN WILHELMINA

Dignified Georgian House completely modernised and in excellent order.
16 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bath, fine suite reception rooms, model offices.
Main electricity and water. Central heating.

LODGE AND 4 COTTAGES, FARMERY, STABLES, GARAGES.
Remarkably Attractive Gardens, finely timbered, about
8½ ACRES

To be SOLD BY AUCTION in FEBRUARY unless previously sold.
Auctioneers: CRAIG JONES, F.R.A., F.F.A., Station Front, Maidenhead. JOHN D. WOOD
AND CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

NORTH-WEST HERTFORDSHIRE BETWEEN BERKHAMSTED AND LUTON

BARWYTHE-STUDHAM

(One hour by road from London)

CHOICE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 64 ACRES

With Vacant Possession.

MELLOWED RED BRICK AND TILED HOUSE

believed to be of Queen Anne origin, standing 900 feet up, with vines over a wooded valley.

In first-class condition with main electricity, central heating, etc.
Large paneled hall, 4 reception, 14 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms. Lodge, gardener's
cottage (6 rooms, bath, electric light, etc.) and CHAUFFEUR'S COTTAGE. LARGE
WALLED GARDEN.

£15,000, FREEHOLD (subject to contract)

Additional land adjoining up to 300 acres available.

Illustrated particulars (prior 2s. 6d.) from JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square,
London, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 6341.)



NORFOLK, FAKENHAM 2½ MILES, NORWICH 25 MILES

8 miles from the Sea at Holt



PROBABLY THE FINEST AND EARLIEST EXAMPLE OF TUDOR DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND

This lovely Manor House, upon which several thousand pounds have been spent
dates back to the time of Henry VIII.

Great hall with minaret gallery, 8 reception rooms, model offices, 11 bed and dressing
rooms, 4 bath.

CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. ELECTRIC LIGHT, AMPLE WATER
GARAGES, STABLES. Formal gardens bounded by river. Golf, shooting and
hunting available.

PRICE £7,000 with 5 acres

Apply: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (80,340)

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE

BETWEEN OXFORD AND BANBURY

1 mile main G.W.R. Station, 5 from Banbury.

BEAUTIFULLY BUILT TUDOR-STYLE RESIDENCE

Situate 400 feet above sea level, faces south and east, and approached by 40-yard carriage
drive.



Hall, garden hall, cloak-
room, 3 reception rooms,
modern offices, 6 bed,
2 bath, box room, etc.
Modern drainage.
Excellent water.

Company's gas. Main
electricity available.
Bungalow, garage, gardens
with tennis court, walled
kitchen garden, orchard,
paddock.

NEARLY 5 ACRES
PRICE £8,750

Sole Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (50,906)

FARNHAM COMMON, BUCKS.

Close to East Burnham Common.

Within easy reach of Slough and Paddington.

This charming Modern
Cottage Residence, in re-
nowned condition, 5 recep-
tion rooms, 3 bedrooms,
bath. Radiators. Fitted
cupboards. All main ser-
vices. Garden of about
AN ACRE AND A
HALF

PRICE, FREEHOLD
£4,500

good sized paddock could
also be acquired.



Apply: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (41,108)

Just available in consequence of a death.

FAVOURITE PART OF CHILTERN'S

Between Berkhamsted and Chesham, 800 feet above sea level.

IDEAL SMALL PLEASURE FARM of 25 ACRES

suitable for cattle or horses.
with charming Small House and Excellent Farm buildings all in first-class order.
Hall, large living-room (14 ft.), dining room, study, 6 bed, 2 bath, kitchen with Aga.
Good bed-sitting room for married couple. Main electricity and water. Central
heating.

£9,750, FREEHOLD EARLY POSSESSION

Owner's Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (41,409)

BOGNOR REGIS. JUST AVAILABLE

SMALL MODERN DETACHED HOUSE

In spotless condition, for SALE with 3 or 17 ACRES

Hall, 5 sitting, 5 bed, tiled bath and kitchen, etc. Oak floors. Central heating
throughout. All main services. 3-car garage and excellent buildings, including
4 loose-boxes, barn, etc. £6,250 with 3 ACRES, or £8,250 with 17 ACRES.

JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (58,418)

SUFFOLK, Near WOODBRIDGE

High on sandy soil.

GOOD MODERN HOUSE

with main electricity and central heating throughout. 160 yard Drive with Lodge.
5 sitting rooms, 5 bed, 2 bath.

Very good Outbuildings including Garage, Stables and 4-roomed Bungalow.

Nearly 30 ACRES FOR SALE. FREEHOLD

Owner's Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (58,361)

SOUTH CROYDON—ADDINGTON SIDE

Chief position on private estate.

Choice detached Modern House in fully maintained and most productive 3-acre garden.
Good hall, 3 sitting rooms, 7 bed, 2 bath. All mains and central heating. Fine
modern garage with covered walk, etc. £7,750 for 900-year lease from Ecclesiastical
Commissioners at nominal ground rent.—Sole Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO.,
23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (38,307)

ESTATE

Kensington 1699
Telegrams:

"Estate, Harrods, London"

HARRODS

34-36, HANS CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

OFFICES

Surrey Office
West Byfleet
and Haslemere

HYTHE

Close to Sea and Golf Course.



MODERN RESIDENCE

8 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices. All Co.'s mains. Central heating. Garage. Good garden.

ONLY £4,200. FREEHOLD

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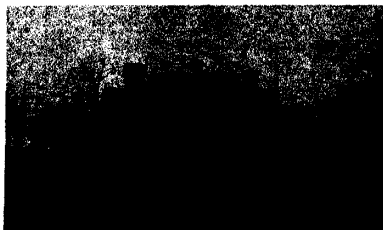
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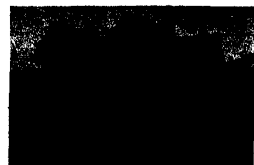
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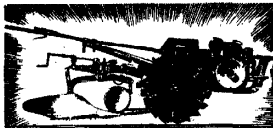
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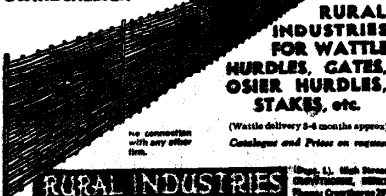
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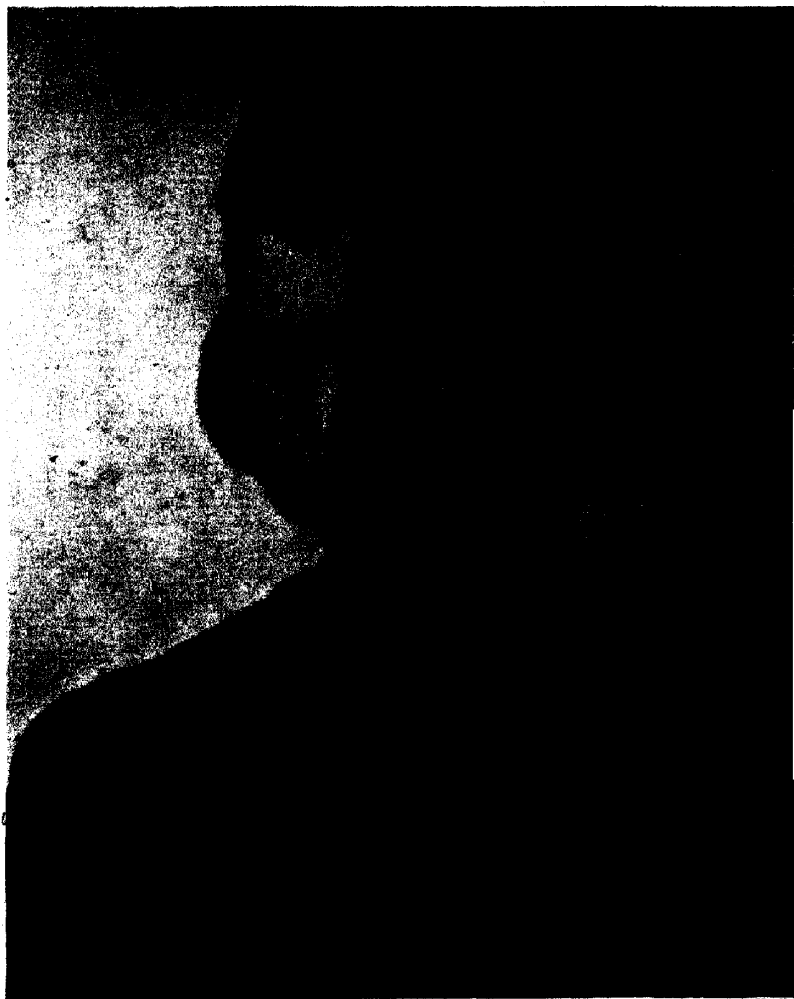
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2557

JANUARY 18, 1946



Harley

LADY IRENE ASTOR

Lady Irene Astor is the youngest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig and the late Countess Haig and was married last October to Captain Gavin Astor, The Life Guards, eldest son of Colonel the Hon. J. J. Astor and Lady Violet Astor.

COUNTRY LIFE

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET

COVENT GARDEN

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Telegrams: Country Life, London

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FARM WAGES

THE refusal of the Chairman and independent members of the Wages Board to support the Unions' claim to another pound on the minimum agricultural wage, though no doubt foreseen, has not made things easier for the Government. The vital importance of retaining all skilled workers on the land until those in the Forces are released and others have been trained is not in doubt; agriculture cannot go on indefinitely relying on German prisoners. On the other hand, the number—325 (which is the last official figure)—of applicants for training under the Ministry's scheme is probably some index to the general opinion among men and women, who would like otherwise to live and work on the land, of the conditions now offered—and chief among these must be put wage rates. Meanwhile the Control of Engagement Order still operates and is bound to be continued in the interests of national safety so long as it is the only method of guaranteeing something approaching maximum production. At the same time, the Government has to face the fact that the continuance of this form of war-time coercion is likely to become more and more unpopular as the appeal to national emergency becomes less and less convincing to the war-weary.

Plainly the only way to obviate the difficulty is to make the conditions of the agricultural worker at least as attractive as those of his opposite number in the town. Farming men, as we are often told, a way of life as well as a way of getting a living, but fine words butter no parsnips and the history of the agricultural labourer in the past century shows what his real reaction has been to grim and far from romantic circumstances. It is not only a question of wages, but of the supply of those services which are everywhere recognised to-day as necessary to personal comfort and happiness. Rural housing comes first among the problems to be tackled, and the sooner the Hobbouse Committee produces the Report which Mr. Bevan has asked for and both reconditioning and new building can be got under way, the more chance there will be to keep the present workers without coercion and to find new blood for the industry. Better housing, however, is likely to mean higher rents and though the Government may reduce them by subsidies to the local authorities they are bound to be a good deal higher than the present customary rents tied cottages. Then the question of wages converges again, as indeed it does in connection with all the "services" which the rural man or woman requires and clearly cannot have for nothing.

A factor essential to any realistic settlement of the wages problem is that wages should be in the farmers' costs should be

related as closely as possible to the Government system of price guarantees, and farmers should not be put in a position of having to wait for possibly a twelve-month before decisions of the Wages Board are taken account of in price fixing. Further, it is certainly reasonable—and will probably become imperative—that the Government should fix and announce a date, not too remote, for the rescinding of Control of Engagement Orders so far as agriculture is concerned. To arrange these things properly there should clearly be immediate and serious consultation with all the interested parties. At present the National Farmers' Union and the men's unions are on excellent terms, but if coercion continues and higher wages are denied, the relationship is bound to deteriorate. If, however, higher wages are made possible by a more realistic fixing of prices for a definite period, it should be definitely understood that the Unions would make no more demands while prices and conditions remained unchanged.

ANACHRONISM

*A PIEDALD cob in Kensington,
In a dogcart, in a dogcart, in a dogcart,
With jingle of harness and ring of hooves,
Went trotting down the street;
And the blizzed and blinded windows
Were filled with thronging eyes
Of dead dead ghosts' Edwardian,
In corporeal surprise.
Wag-wag-wag and skirts voluminous,
Frock-coats, gardenias, spats,
Housemaids in caps and streamers,
Callers in cart-wheel hats:
All rushed from shades of limbo
Familiarly to greet
A piedald cob in Kensington,
Clip-clopping down the street.*

TERESA HOOLEY.

LAMBETH GARDEN SUBURB

THE Study of North Lambeth and Southwark by Mr. Holroyd Chambers and Mr. Louis de Soissons (who is architect to Welwyn Garden City) is a valuable contribution by the Duchy of Cornwall to applying in detail the principles of the County of London plan. The Duchy's interest in the area arises from parts of the ancient royal manor of Kennington, which is administered by the Duchy, lying within it. But as the properties are too small and scattered to be replanned satisfactorily by themselves, the Duchy in effect offers to make itself available for the whole of the area between the river and the Elephant and Castle. Their proposals, embodying the L.C.C.'s latest population-density standard of 138 per acre and the "neighbourhood unit" ideal, transforms Lambeth into a garden suburb with 70 acres of open space, including a central park adjoining the National War Museum, two compact factory areas on the river, and a total population of only 17,600. Fascinating and constructive as the project is, it is more important at this juncture to emphasise, as the Earl of Radnor does in his capacity of Lord Warden of the Stewards in a *Foreword*, the "serious shortcomings" in existing legislation and planning powers that make it very difficult for any body to decide how it can implement the London Plan. While it is clear that re-development, to be successful, must deal with sizeable areas or communities, these areas must interlock, pre-supposing close co-ordination of area planning schemes on the one hand; and on the other compensation for the new open spaces and roads hitherto producing revenue.

SAFETY ON THE ROADS

THE Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club has done well to point out that a great deal too much emphasis is usually laid both by Press and broadcast in the "Safety" propaganda on the responsibility of the private motorist. Probably this is inevitable in appeals addressed to the public as a whole, but it unfortunately gives a wrong impression of the facts, which appear to be that private motor cars are primarily involved in a relatively small proportion of fatal accidents when compared with Service vehicles, trams, buses, taxis

and cycles. The suggestions made by the R.A.C. for accident avoidance have almost all been made before, but they are sound, and if they were adopted and the same energy put into their enforcement as was shown in A.R.P. organisation during the war, the casualty figures would very soon take on a new complexion. The expenditure both of work and of money would be necessary; but if both were spent as ungrudgingly, for instance, on the erection of guard rails for old people and children as they were on the provisions of civil defence or its various offshoots, a comparable saving of life and limbs might easily be effected. And the cost in manpower and essential materials would be negligible when the results were considered.

BROOKLANDS

IT is decided that we must say hail and farewell to Brooklands. Even those whose acquaintance with it went no further than looking lazily out of the railway carriage window to see a car flashing round the track, will "murmur" a little sadly. "Motor-racing has never, perhaps, appealed to a very wide public in this country, but nobody, however little interested he may be in it, can despise in his heart a pursuit demanding such skill and courage. Brooklands was unique; it was the only course of its kind in Britain, and its loss will be a very real one not merely to the racing community but to the motor industry. This whether we like it or not, is an age of speed; the evidence that our cars are capable of great speed must be valuable, and the loss of such evidence when we are straining every nerve to increase the volume of national trade is all the more to be deplored. That the course had to go seems to have been inevitable and nobody's fault, but that does not diminish the general regret that will be felt not the hope that somewhere from its ashes a new Brooklands may arise.

THE FUTURE OF COUNTRY HOUSES

ONE means to maintaining the great country houses which are beyond the needs or capacities of the present generation is to put them to be taken over for social purposes as many have been during the war. The Joint Committee recently established by the National Trust and National Council of Social Service should prove very useful in bringing into touch with each other owners anxious to safeguard their houses in this way and organisations in search of that kind of accommodation. It is clear that both Trusts are fully alive to their responsibilities as "agents" in that some houses may by their nature be better suited to a particular kind of use than others, and some organisations be more suitable than others as agents in an historical or architecturally important building. With the expert guidance of a Joint Committee we may anticipate that a number of successful marriages will be arranged.

TANTALISING

HOW pleasant it must be for those, if such there be, who have a rich and generous friend in New York to send them every month a "Royal Bounty" parcel. He must be very rich for that, since it will cost him \$69 a year, but there are other parcels only a little less gorgeous to make our poor mouths water, such as an "Epicure" or a "De Luxe," and even the most modest of all at \$29 would be far from despicable. These scrumptious offerings form part of a "Gifts of the Month Scheme" devised for Christmas by an ingenious New York firm who deal in what Jim Pinkerton would call "boss words." Their vocabulary is as luscious as their goods. April will bring a "Salad Spectacular" and September "a post-salad bean pot full of Boston beans laced with pork." In this country only the masters of fireworks with their aerial sausages and dancers of jewelled serpents can talk in such beautiful language. In this country, where austerity still reigns, it makes us feel like little dogs sitting up and begging. Still, we did get an extra quarter with our Christmas sweet ration. That was hardly royal and bountiful, but it was something.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

A READER of COUNTRY LIFE, who incidentally has been serving as a pest officer during the war, has raised an interesting point about that unmitigated blackguard and *badmash*, the magpie. This is the first time I have known anyone put in a good word for a bird which heads the list of our feathered evil-doers, but my correspondent suggests that from the point of view of the corn-growing farmer—and not the poultryman, shoot-owner and small-bird-lover—the magpie possibly may do more good than harm. It is admitted that he takes the eggs from every pheasant's and partridge's nest he can find and those of the domestic hen if he can reach them, not to mention the nestlings as well as the eggs of all our garden songsters, but it is said that his main diet is slugs, especially the small variety found on freshly-sprouting corn, together with the wireworm and the larvae of all beetles.

THE only reason advanced for thinking that the magpie may pull its weight is that in France, where the small farmer and his sportsman friend shoot all small birds on sight, the magpie is to be seen in far greater numbers than is the case even in England. It is argued that, in a country where a good day's shooting may yield two brace of thrushes, a chiffchaff and a willow-warbler, no sportsman could resist the urge to improve the look of the bag—if not the flavour of it—by the addition of a pair of decorative magpies unless there were some kindly, or purely mundane, feeling for the bird.

My correspondent, commenting on the number of magpies in the Pas de Calais area, recalls how, when he was travelling up by train to the front line near Ypres in 1914, a solitary magpie, that harbinger of sorrow, disaster and bad luck, seemed to rise from every small field beside the line. With the general cussedness of their species they so arranged things that he was never able to see two at the same moment to enable him to ring the changes and so have some reasonable expectation of joy.

IN these Notes a month ago I mentioned that, so far as Hampshire was concerned, the green plover was back again in his old numbers and in excellent form after an absence from his usual haunts of over two years, which was so marked as to suggest that this bird was on the brink of complete extinction. Since then I have seen very large flocks in Dorset and Somerset, and correspondents from other parts of the country report the same thing, which would suggest that the green plover has been away on a two-year holiday to some more peaceful and plentiful land, and that there is quite a lot about the migratory movements of this bird which our expert ornithologists do not know.

THE green plover is among those birds which are not recognised as regular migrants, and have no official status as such, but which do migrate sometimes. I have seen large flocks of them in the Winter-time when duck shooting on the Nile marshes, and there was one solitary specimen which came to my garden in Sinai four years running in November. I imagine this must have been the same bird as he was always to be seen in the vicinity of the rock pool, which is something of an achievement in a desert, but I do not think he thought as much of my garden as I did, for he would never stay for more than a month though I used to get the prisoners to dig worms for him. There is, however, no reason to think that the



A. Pearlmann

RINGS AND REFLECTIONS

green plover visitors to Egypt come from the British Isles, as the bird is to be found all over Europe, and those seen in the Nile Valley probably hailed from the Balkan States or Hungary.

The green plover must have been a regular visitor to Egypt for the Winter season for quite a long while, as his portrait appears on at least two tombstones, one of which is over 5,000 years old. In that of Nefer-Maat at Medum he figures merely as an "also ran" in the background, for the main subjects on the panel are red-breasted and bean geese, but in the tomb of Ptah-Hotep at Sakkarah full justice is done to him—in fact I think the artist has, if anything, rather overdone the size of his crest and the sturdiness of his legs.

ONE of the few quite bright spots of the war, and the peace which follows it, has been the supply of curry powder in the country. Admittedly the special Bengal or Madras variety to which one is addicted runs short from time to time, but on the whole India has served and serves us well with that condiment which, besides possessing a delightful flavour of its own, has the quality of disguising most effectively the ingredients from which a curry is made. This is most necessary in our food area in Hampshire where for some sin we committed in the past—possibly because of the resistance we offered to William the Conqueror when he encircled the New Forest—we have been condemned for over a year to eat up all the superannuated bulls in the south-west of England. When superannuated bulls are temporarily short on the market, we do not eat sheep as

do the inhabitants of towns in the neighbouring counties, but we carry on with dear old lady cows, whose youngest daughters are already on the down grade in the milk return registry, until more bulls reach the age limit. This red—very red—meat with lots of curry sometimes tastes as if it might be beef. Even the unavoidable rabbit, including the flaccid hutch variety, responds to the Bombay and Madras product if this is used generously, and might during light-hearted unthinking moments be mistaken for chicken.

THEN apparently the food inspectors discovered this curry activity, and the satisfaction accruing therefrom, but fearing the wrath of Gandhi and the Pandit Nehru they were unable to cut off supplies. They could, however, take direct action against rice, and for four long hungry months not one grain has appeared in our shops; and, so far as one can ascertain, there is none under the counter either. We are told that the last sack was used at Southampton in a mammoth rice pudding, which figured as the *pôche de résistance* at a Welcome Home luncheon to our returned prisoners of war from Japan.

NINE volumes out of ten that are published by the *to-be* bear on the fly-leaf a hall-mark in the form of an open book on the top of which reclines the British Lion, who has evidently been through the war, as his near foreleg is broken, but who looks the world in the face with his tongue protruding, or firmly stuck in his cheek. Beneath is the caption "Book Produc-

tion War Economy Standard," and in case this should be insufficient warning there is an additional cautionary notification to the effect that "This book is in complete conformity with the authorised economy standards." All this, which is in the nature of the motorist's "You have been warned," indicates that one must not expect too much in the way of quality of paper, legibility of print and interval between lines, not to mention such minor matters as extent of margins and spaces at the top and bottom of the page. It suggests that Government control, which apparently is one of the Four Freedoms we were promised in the early days of the war, is in charge of book production, and is standardising output—but is it?

DURING the war I have had three books published, which bear this economy standard hall-mark, and, so far as the publishers' and printers' side of the business is concerned, there is nothing to be ashamed of. People will be able to pick up any one of these books in those wonderful days of affluence and plenty, which are just round the corner, and realise as they glance casually at the print, binding and general set-up that the publishing world put up a remarkably good show during the war.

The point is, however, that there is nothing standard about the business at all, for, though

there may be heights above which the standard of books will not rise, there are apparently no depths to which they may not sink. As a case in point I have just received from a circulating library four volumes, three of which a non-stigmatised adolescent might be able to read with no worse results than a bad headache, while the fourth I think I can manage with the aid of a 100-watt lamp if it does not come to pieces in my hands before I am halfway through it.

I HAD always imagined that hunting the carted deer was a comparatively modern proceeding—one cannot call it a sport—and that it dates back only to more or less recent times when the supply of wild animals became uncertain. I have discovered from *The History of Signboards* by J. Campbell Hotten that the system of hunting a tame deer was practised as far back as the fifteenth century, and that when Henry VII had the Archduke Philip of Spain and his wife, Joan, staying with him—presumably for the purpose of signing a treaty that, according to established custom, one or the other broke—he took them down to the New Forest for a day's stag hunting. To ensure that it was a good day Mr. Wagstaffe, who was the head hunter at that time, received a royal command to provide the best stag he had from a penned herd kept for the purpose, and a

magnificent white animal named Albert was selected as being up to Spanish royalty standard.

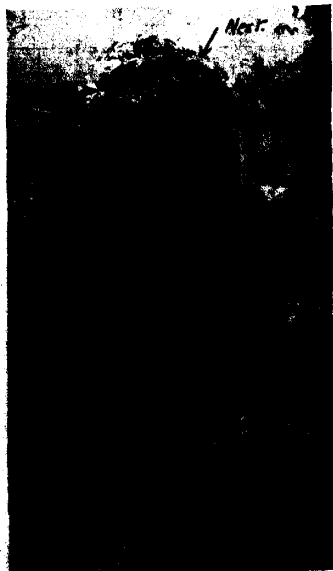
ALBERT put up a first-class and most gallant show right across the Forest from Lyndhurst to the Avon, and here he was brought to bay in the water meadows by the river. If they had had a Catchment Board in those backward days this could not have occurred, as the stag would have been able to wade across with ease, but, as it was, the animal was cornered, with hounds in front and the deep river behind. It was at this stage that the Archduchess Joan interceded and insisted that Albert's life should be spared, and, several other ladies of the field backing her up, Albert was allowed to live, I imagine, until the next stag-hunting monarch came to stay with Henry.

After the hunt the party went on to Ringwood to the local inn where lunch was served, and in honour of the occasion the hostelry was re-named the White Hart, while Mr. Wagstaffe received a knighthood, presumably to compensate him for the trouble he would have in catching Albert, and carting him back to Lyndhurst. As I know at least ten other White Harts in March Britain, and there are probably at least fifty others, I am wondering how they obtained their names, for Albert cannot have been responsible for all of them.

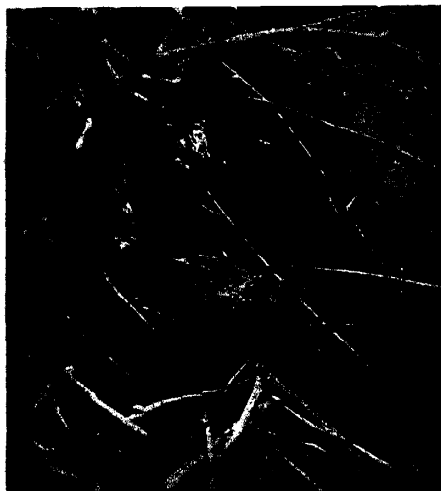
THE LIFE CYCLE OF A COMMON WREN

Written and Illustrated by REGINALD P. GAIT

IN a letter to COUNTRY LIFE published on January 5, 1945, I described how I witnessed the inspection and acceptance by a female common wren of a nest built by a male. My letter brought me in touch with the Rev. E. A. Armstrong, author of several bird books and an authority on wrens. Among other items of information which he gave me was the surprising one that wrens have polygamous tendencies and that the cock will build as many as six nests. Having procured a hen for one of them, he then proceeds to try to find other females to occupy the others. This statement aroused my interest in wrens, so that when a cock again included our garden in his territory last Spring, I determined, to do some wren observation. So absorbing did this pursuit become that I abandoned other bird activities to devote all my spare time to wren research. I think that the results have been well worth the trouble.



(Left)
THE NEST



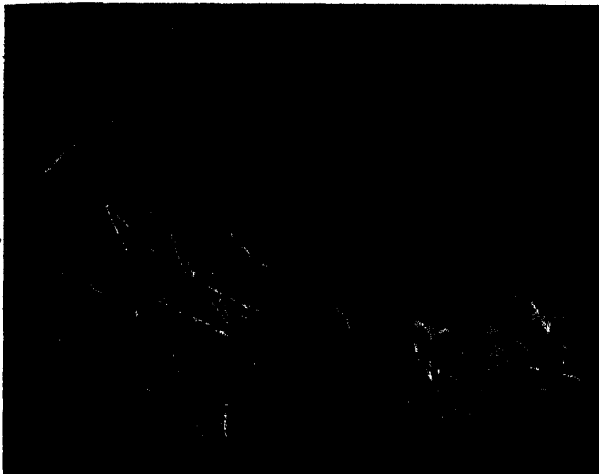
(Right) THE
COCK, ON
PATROL,
ARRIVES
AT THE
NEST

It would appear that the nesting cycle of the common wren can be separated into a number of distinct phases. The first of these is the acquisition of a territory by the cock, followed by the nest-building stage. On March 18 the old nest looked rather ragged and I found that a cock wren was building another nest on the remains of that of the previous year. Obligingly he made the hole to face in the opposite direction—towards the light. Judging by his habits I feel almost sure that this was the same bird that visited us in 1944.

The nest was most favourably situated, for both observation and photography, at the top of a dead laburnum tree which we use as a prop to carry a virginia creeper from a trellis to the other side of the

garden. The nest was visible from the house windows. The cock had three other singing posts, all roughly 200 yards from the garden. His late start on this nest, compared with the previous season, which was not so favourable as regards weather, convinced me that he had another nest somewhere.

The construction of the nest followed the normal course from March 18 (possibly March 19) to March 31, when the work was finished. Most of it was done in the early morning, accompanied by bursts of frenzied song. I discovered that he would often give his chattering alarm note, when building, out of sheer excitement. Many times when I hurried out, suspecting a cat, I found that the bird was just happily talking to himself.



SINGING AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR

I had thought that the whole of the outside structure of a nest was completed before any lining by the cock. This was not so in this case, for when the nest was cup-shaped there was a thin lining of fine material on the bottom and sides. Lining by the cock with his own material—fine grass, rootlets, etc.—must not be confused with the hen's lining with fur and feathers. They are separate operations and neither bird used the other's material. On March 25 the cock was contentedly carrying in thoroughly sodden leaves, in the pouring rain. The nest was inspected by a hen on the same day. The cock stood outside meanwhile and gave his gentle display—wings outstretched and drooping; tail spread and depressed.

Now began a third phase, the patrol stage. Every day the cock patrolled his territory, visiting the singing posts at regular intervals. I am unaware of what happened in the late morning, but so amazingly punctual was he in his arrival, within twenty minutes of 8 a.m., 12 noon, 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. D.S.T., that the camera could be erected to await him with confidence. The procedure was the same each time. He fused round the nest, picked out a tiny fibre from the fabric, jiggled up and down with it, then took it inside. On emerging he perched about for a while, sometimes repeating the process, sang and flew off to the next singing post. Now and then he brought fine grass and leaf skeletons with him for incorporation in the nest. On April 15 another visit was made by a hen. After these inspections the cock forsook his regular patrols for about a day and devoted himself, with feverish energy, to lining and singing. It was interesting to watch him at work on the entrance hole. This was strengthened by a weave of strong, dead, couch grass which he pulled from an old turf in the rockery, sometimes nearly falling backwards in his strenuous efforts.

Nearly all the second and third phase was



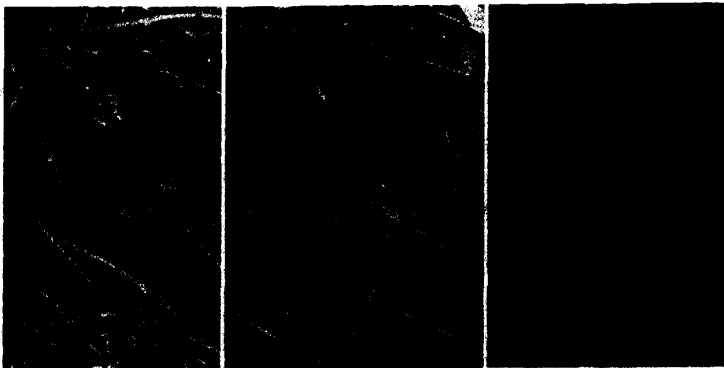
COCK'S DEFIANT DISPLAY

accompanied by warm, fine weather. On April 28 a cold spell set in, the frost being so severe that it killed the tips of the creeper. The cock's activity lessened but did not cease. He still sang at times, visited the nest irregularly and even brought some material. I tried to find out whether he roosted in the nest during this cold weather. A torch shone in the hole late at night produced no result and a straw placed across the hole was still in position after dark.

Male wrens defend their territories by song. On April 22, at the suggestion of Mr. Armstrong, a mirror, four inches by five, was hung where the bird could see his reflection. As soon as he did so he broke into violent song, with wings stretched bolt upright in a defiant display before his imaginary rival. On approaching the mirror from behind for the first time, and then turning the corner to see himself about three inches away, his reaction was spectacular. He threw away the material in his beak and sprang about a foot off—breaking into vehement song and displaying at the same time. Subsequently, such was his annoyance, he flew right into the mirror and attacked it. So angry was he that he flew into a near-by laburnum and pecked the bark three times. The mirror was hung for short periods on several days, the male's reaction being always the same. He also spent most of those days in the garden singing and searching the back of the nest.

I experimented again on May 2. I recalled that in the previous year, when the female accepted the nest, the cock ceased lining it. His mate finished this operation with feathers and fur. To test the cock's reaction to the hen's lining material on this occasion a small feather was placed near the nest. No notice was taken of it, so it was moved to the nest. When the male arrived with a leaf he seized the feather and took both into the creeper, where he dropped them, showing an inclination to follow the feather. Twice this action was repeated, except that sparrows took the feathers from him. The next visit definitely settled the matter. There were no sparrows about and not only did he throw the feather away but he followed it, picked it up and cast the offending article still farther from him.

On May 3 the temperature became warmer. At 9.15 a.m. D.S.T. there was a loud burst of song and I saw a hen leaving the nest. This scene was repeated for three more days, at about the same time. On May 7 the hen brought her first feather, thereby starting the fourth phase—acceptance of the nest and lining by the female. On the same day, at 1.15 p.m. D.S.T., coition took place. With outspread wings the cock chased the female, either one or the other making a scraping note. Contact lasted about five seconds. The hen took from May 7 to May 10 to line the nest. During this



ABOUT TO PICK UP SMALL FIBRE. (Middle) JIGS UP AND DOWN WITH FIBRE.

(Right) TAKES FIBRE INTO THE NEST



THE COCK ARRIVES AT THE NEST
AND NOTICES A FEATHER



HE DROPS HIS LINING MATERIAL
AND TACKLES THE FEATHER

period the cock was rarely seen at the nest, although he sang continuously at the bottom of the garden.

May 6 the cock was singing all day round an ivy-covered oak not 30 yards from the nest. On investigating the next day I saw him carrying lining and, behold, there was another nest, so cunningly concealed behind the ivy stems that I had probably passed it hundreds of times. After a short watch I saw a hen visit this nest, too.

Later in the day a curious incident occurred. I attempted some exposures on the hen at the garden nest with a hand-camera, but she was too shy and flew off with her feather. On running into the lane I was just in time to see her enter the nest in the ivy. While the lining urge possessed her—for the

rest of that afternoon—she worked on both nests indiscriminately. The hole of the nest in the ivy was stopped up with a ball of paper, but such was her determination that she worked her way behind it and took in her feathers. Finally entrance was made impossible for her and after many attempts to get in she flew away in a purposeful, straight line. I strongly suspected a third nest and that she was lining all three.

That evening I tried the hen's reaction to colours. White, blue, yellow and speckled feathers, together with a small piece of red paper, were placed near the nest. The white was taken first, then blue and yellow together and lastly the speckled. The red paper was ignored. There seems to be nothing conclusive about this experiment.

Next came the fifth phase—the silent, or egg-laying, stage. As was the case in 1944, no one saw either bird for days. Desertion was feared, but on May 13, when I put my finger inside the nest, I felt four eggs which must have been laid early in the morning.

There followed the sixth, or incubation, stage. I had been examining the nest after dark to determine when the hen first sat at night. This happened on May 15. On the following day the nest contained six eggs. During the whole incubation period the cock was observed to pay only one fleeting visit to the garden. There was no feeding of the sitting hen, as is the case with some birds.

He was away singing elsewhere. One of the most charming incidents was a soft, chattering answer by the hen, from the interior of the nest, to the cock whenever she heard him singing in the distance. At these times I felt what a callous little brute he was.

Sparrows worried the hen a good deal, peering at her through the entrance hole; sometimes even driving her out. When I stopped the

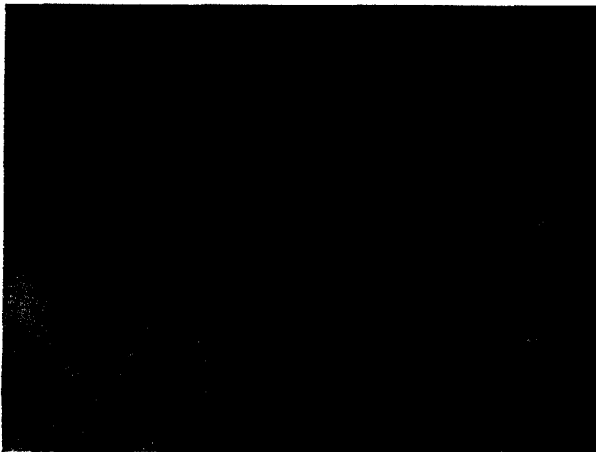


THE HEN LINING THE NEST WITH
BLACK FOWL'S FEATHERS

feeding at the bird-table and discouraged the sparrows the situation eased. The hen left the nest fairly regularly to feed, but while I was present she was never absent from her eggs for more than ten minutes. In the early stages of incubation she sometimes returned from a feed with a single feather. The young were hatched on May 30, the length of incubation being 14 days. Three days after hatching some quiet song heralded a visit by the cock. I was pleased to see him properly snubbed. He took a caterpillar to the nest while the hen was inside. She refused either to take the offering or to come out. After hanging about for a while the cock flew off. Food identified comprised small green caterpillars, some large-winged gnat-like insects, rose aphids, cuckoo-spit grubs, small moths and once a bat, black chrysalis which the hen accidentally dropped.

The end came with dramatic suddenness on June 15. Wishing to obtain some photographs of the hen removing excreta, I cut back an overhanging spray. Immediately, out flew all the young birds in a strong flight which took them half-way down the garden. On being caught and replaced in the nest, they came out again.

The cock turned up at once and went mad with excitement. He chattered, chased the hen every time she appeared, attempted coition and even flew at the young ones. Eventually his excitement abated and he settled down to feed his offspring. They were all safely enticed into the shelter of tall trees.



THE HEN ARRIVES WITH FOOD FOR HER YOUNG

VAULTING 15 FT. ON A FRAIL BAMBOO

By

LT.-COL. F. A. M. WEBSTER

NEXT time you have friends for luncheon, or dinner at the season of the full moon, take them into the garden afterwards and see how many are willing to bet that no human being could ever get into the house through any of the first-floor windows without the aid of a ladder, or a strong creeper on the wall, up which to climb.

It is long odds that all of them will bet that such a feat is impossible—but you would win their money. In most houses the sill of a first-floor window is no more than 12 ft. or 13 ft. above the level of the flower border and it is quite exceptional to find one as much as 15 ft. clear above the ground.

At Compton, California, on June 6, 1941, Cornelius Warmerdam, a United States athlete, made the officially accepted world's pole vault record of 15 ft. 5½ ins. At Modeste, in the same State, on May 23, 1942, he added yet another 2 ins. to that amazing feat of speed, strength and skill, which record now awaits official recognition by the International Amateur Athletic Federation. He propelled his body to that impressive height with no extraneous aid other than that of a frail pole of female bamboo between 16 ft. and 18 ft. long. I chose the word frail deliberately, because the circumference is no more than 2½ ins. at the thick end of the pole, whence it tapers away gradually to the top, at anything from 2 ft. to 3 ft. above the place where the hands have their grip. The thicker end is stopped and protected from splitting with a rounded plug which turns smoothly in a slide-way and so minimises friction at the take-off and during the vault.

Competition vaulting for height is, I believe, a modern innovation—something which has been introduced into athletic sport within the memory of man. The first English Championship, that of 1866, was won by J. Wheeler, City A.M.C.C. at 10 ft.; that of the United States, instituted in 1877, at 9 ft. 7 ins. by G. McNichol, Scottish American A.C. Fourteen English Championships were to be decided, however, before any man managed to clear 11 ft. Then in 1881 Tom Rav, of the Ulverston Cricket Club in Lancashire, exceeded that height by 3 ins. Ray broke the world's record set up by that great athlete of the United States, H. H. Baxter and, in 1887, defeated him on his own soil at 11 ft. 0¾ ins.

All English vaulters, up to that time, had used a style peculiarly their own. Their heavy poles were of white hickory or ash and terminated at the butt-end in a plate equipped with three spikes. The men trotted down to the take-off at a leisurely pace, planted the spiked end of the pole in the turf with an overhand action and then climbed the pole hand-over-hand, when it was vertical, to cross the bar in a sitting position.

To the Americans, however, that smacked too much of a merely gymnastic performance, the present international rule was passed forbidding the vaulter to shift the grip of his upper hand or to pass the lower hand above the upper one after the feet have left the ground. The English Championship was not again won at over 11 ft. until B. Johnson, N.Y.A.C., came over to win at 11 ft. 4 ins. in 1900.

The circumstance which brought into sight the heights that now are the regularity was, not, however, the passing of the new rule, although that has stabilised the form used, but a change in the nature of the pole itself. In 1908 the Yale graduate, A. C. Gilbert, who learned to vault with an old-fashioned wooden pole obtained a few of bamboo and took the world's record up to 12 ft. 7¾ ins. because he could approach the take-off much faster with only a light pole to carry. In England we were slow in adopting the bamboo pole.

In 1920 F. K. Foss, of the United States, won an Olympic title at 13 ft. 8 ins., and a new factor came into the game. This was the slide-

way which enables the vaulter to plant his pole with an under- or over-hand action, eliminates friction at the pole point and gives security and firmness at the take-off. This box, or slide-way, is 2 ft. wide at the open end which is towards the athlete and slopes down to a depth of 8 ins. and a breadth of 6 ins. where it terminates in a perpendicular stop-board too thick to be broken by the impact of the pole point.

Norway produced the first man to bring 14 ft. within more than the range of possibility. He was Charles Hoff, whom I saw at Abo, in Finland, vault 13 ft. 11¼ ins. on September 27, 1923. Then Sabin Carr of the United States, exceeded the magic mark. But by May, 1937, the Americans William Sefton and Earl Meadows, known as the Heavenly Twins, had tied for the world's record at 14 ft. 11 ins. They could do no more because the standards could not be extended to a greater height.

Only one Englishman has ever exceeded 13 ft. The credit for the fact that even one has done so belongs to the L.A.C. which is the oldest athletic club on earth. It was the allocation of a challenge cup, presented to the

Cambridge sports. He won the event three times, the English Open Championship twice and the Indoor Championship four times, taking the native record up to 12 ft. 9¾ ins. Then, at the Olympic Games held in Berlin in 1936, he tied for sixth place at 13 ft. 1¼ ins. and was unbeaten by any European or other overseas competitor, except the three American and two Japanese representatives. Much of Webster's success was due to the fact that he started pole-vaulting at six years of age and mastered the art in his most impressionable years.

We had discovered, meanwhile, how important is springing speed to the pole vaulter. We did this by investigating the height to which a body will rise against gravity when its horizontal velocity is converted into semi-vertical velocity. The weight we assumed for the athlete in our experiments and calculations was 150 lb. We estimated that he would approach the take-off at a speed of 25 ft. per second, i.e. at the rate of 100 yds. in 12 sec. We employed the symbols v for velocity; h for height obtained; a for acceleration due to gravity and t for time taken for a body with velocity v to reach a given height. So that:

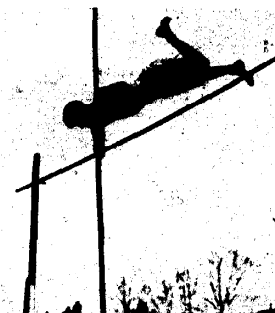
$$\begin{aligned} (i) \quad v &= gt; \text{ or } t = \frac{v}{g} \text{ sec.} \\ (ii) \quad \text{Now } h &= \frac{1}{2}gt^2 = \frac{25^2}{32} = \frac{25^2}{32} \text{ feet.} \\ &= \frac{1}{2} \times 32 \times \frac{25^2}{32^2} = \frac{25^2}{64} \\ &= 9.76 \text{ ft. or } 9 \text{ ft. } 9 \text{ ins.} \end{aligned}$$

But that height applied only to the centre of gravity of the body concerned and the centre of gravity of a man in the approach run would be approximately 3 ft. which, raised by merit of his springing speed, should enable him to clear 12 ft. 9 ins. If he could make his springing speed 27½ ft. per second, i.e. 100 yds. in 11 sec. rate, then his centre of gravity rise in height should be 11 ft. 7 ins. and his clearance height 14 ft.

No allowance had been made for such matters as wind resistance and the slight friction of the pole point in the slide-way. It was, however, obvious that springing speed is of major importance, since the height attained in the running-up is proportional to the square of the velocity when running, so that an increase of speed equivalent to ½ of a second less in 100 yards provides an addition of over 4 ins. to the height reached in the running up.

The favourable influence of the vertical lift, by the pull-up on the arms and the final push-up from the hands, whereby the vaulter raises his body over the bar, had also to be considered. When those calculations were made, Gold having just made a Western Conference record of 12 ft. 10 ins. using an upper-hand hold on the pole of 11 ft. 2 ins., it was apparent that a vaulter, using a proper push-up, must add at least 2 ft. to the height he is able to clear.

Thus, I think you have the explanation of how Cornelius Warmerdam, by combining springing speed with great arm-strength, extreme skill and physical ability, has been able to clear more than 15½ ft. in this most fascinating event.



LIEUT.-COL. F. R. WEBSTER, R.A.,
ENGLISH NATIONAL AND BRITISH
ARMY CHAMPION, VAULTING 13 FT.

L.A.C. by the Stadium Club in 1924, to the pole vault which re-introduced the practice of the event at our British public schools. F. R. Webster built up the record, year after year, vaulting 10 ft. 6¼ ins. in 1931, 10 ft. 8 ins. in 1932 and 11 ft. 3¾ ins. in 1933, which Public Schools record remains unbroken.

Meanwhile, in 1928, L. T. Bond, Sherborne and C.U.A.C., cleared 11 ft. 10¼ ins. and broke the British national record of 11 ft. 9 ins. made by R. D. Dickenson of Windermere at Kidderminster on July 4, 1891. Bond improved his own record to 12 ft. 6 ins. in 1930, but it was broken in 1935 when F. R. Webster, C.U.A.C., vaulted a half-inch higher in the Oxford and

AT DUSK

WHEN the Autumn dusk is stealing
Down the leaf-stream lanes we love,
And the clouds are flying shadows
Through the dimness far above:
Overhead the bronzed whistler,
Gently stirs the wayward grass:
Memories still linger with us
As our hoofbeats slowly pass.

Memories that live for ever,
Fierce and fond and countrywide,
Through the dusky lanes we travelled,
Happily, at eventide,
Must-beattered, maybe weary:
Jogging homeward-bound, content,
To the stable-lantern's welcome:
Thinking on a day well spent.

Always, when the dusk is falling,
I shall hear the hoofbeats go
Down the lanes they used to travel
In the evenings, long ago.
Set again the Froch, altered faintly,
Padding home beneath the moon,
As the Winter twilight merges
Into darkness, and too soon.

Somewhere, cows are lowing, calling,
Far away beyond the hill
Sunset's afterglow is fading:
But those hoofbeats echo still
Through the years. At dusk I hear them
Ring more clearly—ring again!
Stable doors are open, waiting.
Hunters! welcome home again.

IRIS M. RAIBES.

A CLOCK-MAKER AND HIS CRAFT

By DAVID GREEN

"STRANGE, isn't it," he said, "that after trying all the experts in the towns they should have to send their clock problems to the depths of the country?"

Thus Thomas Vickery, maker of what is probably the most remarkable clock of our age, and as he talked, in his cottage workshop in Shropshire, a chorus of clocks and watches ticked as though to say "Hear, hear!" For, after all, most of them owed him their lives.

"Now, take this one," he said, reaching over a pile of mechanism to where a primitive-looking movement lay on its dial. "That arrived last Friday from one of the most important clock-making firms in the country. Never seen anything quite like it, they say. Well, nor have I. Somehow I must make time to look into it. But then, of course," he added, picking up a double circlet of steel by its suspension ring, "it's the unique that has always interested me."

The circlet, he explained, was a portable sundial (illustrated on the next page) made between 1650 and 1700 by one E. Nairne, of London. By it, when "opened" and set according to date and allowed to swivel until the sun shines through a pinhole on to the five-minute ring, the time may be computed in any latitude.

Thomas Vickery, as I am sure he would not mind my saying, was not an easy man to interview. It is not that he withheld information. On the contrary, I never knew anyone more generous and, at the same time, unassuming. No, the trouble was that at every turn of his conversation one was apt to find oneself drifting down irresistible backwaters. More especially, perhaps, is this the case if one's father happens to have been the collector who wrote that long-out-of-print book *Old English Clocks*.

It seemed so simple and obvious, for instance, for our interview in his workshop to begin at Bath, with his uncle clock-maker grumbling at the nephew who always liked to get out "about" in his workshop and to play with

bits of broken mainspring; and with his first clock-casualty, a forest or Dutch clock, which he, like any child, took to pieces and, unlike most, reassembled so that "it was going at our home for years." We had even got as far as his clock-maker's apprenticeship with a Mr. East of Bath when the Pump Room rather naturally reared its romantic head and inevitably reminded us of its famous clock by the father of English clock-making, Thomas Tompion (1638-1713). "Imagine," said Vickery, "there being puzzlement among even our so-called experts as to why Tompion gave a sundial when he supplied the Pump Room clock! Of course, it is simply a question of the difference between Greenwich Mean Time and Apparent Solar Time, or the Equation of Time. Now in Tompion's day," he went on, "every clock-maker understood it as a matter of course, and so did most men of culture. But to-day," he shook his head, "so very few, even of our university men, could tell you anything about it."

"And what do you think of the Bath Tompion?" I asked. "It is surely a clumsy case." "Certainly, it is clumsy, heavy, and altogether ugly," he said, "but, of course, Tompion never made the cases. That is what always seems to me a shame. Vickery continued, "to have a first-rate movement and then the case a shoddy thing. But it so often happens."

"But your own long-case clock," I put in, "who made the case for that?" "I did," he said, "I made the whole job right through. The wood of the case is very unusual. It is English pollarded oak, brought up from father's place. The oaks," he added casually, "have to be at least three hundred years old to get the figure and the colour into them."

I looked at the imposing, almost miraculous clock itself (illustrated here), the clock which, says experts, "can claim to rank with the finest which ever came from the workshops of the masters." "Tell me again," I said, "the main indications. What else does it tell besides time o' day?"

"Well, it has, of course," said its maker, "the perpetual calendar. It has the Equation of Time and will tell you what time the sun rises and what time it sets. Then the astronomical dial gives the sun's place in the ecliptic (sign of the Zodiac), the age and phase of the moon and the moon's place in the ecliptic. Also it indicates the positions of the principal constellations at that time visible. The clock tells, too, the sidereal time, that is, when the first point of Aries crosses the meridian. Sidereal day is shorter than solar day by roughly four minutes."

"And what of your clock's accuracy?" I asked.

"When it was first put up in 1891 it lost three and two-thirds seconds in three years. Now, of course, the hands haven't been touched since 1890 and the clock is about twenty seconds fast. As a matter of fact," he added, "I am ashamed at not having taken it down and cleaned it, but that's a big job, and the war made me put it off and now . . ." he nodded towards the pile of clocks and watches congregated, as it were, at the pool of Bethesda, "many of them," he said regretfully, "I just have to send back untouched. I simply cannot take any more work."

I wanted to know how such an ambitious conception as his clock had ever occurred to him. "Perhaps you had seen something like it?" I hazarded. This seemed to startle him. His bright, brown eyes positively blazed at me. "I had seen nothing like it," he said with vehemence. "No, I had seen two or three in my mind. For instance there were the seven tances in the clock on Bath Abbey. I thought, 'When I have done a bit of clock-making and feel capable, I will put those tunes into a clock of my own.' And so I did: a tune for each day of the week, to play every three hours."



LONG-CASE CLOCK MADE BY
THOMAS VICKERY

"And what are these tunes?"

"Let me see. Here they are:

Sunday: Easter Hymn.

Monday: Stella.

Tuesday: The Harp That Once . . .

Wednesday: All Saints.

Thursday: Ye Banks and Braes.

Friday: Adeste Fideles.

Saturday: Tom Bowling.

"Another notion I had," he went on, "when I began the design, was that I would like to make a complicated clock to let future generations see that even in the twentieth century there were people who could make such a thing. And again, I wanted to solve certain problems."

"Such as?"

"Such as full chiming or striking all on one train of wheels, that is with one winding. That had been suggested, so I was told, to the big makers in London, but they had turned it down as an impossibility. You see, where the difficulty came in was to get the chimes on the proper sequence after the clock had struck the hour. But of course there are a lot of complications to the clock all through. The fact is," he added simply, "I like to try something no one else has tried, or something that leads me to devise a method whereby one may get a more accurate indication. But, of course, that is what we are all striving for all the time."



Wellington Journal

THOMAS VICKERY WITH A KALEIDOCRAFT OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE. It consists of a system of pens and cogwheels whereby elaborate, multi-coloured patterns may be drawn on paper and, such is the system of reference, repeated at any time and in any given colours.

How easy to imagine Tompion using those very words as he too, strove for the more accurate indication.

"Supposing," I said to Vickery, "one were to attempt the making of a Tompion clock to-day?"

"There is not a craftsman living," he said, "who could make anything approaching a Tompion, as you might say, deceive an expert, because, to my idea, unless you have made a clock to deceive an expert you have not made a Tompion. And even then, of course, you wouldn't have made the genuine thing. But the reason why we can make nothing comparable is that we have lost the skill for certain parts of clock- and watch-making; for instance, for the making of the escapement and the piercing and engraving of the cockpiece, which is the case over the balance-wheel. The modern craftsman would be absolutely floored on those."

"Why, even the tools we use," he went on, "are different. Indeed, I sometimes wish I had kept the old clock-maker's throw and watch-maker's turn I began with, just to show people. The clock-maker's throw was really a lathe, working part time backwards, part time forwards, but the point about it was that the work you were doing turned between dead centres, whereas in the more modern lathe it is one of the centres that rotates. The old craftsman maintained that, to turn a thing true, it had to be the work that revolved."

"Then take gauges," Vickery continued. "We had various methods of gauging things, but the gauges themselves meant nothing, or at least they would mean nothing to the craftsman to-day. In so far as they told us difference in sizes they were gauges, but as regards inches and millimetres, nothing. We made a wheel, and then we made a pinion to fit that wheel. We had four or five different glass-gauges, too, but there again, the most you could say for them was that they were gauges and that they served the skilled man's purpose well enough; but to-day, of course, they are all written out to a fraction of a millimetre."

"It was the same with main-spring-gauges. We had one main-spring-gauge and there was an end of it. It was the same, too, with screws, practically every maker having his own pitch of thread as, indeed, is the case still among the best makers in Switzerland, so that a screw from one watch won't fit into another watch."

"Of course, to say that there are no craftsmen to-day," he concluded, "would be nonsense. The makers of motor-car parts are skilled craftsmen, working to close gauges to make their parts interchangeable; but it's a different kind of craftsmanship, and nobody makes a job right



PLANETARIUM FOR CLOCK II
Left: A PORTABLE SUNDIAL

through. The very reason why I am swamped with this mass of ordinary and extraordinary repairing is that the old type of craftsman has all but died out and there are now so few with the training and the appliances for the work."

"Suppose you could rid yourself of the lot of it," I suggested, "and settle to your own work, which particular job would you start on?"

"I should hope to visit country houses," he said wistfully, "as I used, to care for their clocks. But the main work I should be engaged on would be my second great clock, of which the planetarium you have seen is but a part."

"In the planetarium you will find the eight principal planets and the moon, all correct in their periods around the sun to the ten-thousandth part of a day. The earth, of course, revolves round the sun, and the moon round the earth. The outer ring moves to indicate the position of the equinoxes. That is unusual. I think I am about the only one who has ever attempted that."

"Just as well," I put in "that we've only one moon. Is it seven months that Jupiter has?"

He smiled. "Yes, that would be a complicated business, if, indeed, it could ever be successfully tackled at all. It would be a rather interesting problem to try to solve," he mused, "very interesting and very complicated, especially to reckon up the number of teeth for the wheels."

"One of the first problems in the designing of my planetarium was reckoning out the moon's gearing, the moon being driven, of course, from a moving base. If the number of teeth in those wheels had been wrong, the whole thing would have been out of gear."

"Astronomers tell me," he said reflectively, "that they leave the moon alone as much as possible, simply because it is such an erratic body. I find myself up against that, too. You cannot time it like a solar day or a sidereal day. Even in the duration of the moon from one new moon to another you get a variation of as much as twenty-four hours. As you can see, to deal with a body travelling at uniform speed would be comparatively simple. I am still struggling for the Equation of the Moon in my new clock. That is to say, I was working on it when I had to put the job on one side."

"And what else," I asked, gasping a little, "will Clock II contain?"

"There will be a sidereal dial," he said, "and a perpetual calendar that will give corrections not only for leap years, but for the century and the fourth century. The year 2000 will be a leap year; the year 2100 will not; but the year 2400 will be again. It is, of course, simply a question of whether the centuries be exactly divisible by four. Another calendar I have made but not yet polished gives the Golden Number, the Epact (age of the moon on January 1 each year) and the Sunday Letter."

"It was Copernicus (1473-1543) who worked that out, I think. He devised these things to form a method for ascertaining the date of Easter. When those three things are set—and in my clock they will all set themselves only on December 31—there will be another hand which, by their influence, will give you the date of the following Easter Day. But a lot of other parts have still to be made. . . . Once again the gesture almost of despair towards the repairs heap, as though Time had caught up with him at last and left him standing; for of all his problems this, the making of time, has proved the toughest."

What a thousand pities, I thought as I took my leave, to see genius chained to the unimportant when the masterpiece lies there clamouring for completion. Could nothing be done to disperse the pile at one blow and let him get on with the Equation of the Moon?

I walked to his gate, between his apple-trees and out into a muddy lane where I passed, on one side, a German prisoner and, on the other, a pond with five geese proudly swimming on it. I tried to think as the clock-maker thinks. Now in the leap year 2400, I wondered, will there still be muddy lanes and ponds with geese on them, apples on apple-trees, even prisoners, perhaps, in a green and still relatively-pleasant land—and will Clock II (*T. Vickery invenit et fecit*) have gained or lost a whole minute since 1946?

[Thomas Vickery's masterpiece, alas, will never be completed by his own hand. We regret to announce that he died with unexpected suddenness while this article was going to press. Under his will his first great clock will go to the Clockmakers' Museum, in the City of London Guildhall.—Ed.]

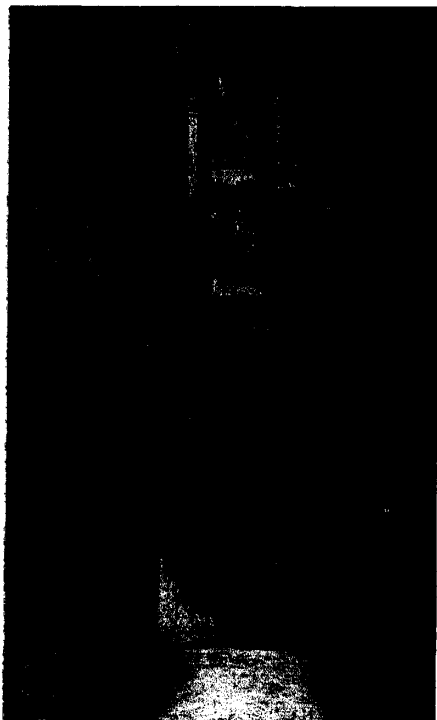


1.—NORTH-WEST VIEW OF LUDLOW CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER MEADOWS

LUDLOW CASTLE—II

By CHRISTOPHER
HUSSEY

Roger Mortimer, Regent of England 1330-34, rebuilt the Norman castle as a palace of the period which became the favourite residence of his descendants the Yorkist princes. Subsequently it became the official residence of the Princes of Wales and their deputies the Presidents of the Council of the Marches till 1688



2.—GATE TO THE INNER BAILEY

Twelfth century, the lower arch fourteenth century, with Sir Henry Sidney's superscription, 1581

FOR 150 years after the marriage in 1306 of Joan, heiress of the Lacy, to Roger Mortimer of Wigmore, Ludlow Castle's history is the dynastic history of England and to a great extent of Ireland too. The royal ruin, looming superbly over the flat meadows on its tree-girt cliff, is worthy in its romantic beauty, great empty courts and roofless halls, of the majestic chronicle: halls aptly echoing too, in clearer tones, the jewelled music of *Comus*. It is impossible to attempt to compress into a short article a consecutive account of those virtually independent princes of the West who made Ludlow their palace, and of the viceregal Council of the Marches that replaced them for another two hundred years. Yet without some slight sketch of the crucial and reverberating results of that wedding so long ago the immense historical importance of the lovely building cannot be appreciated.

By this marriage two powerful Marcher baronies and their great possessions in Ireland were united, to be extended by Mortimer alliances with the adjoining territories of Powis and Chirk. The result, gradually achieved, was the binding together of the Lords Marcher into a solid confederacy, with a common policy and backed by their dominions in Ireland, which ultimately set the chief of the clan on the English throne. Roger twice came near to grasping the Crown himself. In 1321-22 he was in open warfare against Edward II but was pushed back to the Severn and ultimately imprisoned in the Tower for life, whence he was rescued after two years by the Bishop of Hereford, to escape by boat to France. There he was joined by Edward's Queen Isabella whose chief counsellor and lover he soon became and with whom he planned an invasion of England from Belgium. The coup was completely successful, the King was captured—and soon murdered at their behest in Berkeley Castle—and for four years Mortimer, now Earl of March, ruled the country through the infatuated Isabella in the name of the youth, her son, Edward III. By 1330 he was at the zenith of his power. The King and Queen Mother had visited him at Ludlow, and he had contrived the execution of the last remaining Royal uncle, Edmund Duke of Kent, when, by a daring plot, he was seized at Nottingham Castle, during a house party at which the Queen and young King were also present, by partisans of the King gaining admission through a secret passage, after which he was hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn.

The transformation of the Norman castle of Ludlow into a stately mansion is largely due to him. The process had probably been begun by his father-in-law Peter de Genville, but he carried it to completion, the change in direction no doubt accounting for several departures from the original design detected by Hope in his examination of the structure. The Norman castle had originally been entered by a gateway in the base of the Great Tower (Fig. 3). When the Outer Bailey was formed in the late twelfth century, this gateway was filled in to form a prison, and all that visibly survives of it are the two arched recesses, the remainder of eight (four on each side), in what was the side of the gateway (Fig. 6), the others, together with the whole inner face of the tower, having been destroyed and rebuilt as a result of damage in the Wars of the Roses. The gateway had been replaced by a new one beside the tower

(Fig. 2), where the outer arch is twelfth century, but the smaller one contained by it, and possibly the massive old door, were inserted by Mortimer.

Within the Court (Fig. 5) the whole of the north side was now filled with a new range of State apartments. In the middle is the Great Hall (Fig. 4), its entrance approached originally by a flight of steps and intended to have a two-storeyed porch as at Penshurst, roughly its contemporary. To the left of the hall a block with two storeys of 14th-century windows contained the Solar or ladies' bower on the first floor, out of which opened a garde-robe added in the angle of the Norman north-west wall-tower. In the usual manor-house plan the position of this Solar is occupied by the kitchen offices but here these were always separate in the western part of the court. At the other end of the hall (Fig. 5) a similar block contained the Great Chamber on the first floor, with others over. A fine tower added to the north



3.—THE NORMAN GREAT TOWER AND INNER GATE

The bridge and gabled range above the Gate built by Sir Henry Sidney c. 1580



4.—ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL AND (left) SOLAR BLOCK. COMPLETED BY ROGER MORTIMER, 1ST EARL OF MARCH, c. 1320



5.—THE INNER BAILEY FROM THE GATEWAY

(Left) Part of Great Hall; (middle) Great Chamber, both c. 1320; (right) the Norman Round Chapel, concealing additional Tudor state apartments

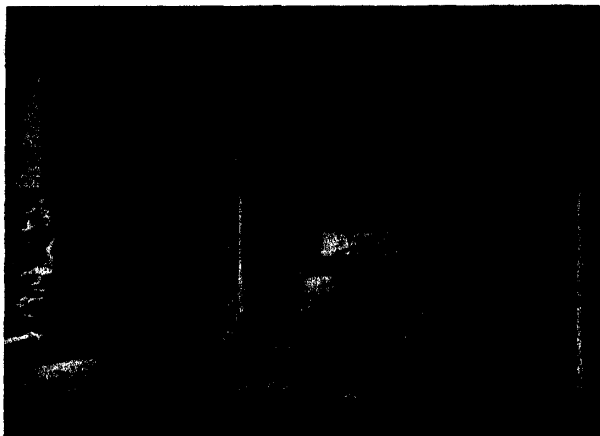
side (Fig. 10) contains on each floor two small rooms each with a deeply embrasured window retaining its window seats (Fig. 11), and opening off it a latrine, this addition corresponding to a series of modern "bath-dressing-rooms." Though altered by the insertion of some Elizabethan windows, and the hall by a 16th-century fireplace filling one of the three tall windows to the court (Fig. 8), the suite of apartments represents the accommodation devised for himself and his lady by the most powerful baron in the kingdom in the time of Edward II, c. 1320. Indeed Hope (*Archæologia*, LXI) detected signs that the upper storey of the Solar block was an afterthought, implying that Mortimer found it only half raised and that this wife, the heiress of Ludlow, insisted on an upstairs bower at her end of the hall at least as stately as the Great Chamber that her husband was raising at the other. It was unusual, except in royal houses, for lord and lady to have rooms of such equal consequence.

After the fall of Isabella and Roger, the Mortimer menace was for a time averted, but their grandson Edmund, 3rd Earl of March, in 1368 sowed the seeds of a second harvest

by his marriage to Philippa only daughter of the Duke of Clarence, second surviving son of Edward III, by whom he begot a possible heir to the Plantagenet throne. Several of his children were born at Ludlow, but, as became the settled policy of the Crown with the Mortimers, he was encouraged to divert his activities to his wide Irish estates by being appointed Lieutenant of Ireland, where he remained for most of Richard II's reign. Both his son and grandson occupied the same post, the latter of whom, surnamed "the Good," would have succeeded to the Crown on Richard II's death but for its usurpation by Henry IV and the fact that he was a child. He was brought up under the guardianship of Henry to whom, and to whose son, he continued conspicuously loyal. On his death of the Plague in 1425 the male Mortimer line became extinct.

But the family claims, with their vast territories, descended intact by a sister's son to Richard Duke of York, the principal protagonist, and twice Regent, in the ensuing dynastic struggle. He made Ludlow his principal residence, and in 1459, after a Yorkist force had been dispersed by the Lancastrians from a position defending Ludford bridge, town and castle were sacked. Later in the same year, however, the tide turned the other way and York formally claimed the Throne at Westminster, agreeing to recognise Henry VI's life interest in it in return for nomination as Prince of Wales. But a Lancastrian force coming into conflict with him soon after at Wakefield, the Duke was killed. In retribution his son Edward Earl of March, after a vigorous campaign, consummated the Mortimer dream and ascended the throne as Edward IV.

In the first year of his reign Edward rewarded the loyal support of "our town of Ludlow," and also that of Bewdley, destined henceforth to be closely linked with Ludlow,



6.—WALL ARCADING AT SIDE OF ORIGINAL NORMAN GATEWAY IN GREAT TOWER, c. 1100

by giving them charters greatly extending their privileges. And twelve years later, in 1473, instituted the Council of the Prince of Wales to deal with the widespread disorder of the border and Wales generally. At the same time, to meet Welsh complaints of neglect, he dispatched the infant Edward Prince of Wales to reside at his family's old home. At Ludlow the child, soon joined by his younger brother, remained till

Bewdley to Worcester for burial. During the succeeding decade the Council was transformed from one theoretically advisory to a Prince of Wales into the Council of the Marches of Wales, a judicial and administrative body responsible direct to the Crown, with a reliable magnate, often a bishop, as President. In 1525 Henry VIII's daughter, Princess Mary, aged 10, was sent to resume the personal residence of the Heir to the Throne at Ludlow. One of Wolsey's agents reported "Her Grace was, of her age, as goodly a child as ever I have seen, well accompanied with divers persons of gravity."

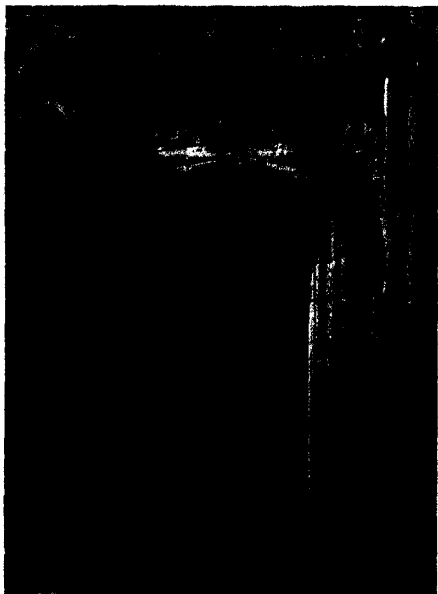
The 14th-century apartments had been extended for Mary's occupation by a new block between the Great Chamber and the eastern wall of the Inner Bailey (hidden by the round chapel in Fig. 5). Christmas 1528 was celebrated with elaborate traditional entertainments for the "great repair of strangers" expected.

After the Princess's recall in 1527, Ludlow had no further royal residents, but the appointment in 1559 of Sir Henry Sidney to the Presidency brought one of the most distinguished Elizabethan families to the Castle. His children, Philip, and Mary, later Countess of Pembroke, were brought up there. The records of Sidney's term of office (much of which was taken up with suppression of the Irish rebellion) are very full and illustrate the main duties of the Council. They were the keeping of order and the punishment of offenders, the prevention of the wearing of armour without leave in fairs, markets, and churches, and the suppression of the practice of livery (i.e. uniformed retainers) which lasted longer in Wales than elsewhere. Sidney also did much to adapt the Castle to its changing function. Residing himself in the state apartments, he built opposite to them, and over the inner gate, the gabled range of Judges' Lodgings, the outside of which is seen in Fig. 3. They were probably finished about 1581, the date on the tablet which he erected above the gateway (Fig. 2) bearing his and the Royal arms and the inscription

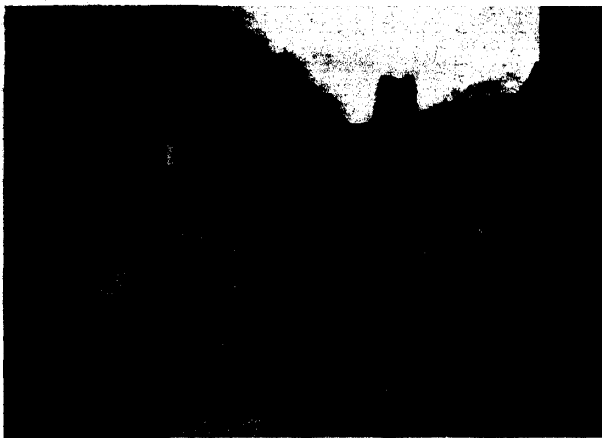
1483, when they were removed to their mysterious deaths in the Tower of London.

The Princes occupied the State apartments in the Castle, and the damage to the Great Tower done after Ludford Bridge was repaired. The whole north side of the tower was rebuilt and a new entrance to it, from the gateway between the two wards, was made, with the elegant doorway seen in Fig. 7.

The Council, sitting generally at Ludlow but in Winter often at the royal manor of Tickenhill at Bewdley, was re-established by Henry Tudor. Faced by the same problems, he resumed Edward's policy by sending Arthur Prince of Wales to Ludlow in 1483. Henry seems frequently to have visited him here, and at Ludlow the Prince died in 1502, his body being carried via



(Left) 7.—DOORWAY FROM GATEWAY TO GREAT TOWER, c. 1460



8.—THE FLOORLESS AND ROOFLESS GREAT HALL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE. Scene of the first performance of the *Masque of Comus*, 1634

Hominibus ingratis loquimini lapides. In a room over the gate, after the Restoration, Samuel Butler who held a small post under President the Earl of Carbery, wrote part of *Hudibras*. On the other hand, a report on Sidney's Council to Walsingham comments on the extreme age of some of the Judges and extreme youth of others—"utter barristers" is the phrase used—and the general incompetence of all. This was largely remedied by the next President, the Earl of Pembroke (1579-1602), but his reforms were powerless to arrest the rising tide of disapproval of the method of autocratic government exemplified in the Councils of the Marches, the North, and Star Chamber. Amid increasing political troubles, a glamour is thrown over the Council's last days by the festivities held in the hall by the last President before the Civil War, the Earl of Bridgewater in 1634. As Dr. Caroline Skeel has well said of the per-

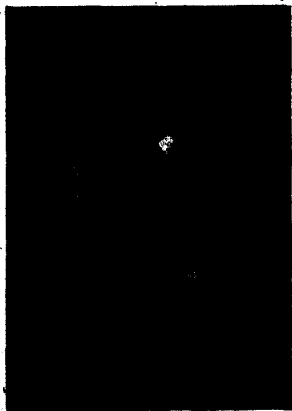
formance of the *Masque of Comus*, seldom can a great poem have come before the world in a setting so fair as on that Michaelmas evening, when the Attendant Spirit entered to tell the expectant throng how—

All this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge with tempered awe to guide.
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms;
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely love,
Are coming to attend their father's state
And new intrusted sceptre.

The occasion of the *Masque*, alluded to in these lines, was of course the President's "fair offspring," Lord Brackley, Thomas Egerton and Lady Alice Egerton, getting lost, on their way to the Earl's inauguration, in the woods of the High Vinnals south of Ludlow. Its scene, the roofless and floorless hall of Roger Mortimer (Fig. 8), needs little imagination to reconstruct. In this view we are looking from the dais end towards the

entrance and must visualise a timber screen hiding the farther end and ascending to the low-pitched roof. It is likely that the *Masque* was performed at the Screens end of the hall, which would provide for the entrances and exits of the characters, rather than on the dais where a single narrow doorway communicates with the Great Chamber. The walls are intact, and the tall windows, except that filled by a Tudor fireplace, even retain their wooden shutters (Fig. 9). If these are not the original ones, they must be of great age, and may well reproduce the medieval pattern.

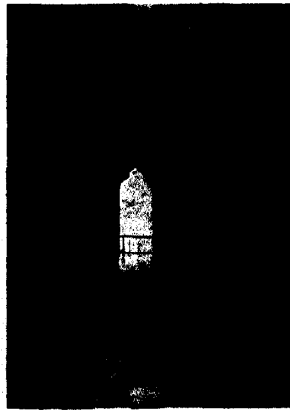
Two inventories of the Castle are printed in Wright's *Ludlow*: one of 1650, not long after it had been occupied by the Royal party during the Civil War, and one of 1708 when still the property of the Crown but long unoccupied. In the former it is shown to have been fully furnished with the equipment—bedsteads, tables, watchet hangings, stools, etc.—of a 17th-century house. Two standing bedsteads "hung with Kidderminster stuff," a shuffleboard table, and pictures "of the late King and Queen" in the hall are the items of most interest. Some of these probably survived as the "old" chairs and tables noted in 1708. Twenty years later Defoe remarked on the building's derelict condition, and long before the end of the century it was falling into ruin. As late as 1774 Buck's *Antiquities* noted that many of the royal apartments were entire. An account quoted by Grose describes the chapel as "having abundance of coats of arms upon the panels and the hall decorated with the same kind of ornaments together with lances, spears, firelocks, and old armour." The floor of the Great Chamber was still in place in 1783. Already, however, the Herbert family and their kinsmen the Clives in the neighbourhood were beginning to take an interest in the Castle. The Earl of Powis held a long lease of the castle from the Crown, and in 1811 Edward, 2nd Lord Clive, created Earl of Powis, acquired the reversion in fee by purchase. His descendant, the present Earl, instituted in 1908 thorough but admirably sympathetic examination and repair of the buildings by the late Sir W. St. John Hope and the late Sir Harold Brakspear, to which is due their excellent present condition softened, as it should be, by the claims of romantic beauty.



9.—A WINDOW IN THE GREAT HALL



10.—THE GARDE-ROBE TOWER FROM THE NORTH



11.—WINDOW EMBRASURE OF CLOSET IN GARDE-ROBE TOWER, c. 1350

RULES FOR SUCCESS IN SHORE-GUNNING

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

"SET you down in the mud there. Kip your hid down and you'll git the finest sport yu want this side o' Christmas." And Alf roved off in his punt. I watched him disappear round a headland of mud and up a valley of salt water which glittered like a sword in the sun.

It was eleven of the clock and the tide would be full in an hour. In front, the estuary glittered to br, wintry shores where elms stood misty on dun uplands and yellow-walled farm-houses showed like toys through the glasses. Two miles away and naught but salt water and mud betwixt them and me. Well, so much the better, thought I, carefully placing a piece of plank across the mud gulley in which Alf had deposited me. I laid the twelve-bore on a tuft of sea-lavender and the long, muzzle-loading seven-bore beside it, and looked about. The tide was creeping up the mouth of that gulley, yards away, on mud-flats which shelved off from the miniature cliff-edge of the saltings. The muds shone like silver, silver that ran sheerly into the stippled silver of the tide. Curlew cried on the wind. A fting of oxbirds swept low along the edge of the tide, wheeled suddenly and threw themselves high in the air, then, slipping sideways, fell like a shoal of glittering shillings to within a few inches of the water.

Thus, the scene. The time, midday in

which stalked to within forty yards, and cormorants, red-breasted mergansers, tufties and whimbrel; all these made a memory worth adding to the long score of such days on the windy flats.

My gulley, in which I have sat, on and off, for a good many tides over a good many years, is in the point of a little peninsula of mud and saltings, commanding the mouth of a small creek, perhaps half-a-mile long, which debouches into my favourite estuary. Thus, it cuts into the flight line of birds flying up and down the shore-line of the estuary, and, equally, covers the small creek, which is a favourite feeding-ground for waders and plover by day and for ducks at night. It was carefully chosen after long observation of the habits of the birds at all states of the tide. That is a lesson which the would-be shore-gunner must bear in mind. Lots of likely-looking spots may turn out to be not the slightest use in practice. Therefore, take a pair of field-glasses, a lot of patience, and use both. A fresh-water outfall or a sewer is usually a good spot.

There are, in brief, several methods of shore-shooting—from a natural hide on a point or peninsula, such as a gulley, rock, groin sea-wall, old wreck or shingle bank; from a sunk barrel on a sand-bank or mud-flat; from an island in mid-channel; from a lying-in pit; or, merely by prowling the shore, spotting

I use a seven-bore, too, such heavy guns are unnecessary for the average shore-gunner.

As for equipment, you need your oldest and warmest clothes, plus a good sober-coloured mackintosh and a pair of rubber thigh-boots. Knee-boots are next to useless, for you must often kneel or crawl and in any case the average rill in the mud will soon over-top them. Quiet colours, as drab as possible, are a necessity. Nothing must shine or glisten. Some shore-gunners paint their gun-barrels grey, with yacht paint, as a preventive alike against rust and barrel-shine.

I do not advise oilskin coats for either shore-shooting or fighting. They crackle and rustle and often thus rob the fowler's ears of the tell-tale whistle of pinions approaching from behind. Oilskin trousers, however, are admirable for sitting in on damp spots! A leather waistcoat and a fisherman's jersey, particularly one of those which the Fleetwood trawlermen wear, are the proper twins for a really cold day. For, remember, you may sit for hours in one place.

Decoy whistles, as sold in shops, are not of much use. Better by far to learn to imitate curlew, shank and plover, all of which will come to a good human whistle again and again. I have seen Percy Barrett of Wells call golden plover to within six feet of his hat, and Mr. Stanley Duncan's imitation of the bubbling



A SHORE-SHOOTING PARADISE. A sportsman returning with his dog across the Essex mud-flats, before the incoming tide

December on an East Coast estuary during a three-day punting, shore-gunning trip. The object—shore-shooting, that most fascinating of all forms of sport with the gun, which is open to almost anyone, almost anywhere, on the British coasts—provided you keep below high-water mark. It is the younger brother of punt-gunning for, though neither the bags nor the artillery are so large, the scenes are much the same and the bag, although usually the humbler fry of shore-birds and waders, may yet, with care, include a few of the punter's nobler quarry of geese, mallard and wigeon.

It is a game of patience. You will not get much of a bag by stalking about the shore like a predatory lamp-post. Get in a hole in the mud and stay there. Keep down, keep quiet and keep still. Let the birds come to you. That is the first element of successful shore-shooting.

At the end of my three-hour stay in the mud, six curlews, three wigeon, a golden-eye, three grey plover, four peewits, a golden plover, two redshank, nine dunlin—which in Essex we call oxbirds—and the eight offsprings of wigeon; a marsh-harrier, lordly as an eagle; a heron,

distasteful fowl and stalking them. The last is usually the least successful. If you choose a gulley, take a piece of plank to span it and make a seat. Decoys, either wooden or stuffed, can be used and I have had moderate sport over wooden curlew decoys, but far better results from allowing one of my retrievers to run about on the flats close to the hide, when the birds stoop and mob him. Green plover will do the same. Decoys should be dotted about, in feeding and resting attitudes, well within range of the gun.

Before we consider methods of shooting or of attracting shore birds, let us contemplate the armoury and equipment. A 12-bore is best and a long-chambered one is preferable to a game gun. As the long cartridges cannot be obtained, however, the game gun must do. It certainly compensates in lightness and manoeuvrability for its loss in range and hitting power. Personally, I always take a dozen or more B.B. or No. 1 cartridges. I find that they behave admirably from an ordinary 12-bore and kill birds stone dead—when hit—up to sixty yards. Otherwise Nos. 4 and 6 fill the bill, 4 for duck and curlew and 6 for small waders. Although

feeding call of curlew is lifelike. That is the call to use and not the ordinary conversational call of *Curlew*, still less the alarm call of *Kee-ew*. The man who can call can treble his bag.

The best time for shore-shooting is from an hour to half-an-hour before high-water and then, again, an hour to half-an-hour after it. That is because, first, the rising tide floods the birds off their feeding-grounds and causes a continuous flight up and down the advancing tide. At high-water the curlew may go inland to stubble fields or onto grass marshes to catch daddly-long-legs in early Autumn. The shank, godwits, whimbrel, grey plover, oxbirds and the rest will get on a high point of saltings and there rest. So the shore-gunner may as well light his pipe and pull out his flask.

The moment the tide turns and the flats begin to bare, a wealth of minute marine life—worms, molluscs and the rest—is left exposed. Down come the birds. And that is when the long gun may occasionally pull off a really good flock shot into a company of waders or plover.

As to weather, I prefer fog or a haze. It fuddles the birds. They lose their sense of how



A FLOCK OF OYSTER-CATCHERS COMING IN TO ALIGHT. These pleasant-looking waterfowl are fairly scarce in East Anglia, but they are quite common in Scotland. The Essex fowlers call them "olives" because they were St. Olaf's bird in Saxon mythology

to keep at a safe distance. High winds are all very well for fighting, when birds may have to fly low against the wind, but in shore-shooting it usually merely means that birds whizz past at an exceptional rate, going down-wind! Snow is excellent and, like fog, gives one a chance at geese or duck which normally keep well out in the estuary or on the open sea during the daytime.

I would give the would-be shore-gunner these golden rules for success:

Keep down, keep quiet and keep out of sight. Use your eyes, ears and field-glasses. Don't move about—they will see you before you see them.

If you see a bird coming, do not move a hand or an eyelid till it is *right on you*. One move and you lose your chance unless the bird is in range.

Do not take long shots, which mean wounded birds. Wait till you can see the feathers.

A wounded bird *must be chased* and that alarms your stretch of shore for many minutes afterwards. A pricked bird, on the run, I am convinced, often warns others, especially if he be a curlew or green plover, both of which shriek their heads off. On the other hand a wounded curlew or plover will always attract its brothers and sisters if it be pegged down, a practice which is, of course, illegal.

I am not in favour of sunken barrels for two reasons: first, it takes a lot of time and trouble to sink the barrel; and, second, the next tide fills it. You must then empty it—only of water but of mud. It is not worth the trouble unless the barrel be in a high point not normally covered by high tides.

A lying-in pit is a different affair altogether. It is dug in a comparatively short space of time and is wiped out by the tide even more quickly. However, you do not bother to dig it, in any case, unless you are either after geese, or when shore birds are in such quantities that they are worth it.

A lying-in pit, in brief, is a shallow pit, from a foot to two feet deep, so that the gunner can be either on his back in a semi-recumbent position, or on his side in a watching position. In either case the principle is that the gunner is enabled either to intercept geese coming from, or going to, feeding-grounds or to intercept waders and duck on a special flight-line—say across the mouth of an estuary or from one mud-bank to another. In that case the trouble of digging a pit, which may occupy half-an-hour, is well spent, for from an hour's to two hours' excellent sport may be the result. The pit must be capable of hiding your recumbent body but must not be so deep that it will collect the incoming tidal water long before the actual flow reaches you.

Bank up the mud or sand on the side from which you expect the geese or waders to approach. Then smooth it down with your spade so that no rough or dark outline shows across the flats to alarm the fowl. Do not forget that they know the general look of the ground. Any sudden change in its appearance will scare them.

A very good hide can be made by putting up a round fence of rabbit-wire on the saltings and stuffing the wire full of seaweed, wrack, sea-lavender and general drift. Such a hide keeps dry longest.

The young shore-gunner should remember *always to make sure of his getaway*. It is true that the best shots will almost invariably be obtained on the edge of the tide. So will the worst risks. It is no fun to find, when you try to wade back, that a flooded gut or gully, ten to fourteen feet deep and perhaps twenty to fifty feet or more wide, bars your way. You cannot swim that in thigh-boots. I have known too many men—three in ten years—drowned after taking such rash chances, to minimise the risks.



THE SHORE-GUNNER'S EQUIPMENT—MACKINTOSH, THIGH-BOOTS, BALACLAVA HELMET, GUN-CASE AND DIGGING-IN SPADE

If the gunner be on a mud island or an outlying sand-bank, then he will naturally have moored nearby a punt in which he can reach the shore. Birds normally will take little notice of it. Remember to anchor it by a long painter and, if the tide be likely to have covered the anchor by the time you get back to pick it up, tie a small airtight tin by a string to it so that the floating tin will effectually buoy the anchor for you. This is necessary in the dark or early dawn, especially in foggy weather.

Do not take a dog, unless he be utterly quiet and will not whimper with excitement every time a bird comes in view. Neither should you take one if you are using a boat. Dogs in boats are pure damnation. On the whole it is better to do your own retrieving unless, as I say, the dog be a born and trained fowler's dog.

The birds which the shore-gunner will normally encounter are curlew, warty as pigeons, tough as geese, unsteady as the time and surprisingly good at other times; oyster-catchers, called olives in Essex, scarce in East Anglia but common in Scotland; redshank, quick as snipe, the alarmers of the flats, and, on the whole, not worth shooting, although quite passably eatable, grey plover, a delicate dish and a charming bird, variable in plumage and fairly easily shot; whimbrel, the half-curlew or titrill of the fowlers, with a lovely, fluting note; turnstones, easy prey and of most interesting variations of plumage; godwits, excellent to eat, of which the bar-tailed is common and the black-tailed rare; the green shank, which I never shoot, excellent to eat and moderately uncommon but which will turn up every now and then; knots and sanderlings which are always worth looking for among the small waders; oxbirds in thousands, excellent in a pie; sandpipers and ringed dotterel which are too small and charming to shoot.

Every now and then one sees such rarities as ruffs and Reeves, and even, as happened to me once, a great white stork, and on another occasion a family of avocets. Those are the occasions gently to lower the gun and treasure the memory. Indeed, half the fun of shore-shooting is the fact that you never know what you will see next. I dwell lovingly on the memory of a pair of white-tailed eagles seen over the Geeton Creeks by Brightlingsea, Essex; of that great white stork on the Blyth Sand, on the Kent coast, off Egypt Bay; a ruff and Reeve seen on the Little East Hills at Wells, in Norfolk; a family of avocets on the Langenhoe Hall flats, Essex; a spotted redshank off Potters Island, Essex; and a spoonbill at Butley River, Suffolk, under the sunset. These are precious pictures. Of such is half the charm, and half the lure, of this most exacting sport, the scenes of which are cast on the wild and lonely edges of the sea.

EQUINE STRAIN BRÉEDING IN ARABIA

By LADY WENTWORTH

THE idea that the special strain of an Arab horse can be known by its conformation, and that experts can pick strains out at sight, is a fallacy often repeated. It has been seriously revived lately by Mr. C. Raswan, a German, formerly known as Carl Rheinhardt Schmidt, who is conducting a Press campaign in the United States against the Managhi and Jilfan strains on the false ground that the former is universally coarse-headed, angular and raw-boned, and the latter coarse-headed, coarse-coated and very common, and he also gives certain characteristic traits for Kehilan Ajuz, treating it as a strain, and saying it must not be mated to certain other strains.

Now this is pure moonshine, and is equivalent to saying that no thoroughbred should be mated to the Matchem, Herod, or other strain. The term "Kehilan" does not mean a strain, but is the generic term for the whole Arabian breed. It is the exact counterpart of our term "thoroughbred," which is a literal translation of it, applied to our early racehorses by their importers. It is therefore, as I said, nonsense to argue that any strain should never be crossed with Kehilan, because all strains are Kehilan, even where the word has been dropped in common use as in Dahman, Shahwan, and Hadban. In other strains it is still used, as Kehilan Jellabi, Kehilan Rodan, Kehilan Museneh, etc.

The Arabs recognised the value of the dam thousands of years before Bruce Lowe applied it to thoroughbreds, but neither in thoroughbreds nor in Arabs can the bottom line of a pedigree be a predominant factor unless often repeated in the tabulated pedigree taken in bulk. It is very useful as a label of identification, but a horse may be of the tap root, Seglawi, for instance, but in blood 11 to 4 of other strains in the first few generations. I have emphasised this in order to demonstrate the absurdity of attaching a fixed conformation to a horse of any named strain beyond the conformation essential to all strains of pure-bred Arabians. This, however, must not be understood to mean that no value is to be attached to strain names, and I am dismayed to find that since my first book was published the Arabian Horse Club of America has discarded all strain names and its Stud Book is published without a single identification either of tribal ownership or district, which is really disastrous, and opens the door to the admission for registration of horses whose history is already too vague. A dealer has only to say his horse is "Kehilan" without having to substantiate it by any details—which the unscrupulous will find very convenient!

Arab breeders have always attached importance to strain names, not because they

necessarily mean an exclusive preponderance of the strain the name of which the mare bears, but because they do mean that there is direct descent on the mare's side from some celebrated tap root. It may be the only record of some famous owner, or place, or performance, because, just as some racehorse studs excel in producing winners in England, so some Arab tribes or owners using the same blood, excel in producing selected stock by good individual judgment or tradition, whereas others let their same stock degenerate either from lack of judgment or because their best individual mares have been taken in war.

A Nejd Bedouin when told a horse is Kehilan (i.e., thoroughbred) always asks, "Kehilan of what?" or "where?" or "whose Kehilan?" and would certainly not be convinced or satisfied by the information that a horse is vaguely "pure bred." He wants to know more about it than that, otherwise he would reject it as a fraud. Kehilan Rodan, for instance, was especially valued as indicating that the animal was descended in direct line from the famous breeder Ibn Rodan of the Roala tribe, and the Seglawis of Ibn ed Derri were also famous as going back to one of three brothers Jedran, Obeiy and el Abd. Each had the same blood, but Jedran became the most famous and el Abd was not so successful. The Seglawis of Ibn Soudan became especially famous because Ibn Soudan was a great judge of horses and bought up some famous mares. It will be found everywhere in every breed that certain owners have a gift for selection and are successful, while others fail even when starting with the same material. We must, therefore, never lose touch with the strain names, or we shall have unscrupulous traders sheltering themselves in an increasing fog of generalities.

Summing up again, no strain name, as such, can possibly represent a type universally tall, short, angular, beautiful, coarse-headed, speedy, long-necked or anything else. The bulk of the pedigree might or might not be full of other strains. A Managhi mare might be full of Seglawi blood on the male side, hence the folly of speaking of the "Managhi type," and still more of condemning the strain or that of Jilfan as "coarse-headed, angular, or common." The G.S.B. would not, and certainly does not, accept for registration a horse merely described as "thoroughbred," and surely our Arab breeders are not going to be more lax in their methods, considering that they presumably set out to preserve a breed which has been more jealously guarded from careless breeding in its own country than any other breed since the days of the Flood. We should cling to every possible link with the past.

It is most important to remember that the



A JILFAN HORSE

Arabian is no new acquisition of the third century A.D. in Arabia, as assumed by Ridgeway. It has from the dawn of history gone by that name of Kehilan Ajuz (the Old Thoroughbred) and the M.S. Arabic pedigrees of Sultan el Nasiri (the great racehorse breeder of the thirteenth century) have recorded named horses going back, as I have said, to some 5,000 years from our present era to the wild stock of Yemen, a stallion and mare called Hoshaba and Baz reclaimed by Baz, great-grandson of Shem, son of Noah. We have also the earliest known representation of a ridden horse—obviously Arabian—in a statuette of about 2000 B.C. found in Egypt, and now in the New York Museum. There are Syrian riders on strongly Arabian horses in the Egyptian representations of Seti's and Ramses's battles against the tribes about 1500 B.C., and the ancient rock carvings of central Arabia, showing horsemen carrying spears, accompanied by script translated by Professor Littman, contain the names of horses and the word "filly" under a picture of one, together with undoubted evidence of the ownership of horses. The Assyrians also captured herds of horses from North Arabia long before Christ. King Solomon traded in them from Saba Coa, located by Lady Anne Blunt as in Central Arabia near Dereveh, and they are shown in profusion on the Egyptian rock records. The capture of numberless mares is recorded in the history of the campaign of Seti against the Syrians, the Kheta and the "Vile Naharins," details of which will be found in *Thoroughbred Racing Stock*.



TERHAN, A MANAGHI STALLION BRED AT LADY WENTWORTH'S STUD AT CRABBIT PARK, FOUNDED HILL, SUSSEX. (Right) THE DARLEY ARABIAN, OF THE MANAGHI STRAIN. From a photograph of the picture by J. Sartorius, Sussex.

Recurring to Mr. Raswan's condemnation of Managhi (which he spells *Mansuqi*, spelling being somewhat phonetic according to taste, but Lady Anne Blunt used *Managhi* as the nearest to English lettering) a bad photograph of a mare called Feluka, bred by Lady Anne, is being circulated in the United States to prove his contention of a common, horrible, coarse head and breeding, and a "solitary instance of a coarse daughter of Mesoud," a famous Crabbet sire. Nothing could be further from fact. We all know the distorted caricatures based on photography can make of our handsomest features and horses are no exception. Feluka was a lovely mare, and so were her daughters, Fasiha and Fejr, while her grand-daughter Farsin and another Managhih mare were purchased by Mr. Raswan himself as agent for Mr. Kellogg at no less than £3,000. I may also remind readers that the world's most celebrated stallion, the Darley Arabian, was a Managhi of perfect type.

A straight or plain head may occur occasionally as a freak in any strain, but all strains can be interbred so long as strict attention is paid to the perfect type which is (or should be) typical of them all.

Whatever the strain, and however pure, no one should breed from an individual which has

diverged from this classic model, and no one should be misled by foolish talk of any strain having special conformation.

The Jilfan strain, also held up to obloquy by Mr. Raswan, is represented in England by Azym, a handsome, a lovely head, and his pedigree is interesting. In four generations he has 18 repeats of Seglawi to four of Jilfan, and the rest is made up of three Abeyan, three Kehilan Rodan, one Dahman and two Hamdan. It is therefore quite obvious that Jilfan blood is completely overwhelmed, and it would be ridiculous to say that the horse could be picked out at sight by Mr. Raswan or by anyone else as a coarse-headed Jilfan and must belong to its fixed Jilfan type if such a thing existed, which it does not. (His ability to distinguish strains is not reinforced, by the way, by his having published a photograph of Manel—a well-known Jellabi horse—as a typical Seglawi.) The strain name of Azym, being Jilfan, is, however, valuable as identifying his dam's direct descent from the horses of Ibn Jeddah.

I note also with considerable surprise that Mr. Raswan, in a recent article in the *Journal of New Eastern Studies*, evidently sets himself up to know better than the Grand Mufti of Egypt, head of the Azhar University, and Lady Anne Blunt, contradicting them both on their

interpretation of certain Arabic words. In this connection it is useful to remember that "Carl (or Aziz) Raswan" is an assumed name, adopted, in fact, from one of my horses. In 1898 he was known by what he told me was his real name, Karl Rheinhardt Schuler. The original name may therefore be misleading, as suggesting a racial authority which he does not possess.

Sayyid Abdul Razzak Hassan, Government Veterinary Officer in Irak, recently read a paper at a meeting of the Irak Veterinary Association, in which he drew attention to Mr. Raswan's statements. He said, "This new theory of dividing the strains into three types is, in my opinion, absolutely incorrect and rather absurd. It is scientifically wrong because as we know, the sire transmits his characteristics to his progeny. Notwithstanding this fact, the Arabian horse gets the name of his blood (strain) through the dam line only, without consideration to the strain of his sire. Thus a horse is considered a Seglawi if his dam is Seglawieh, no matter if his sire is Hadban or of any other strain. Experience does not justify this classification. It is impossible to distinguish the characteristics of the Arab horses by their shape and other characteristics."

The accompanying photographs illustrate horses of the Managhi and Jilfan strains.

PUTTERS OF THE PAST

THIS is a time of year in which I should normally be writing in ecstatic anticipation of the President's Putter at Rye. In fact there can be no Putter this January for the poor club-house was smothered by a flying bomb and the last half of the course had to go out of commission during the war-time. It was wholly unthinkable to play the tournament anywhere else than at its traditional home; so the Society must wait yet another year, until January 1947, and is meanwhile going to content itself with a series of "Rye" and "Volvo" when nothing more competitive than the friendliest and most casual of foursomes will be played. Still I cannot for the life of me refrain from thinking of Rye at this season and must treat myself, not to looking forward, then to a little looking back.

Of all the great courses in this country I suppose Rye is the least well known. It has the warmest of devotees, but for the golfing world in general there hangs around it a certain air of esoteric mystery. This is largely because it never has been, and please Heaven, never will be, the scene of what is to-day referred to as a "big" golf. It has no ambition for it and is not geographically suited to it, two facts for which its lovers can never be too grateful. But it is a great course for all that; let there be no sort of doubt about that. I am disposed to think, nay I feel almost sure that in point of severe grandeur it is greater now than ever before, since, a little while back, the war, changes had to be made on a large scale there in order to get away from the road to Camber. After an absence of seven years, however, I feel just a little dim about those new holes, and my memories still cling to the old outgoing nine. It is then that I see in my mind's eye now and I see them particularly well when the winter evening drawing in and with one or two couples playing a nineteenth or a twentieth hole and wondering whether one will beat the other before total darkness comes down on them.

That too brief daylight has been one of the disadvantages of holding a tournament in January, an activity which must seem to the outer world sheer mid-Winter madness. Yet it has so far, at least, proved one of the sanest decisions ever taken, for it has made of the tournament something *sui generis*, with no rival attractions to lure players elsewhere, a unique and charming little break in the arid waste of Winter. And it must be added that Fortune has favoured our bravery and been wonderfully kind in the matter of weather. Save for one year in which we mistakenly chose a balmy season, we have played in January every year from 1920 to 1938 and the elements have never prevented us from playing so much as a single hole. True,

in one year, 1926, the two finalists, Roger Wethered and Eustace Storey, had to stop at the twenty-fourth hole because they could not see to go any farther, but if people will go on obstinately halving, what is to be done? We have had the snow melt by magic on the afternoon before we began; we have had two frosty years; we have had storms of wind and icy rain and such gathering of snow clouds in the sky that it seemed that only a miracle could save us. But the miracle has always been forthcoming.

As I look at the list of winners for those twenty years it seems to me a satisfactory one, with no very conspicuous gaps in it: on the whole a highly respectable and representative assembly. The inscription of the winner's medal is "Prizewin inter pares," which Arthur Croome translated "He was rather lucky to win." I am the very last person in the world to deny the truth of that rendering, but I regard myself as the exception to prove the rule that the list is a good list. I should like to see the name of R. H. de Montmorency on it, but the tournament was just a little too late for him when he had, with the inevitable years, ceased to be invincible over Rye. Rex Hartley's is another name that might be there. There was for long one deplorable gap but that has been put to rights, to the general joy, and against the year 1938 we can now read the name of C. J. H. Toller, a name of dominating name, and Mr. H. Holderness and R. H. Wethered. Each appears as a winner five times, and I take leave to think that in each case this represents one of the most distinguished achievements of those two highly distinguished players. Nobody else has succeeded in winning more than once and of them I can only say that a single win would be his victory for any other save for that in a championship. On that course, in that weather, and out of that field, the Putter takes some winning.

Out of the matches of twenty years I ought surely to be able to recall all manner of great and small and I find my memory for the capricious and all too vague. The Holderness and Toller final of 1923 sticks in my head as a great one, ending at the home hole, but the individual strokes have vanished. I saw Wethered and Storey play all those extra holes in 1928; indeed it was I who suggested to them that it was not a good idea to play a match when that had not occurred to them before; but exactly how they played them I do not now know. I recall a truly amazing shot by Sir Harold Gillies in the year he won, 1925. That was in the semi-final; the ground was frozen as hard as a brick; the ball rattled on the green as on the billiards table in a village hall; it

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

skipped like a young ram when it pitched. Nevertheless he stopped a pitch stone dead by the hole from behind the hollow beyond the home green and for pure conjuring skill I have yet to see that stroke equalled.

That last hole too I seem to see as a brassie shot hit right up to the pin against the wind by John Beck, when his enemy was one up, a most gallant and tremendous shot. Then from the old seventeenth, a mild and poor hole now abolished, there comes the memory of a shot by Roger Wethered, but likewise comes under the head of conjuring. This was in a semi-final, against J. C. S. Maughan, unless my wife have left me, and Roger had pushed his drive out into the rutty road on the right. The ball lay badly and in such a way that it seemed possible to get it out fairly straight ahead and not in the direction of the green. There was a violent explosion and the ball was seen heading straight for the flag near which it finished. How he managed to get the distance, which must have been seventy or eighty yards, and the hook, which appeared contrary to the laws of Nature, I do not know. It was, I think, the greatest recovering shot I ever saw.

I cannot deny that I also connect that hole with a shot of my own in my solitary final, which was a good shot though I was lucky to have the chance of playing it. I was away to the right of the green to which my opponent had played a notably good second; two bunkers were in my path, but I was able to break that tiny track of safety and along it I played a horrid little scuffle, with a horrid little crook-necked mashie, which ended two inches from the hole. I think it must have been rather a good shot because my adversary, the late O. C. Bristowe, used to remark for years afterwards in the friendliest way that he should like to break that little mashie. Anyhow, if nobody else remembers the shot, as is highly probable, I do and with the most grateful emotion. The mashie is so short in the shaft that I cannot now stoop low enough to get down to it, but it is enough to give a leisurely and dignified old age in a cupboard.

With that egotistical memory I must say good-bye to Rye, but not I hope for long. Of all the places I have not seen for seven years there is none that I more keenly want to see again. I am sure I must have pointed out before that the most beloved courses have the beloved junctions leading to them, ante-chapels, as it were, leading to the inner shrine. Minster, Leuchars, Dovey Junction, Birkenhead Park—those are some of them, and there must certainly be added "Ashford—change for Ham Street, Appledore and Rye."

CORRESPONDENCE

NATIONAL THEATRE SITE

SIR.—An Editorial Note of December 28, 1945, mentions the Lion Brewery site as having been earmarked for the National Theatre.

Is it too late to put in a plea that the very handsome facade of this building may be incorporated as the river front of the new theatre?

You admit the site "presents certain difficulties"; I suggest that

The view I send you shows the famous Throwley estate over which the National Trust has covenants. The River Manifold flows underground for a distance of 3½ miles and comes up at the "boil holes" in the grounds of the historic Iham Hall (famous for its associations with Byron, Congreve, Tom Moore and Dr. Johnson).

Throwley Old Hall, situated on top of a hill, commands picturesque views of the Manifold Valley and is much visited by tourists and hikers at all seasons. One has to go back so

favoured by the Metropolitan Gardens' Association?

A laburnum is notoriously difficult to persuade into straight and tidy growth and its suburban peers are none of them of a dignity or a stature to compare with deciduous forest trees. But once they are in place they need to be growth-controlled to keep height and spread within acceptable limits.

I know that this necessary control, this pruning and peaching, is at present a difficulty, and many town

dilligences and carriages were commonly ridden by postillions, a method employed usually by only a few private carriages. The postillion must ride the left-hand horse, as he holds the reins of his own mount in his left hand, he must drive on the right-hand side of the road at a hand gallop; the left side of the road was the obvious choice.—H. B. TATE, 39 Cadogan Square, S.W.1.

THE MEANING OF EL

ALAMAIN

SIR.—I was interested in the note in a recent *COUNTRY LIFE* by Major Jarvis on the meaning of El Alamein. My Egyptian friends do not know *El Alamein* meaning a hillock; possibly it is a Bedouin word. They tell me that it certainly means "the two flags"—classical Arabic—and that there is a belief that in very ancient times a battle was fought there for the defence of Egypt against an enemy coming from the West.

And surely there are no "two hillocks" worthy of the name at El Alamein, except El Ruseifa Ridge and "Kidney Feature" which are of little account.—READER, Alexandria, Egypt.

Major Jarvis writes:—"The story about 'two flags' is most interesting and it is a pity to spoil it, but I am afraid the correspondent is wrong. The word *El Alamein* is used by the Libyan Bedouin for any tiny high point on a line of hills or escarpment. I know no fewer than eighteen *alams* in the area. The word *El Alamein* must have been as many I have forgotten—and they are all small high points which are useful to a nomad race finding its way across the desert. It is a strange indeed if, out of all these *alams*, that one alone should have a totally different meaning, and still survive. It is a pity that the word should have been fought there in the dim past. The Bedouin make these hillocks—or pimples—more conspicuous by piling up a small cairn of stones at the highest point. I have seen an undulating barren desert a tiny cairn, a matter of three feet high on the highest point, can be clearly seen for a very considerable distance. I in other days I have trekked across the Libyan Desert with a Bedouin guide, and he has picked up the route by working from one *alam* to the next.—Ed I.

JOE DARLING AND THE TOSS

SIR.—The death at Hobart, Tasmania, of Mr. Joe Darling, captain of the Australian touring teams who visited this country in 1899, 1902 and 1905, recalls an incident which occurred at the Scarborough Festival in 1905.

The English captain that year was Sir F. S. Jackson, who at it happened, was born on the same day as Darling, and the two became great friends. Jackson had an amazing run of success in the toss for he took only three in all the five Tests, but also in three other matches in which the two were rival captains.

Mr. A. Noble who was a member of the team, has recorded that the Australian players became so despondent at their captain's run of bad luck that they would prepare to take the field even before the toss was made.

On the first morning of the match at the Scarborough Festival, Jackson walked across to the tent used by the Australian players as a dressing-room and asked for Darling. "He's inside, waiting for you," he was told, and he entered the tent, only to find Darling in the centre of a cleared ring and attired in wrestling costume. Jackson smiled and enquired: "What's all this about?" to which Darling replied: "Ah, I've no chance with you at



THE MANIFOLD AND THE DOVEDALE HILLS AT THROWLEY OLD HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE

See letter: Throatened Beauty

these would be largely overcome by using the existing facade as a front for the various foyers, with balconies at the windows over the river; while the main entrance could be behind the existing colonnade of arches with the roadway running under cover underneath the foyer.

In this way a very good piece of architecture of a style fast disappearing in London could be preserved as a feature at the southern end of what-over new bridge is eventually built at Charing Cross, while those attending the theatre on a Summer's evening would have an unrivalled view of the river from the balconies.—JOHN CORRIWINGTON (Lt.-Col.), 42, Rimmerton Street, S.W.1.

A CANTUAR DESK

SIR.—In the churches of Britain it is not often that we come across furniture associated with the reading or singing of the Gospel in pre-Reformation days. Very few have survived the Reformation.

A lovely example of ancient art is the cantuar desk to be found in the little Norman church of St. Donata's (Glamorgan). This is described by an authority as in the style of the French ambo, a word with which, in our English churches, we are not familiar. Many of us will of course recall the stone ambos of some of the Italian churches, so beautifully inlaid by the brothers Cosmati in the thirteenth century. There are usually two on opposite sides, one for the Gospel and one for the Epistle. Why the cantuar desk at St. Donata's is described as an ambo perhaps some learned reader can explain.

The little desk at St. Donata's is indeed a work of art. It is of wood richly decorated in green, red and gilt. The figure of St. John, 16 ins. high, supports the desk, his eagle at his feet. As is seen in my photograph, the stand is typically French in its design—familiar to those who are acquainted with *le veau Couthieu* in the carving of small ogival arches, the ornamental fleur-de-lys, and the wealth of ornament.—DOROTHY HAMILTON DEAN, Trevelian House, Llanidloes Major, Glamorgan.

THREATENED BEAUTY

SIR.—The Manifold Valley is in the news to-day, owing to the threat of the Llancois reservoir water scheme.

far as the reign of King John when the mansion was occupied by Oliver Meverell. Later the family became involved in the Wars of the Roses, and in 1603 a Sampson Meverell rebuilt Throwley Hall, but only a small ruined portion of the Hall now remains.

The whole threatened area is in a Government-suggested National Park. —F. A. HOLMES, Ruston, Derbyshire.

FIREMEN FORESTERS?

SIR.—Just because such virile timber-trees as beech, lime, plane and hornbeam do undeniably outgrow their welcome in a street-scape if left too long undiscovered and in a state of nature, is that a valid reason for ousting them in favour of the meagre little specimens that seem to be

trees are now no better groomed than we, and it is this shagreen that no doubt accounts for the present timidity as to the planting of real trees. Training work admittedly needs both skill and agility as well as secure platforms at the right height if the job is to be done easily and neatly. But any firm could quickly acquire such necessary skills as were not already his, he has just the right apparatus and equipment standing by (like himself) in enforced idleness, but rarely interrupted by fire-calls, and the arboreal work suggested would be excellent training in initiative, a welcome relief from routine exercises or mere time-killing, and an apt answer to our municipal tree troubles.—CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS, Penrhyn-draeth, North Wales.

THE HAUNTED FARM

SIR.—With regard to *The Haunted Farmhouse* (*COUNTRY LIFE* of December 21, 1945), the noise of a train may not have been the work of "the maid" but of an earthquake or tremor.

Some 20 years ago, on a Sunday afternoon, we heard here such a noise passing up a small valley just close to the front of the house, from south to north. I likened it at the time to the sound of heavy horses or cattle trampling past, which is not unlike the sound of a train.—C. B. C. S., North Wales.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD

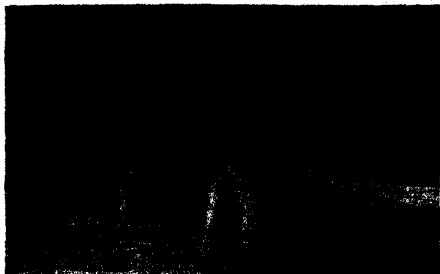
SIR.—A *propos* of the origin of the rule, of the road, discussed by previous correspondents, before Macadam roads were invented, all traffic wandered about the tracks and the bordering lands wherever hard ground could be found. When Macadam roads came in, fast driving was brought to a fine art. In England on all quick travelling vehicles driving was commonly from the box seat. Both the brake and the whip had to be operated with the right hand and the driver, therefore, had to sit on the right-hand side. If seated on the left he would have hit the box-seat passenger every time he used the whip. Since the driver had to have a clear view along the side of his team and his vehicle to judge the space available when crossing traffic or travelling in the opposite direction it was necessary that all traffic should keep to the left side of the road.

On the Continent, the teams of



THE RARE CANTUAR DESK AT ST. DONATA'S

See letter: A Cantuar Desk



THE HULL WHALEBONE CLEANERS circa 1860

See letter: *The Traffic in Whales at Hull*

toosing with the coin. We'll have a different way this time. I'm going to wrestle you for it. Are you ready?"

Jackson, always a good sport, fully appreciated the joke, but he knew that he would have no possible chance in a wrestling match with the burly Australian. However, when the joke was ended and the two went outside to make the orthodox toss, Jackson had the last laugh when Darling called the wrong side of the coin and lost for the eighth successive time.—A. M.—Leeds, 6.

THE TRAFFIC IN WHALES AT HULL

Sir,—Mr. David Gunston's interesting article, *The Haul of Whaling* (COUNTRY LIFE, December 14, 1945), prompts me to send the enclosed photograph of a coloured engraving entitled *The Hull Whalebone Cleaners*, which appeared in Walker's *Costumes of Yorkshire*. Here is shown the characteristic attire worn at Hull by the men who dealt with the whalebone traffic in whales' teeth for 150 years ago. The men are engaged in cleaning the strips of baleen, or whalebone, which one local firm—The Whalebone Manufactory, of South Street, Kingston-upon-Hull—made into a wide range of articles, including "Sieves and Riddles," "Nets, with Maghes (sic) of various Sires, for folding Sheep, preventing Hares and Rabbits from passing through Enclosures or Pleasure Grounds, or entering young Plantations," "Trellices or Guards for Shop-windows . . .," "Ornamental blinds, for House Windows, of various Patterns," "Cloth of great durability for the preservation of Meat, in Larders, or Safes," "Bed Bottoms, in place of Sacking," "Brushes, of different sorts," etc.

I quote from one of their trade bills, bearing the royal arms and dating from the early years of last century, which is preserved in the Pickering Park Museum, Hull.—NORTHERNER, Yorkshire.

CHRISTIANS AWAKE!

Sir,—As Mr. Arthur Gaunt—in his interesting article *John Byrom's Home Safeguarded* (COUNTRY LIFE, December 21, 1945)—mentioned the Christmas carol which Byrom wrote for his daughter Dolly, I enclose a photograph of part of the original MSS., which, as the writer stated, is now preserved in Chetham's Library, Manchester. It is handwritten on two sides of the paper (one side is shown here), bears the title *Christmas Day for Dolly*, and looks as though it was carried around in the pocket for years before being rescued. The text of the carol as sung to-day is worth comparing with the original, written 200 years ago. The author's alterations and amendments are interesting.

Mr. Gaunt detailed some of Byrom's literary activities; to these should be added a secret system of shorthand.—G. BERNARD WOOD, London, Leeds.

night at the local inn, but the innkeeper killed the young gentlemen and not only sordidly annexed their effects but sought to feed, profane by cutting their bodies in pieces, which he consigned to the brine-tub for pickled pork. The Saint, favoured with a vision of this wicked work, proceeded to the inn and by holy supplication put things right; the now contrite innkeeper obtained forgiveness and the erstwhile pickled pork regained its lively human form.

On Ash Wednesday, 1218, St. Dominic with a certain Cardinal was at an Italian monastery when news was brought that the Cardinal's nephew, Lord Napoleon, had been fatally trampled on by his horse. St. Dominic went to the scene, disposed the bruised limbs in their proper places and betook himself to prayer, etc., and eventually the young man arose from the ground, sound and whole.

I give some details from local old versions of the Play which seem to give considerable probability to my above observations—the Noble Captain (a Saracen) threatens St. George to "cut him up as small as mint-dust; And send him to Old Father Christmas to make a pie crust," to which St. George replies by relating how "I fought the fiery Dragon through; And brought him to great slaughter; And by my great and wondrous works; I won the King of Egypt's daughter," and reluctantly draws on the Noble Captain, but they are parted by the Prince of Peace. The Turkish Knight then enters, saying "I'll fight St. George's man," etc. St. George refuses to pay the ransom demanded and calls upon his man, the Valiant Soldier, who eventually cuts down the Turkish Knight with his sword.

Father Christmas intrudes with: Oh, Shambo, Shambo, haste to speed,

For ere my trial and great my need: Such need as I was never in before. To see my poor son lie bleeding on the floor.

Legs broke, arms broke, fanning gait in his great toe, Mi-hi, what a long coffin this man will want, 7 feet 9 inches, three quarters and a half, it do go.

But surely some noble Doctor can be found

To raise this young man from the very ground.

The Doctor then enters and after humorous haggling as to his fee starts the cure, proclaiming:

I drop one pill in his mouth, one drop on his nose and one on his temple, which strikes a light in his whole body. See, he moves a leg already.

Rise, young man, from off the ground.

And show how you can walk around.

Most versions have an apparently extraneous character, sometimes called Little Jolly Jack, but the purport of his lines is the same as ours:

In comes J, Little Jolly Jack, With my wife and family, all upon my back.

Traditionally, this character always has three dolls sewn on his back, which seem to denote representation of the Holy Ase, the more so as there is an unusual carol, *King Pharim*, formerly sung by Gypsies (legally termed Egyptians) of the Hornham district, telling mainly of the Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt but also giving a garbled version of the ancient legends of the roasted capon on Herod's table coming feathered and crowing *Christus Natus Est*, and of the miracle of the Instantaneous Harvest, which deceived Herod's soldiery and so saved the Holy Family from pursuit.

And still a link with the Church, for the tune of this Gypsy carol and that of a well-known hymn is the same.

The survival of these Plays is no doubt due to the fact that they provided opportunity for augmentation of the old farm-hands' sparse wages during the dreary Winter between the earning harvest and haying.—R. J. SHARP, Westfield, West Gate, Chichester, Sussex.

THE BOSCOBEL OAK

Sir,—As a regular reader of COUNTRY LIFE I was most interested in the article by Mr. Hussey on Boscobel in your issue of December 14.

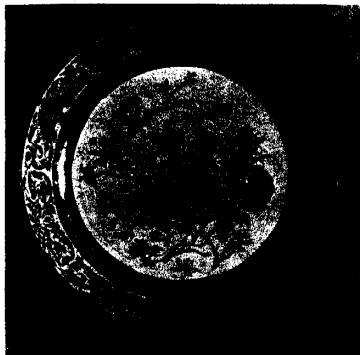
King Charles II's wanderings after the Battle of Worcester form one of the most fascinating chapters in our history, and the loyalty and devotion of the Penderels to their



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WHY WATER POLLUTION KILLS FISH

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

POLLUTION may be defined as an act which changes adversely the natural qualities of water. It is a menace directed essentially against fresh-water fishes, for, although billions of tons of highly-poisonous waste flow into the seas annually, it rapidly becomes diluted below a toxic concentration.

The effects of pollution on fish life may be considered from two aspects: the direct poisonous effects and the indirect effects through such factors as oxygen supply and food supply. Many industrial products, even in small concentrations, will kill fishes and fish-spawn. Chief among these are metallic salts, sulphur products, cyanides, acids and alkalis. The ability to withstand them varies greatly with species. Grayling can stand little: sticklebacks tolerate a great deal. All fishes are more susceptible to poisons just after spawning.

A concentration of one part of lead in ten million parts of water is fatal to all adult fishes. It coagulates the slime on the gills and mouth membranes, producing a hard film impermeable to gases. The fish die of suffocation. If a fish be taken out of a lead solution before it is too distressed and put into clean water, it will shed the gill slime and recover. This shows that the effect has been a simple physical one and that there has been no internal poisoning. All the heavier metal salts, e.g. those of chromium, zinc, copper, mercury and silver, behave in this way.

Salts of the lighter metals, like sodium, magnesium and calcium, do penetrate fish tissues and cause internal poisoning, but the amounts tolerated are much greater than in the case of heavy metals. Thus the goldfish can tolerate 14,600 parts of common salt per million of water at 64° Fahr.

Sea fishes and migratory fresh-water forms which can excrete excess salts through the gills tolerate considerable concentrations of light metal salts.

Sometimes two poisons in water will antagonise each other's effects. Thus, lead salts are less toxic when copper salts are present as well, the coagulation of the gill slime being less severe than that caused by either kind alone. Corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride) is tolerated much longer by minnows if common salt is also present, but once fish slime has been coagulated the addition of light metal salts will not restore its permeability.

Hydrogen sulphide, the gas giving the characteristic smell to rotten eggs, is produced from the effluents of gas-works, cheese and milk-product factories, artificial silk and dyeing works and tanneries. Less than one part of it per million kills the brook trout; even the hardy carp will stand only six parts. It paralyses the breathing organs.

Cyanides are present in the waste from coke

ovens. They caused the death of salmon smolts in the Tees estuary in 1930. More than eight parts in ten million of water kill the goldfish.

Carbolic acid from gas works and chromic and tannic acids from tanneries are extremely toxic. Among alkalis, caustic soda and ammonia are very poisonous. Two parts of the latter per million of water kills the perch.

Although most domestic sewage is chemically treated before it is passed into rivers, little of its sulphur content is removed. In slow streams, it may collect on the bed, forming a thick slimy layer in which sulphides are produced by the activity of bacteria. This may be disturbed during floods and poisons liberated in sufficient concentration to kill fish. If well diluted and properly controlled, however, domestic sewage need not be harmful to fish life and may, in fact, provide some sustenance. The offal from skin yards, abattoirs and breweries contains some nutriment available to fishes.

The effluents of sugar-beet factories, breweries and sewage works need much oxygen for their decomposition. This is abstracted from the very small amounts dissolved in water and available for fish breathing. The higher the temperature, the quicker the rate of effluent decomposition and the lower the oxygen-holding capacity of the water. In Summer these two

factors may combine to put the oxygen available to fishes below their minimum needs.

A surface film of oil will prevent the diffusion of oxygen from the air into the water, but it must be very extensive to have much significance and it is not an important factor in British rivers.

Suspended matter, including sewage particles, coal dust, etc., damages fish life by destroying plant food and spawning beds. In slow streams a thick slime formed by partial decomposition of organic matter destroys green plants which encourage insect life and on which many fishes deposit their spawn. Even in fast waters where the particles have little chance to settle, the turbidity they cause prevents light penetrating to the bottom and reduces the growth of green plants. Sight-hunting fishes have little chance to find any food that may still remain.

A thick deposit of slime will prevent the successful spawning of trout, salmon and other fishes which make a redd. If fishes normally spawning on water plants are forced to lay their eggs in the slime, egg mortality is high. In the Great Lakes of North America, the spawning beds of the whitefish became covered with sawdust from timber mills and the whitefish population seriously declined.

THE HOMING TOAD

By DONALD MACKENZIE

MY wife and I have been carrying out intelligence tests on Elijah, our garden toad, and so far he has passed with flying colours. One day, as my wife drew a shovel of fuel from the coal-house, she saw what appeared to be a piece moved to another position. Then she found that the black lump was a toad, camouflaged with coal-dust. Probably it was Elijah, whom we had missed from his gardening duties.

Fearing that one dark evening she might shovel him into the kitchen stove, my wife carried him to the extreme end of the garden. A few days later he was back, sitting on a block supporting the chute in the coal-house, his coat washed clean and his eyes bright and interested. He was quite undisturbed by the rattle of the shovel, but the next time we went for coal he had climbed down behind the block.

Some days later he again emerged on the shovel, as black as before. This time we took him down the land and tipped him gently over a neighbour's fence. Within a week, back he was again, new washed, sitting at his door. This time I carried him to the end of the lane, a cul-de-sac, and placed him in the furthestmost garden. Ten days more and I found him trying to squeeze under the closed door of the coal-house. I placed him on his block, and he was

soon tucked up in his corner behind it. Perhaps he has begun his hibernation—or was a warm October too early?

We realised how little we knew about the habits of toads, and began to look up the authorities. In one I found this:

The common toad has a remarkable instinct for orientation, making long journeys to reach special localities in which to lay its eggs. . . . The travelling takes place usually by night. . . . That the toads do not depend on visual cues or hygroscopic sensations for reaching the selected spot may be proved by taking a number of pairing individuals from a pond, a considerable distance and leaving them loose. . . . After very little hesitation, and perhaps a few hops in the wrong direction, the toads will . . . make a bee-line for the pond from which they have been taken.

And in another I read that toads can find their way home from a distance of two to three hundred yards and can learn to distinguish between different people, but that it is not known how. The account, which states that a toad may live for forty years, adds that it seems a pity for an inoffensive creature, likeable in many ways, timid and tameable, apparently able to recognise a friend, to have been labelled so badly.

Able to live to be forty, and able to recognise a friend. Good. When Elijah starts life again in the Spring we hope to win his trust by giving him tasty morsels. But what? An expert on toads at the Reptile House in the Zoo solved the problem for us. Ordinary garden worms.

And what, I asked, was the best way in which to make him comfortable in his corner for the Winter? Just a bit of dry loose turf or a handful of leaves, was the reply. And how to mark him, in case, though it is unlikely, four different toads have been using the same quarters? A light wire ring or a red cotton run round his should, I was told, be sufficient. My suggestion of a dab of red paint might not be good for his very porous skin.

If and when Elijah feels really at home with us we hope to try his homing instinct on a larger scale over a cross-garden course, bee-line and avoiding roads. We shall mark the owners of all the gardens to keep an eye open for him (though he will probably be low in the daytime), and on his arrival we shall welcome him with a diet of worms. We have no doubt that our little gardener, now turned spider-hunter (which is equally useful as there are some monsters in the coal-house), will return to his look-out at Toad Hill.



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WHO MUST POLICE THE WORLD?

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE sub-title of Mr. C. F. Strong's *Dynamic Europe* is 'A Background of Ferment and Change' (Hodder and Stoughton and University of London Press, 16s.). "If the age we live in," says Mr. Strong, "is one of ferment and change, so is the past from which it draws its being, and I use the term *Dynamic* to emphasize this continuing process. This dynamic quality is the development of Europe is what gives to Western Civilisation its fertility and diversification. It was for this priceless heritage that we struggled in the war. It is for the preservation of its roots and the enrichment of its fruit that we must continue to strive. . . . But we shall certainly not achieve

which individual nations have renounced authority for the sake of the general good? If the latter, that would mean at any rate within this limited sphere of federation; and it is Mr. Strong's opinion that the time is not ripe for this.

"Despite the experience of two world wars, the nations of Europe, and still more the nations of the wider world, show not the slightest disposition to federate. . . . When, in 1940, France was falling headlong before the German assault, Mr. Churchill offered her union with Britain on equal terms, but even in face of that overwhelming disaster she would not accept it." Nor is there any reason to suppose, he adds, that the United States would

DYNAMIC EUROPE. By C. F. Strong.
(Hodder & Stoughton & University of London Press, 16s.)

THAT REMINDS ME. By Winifred Graham.
(Skeffington, 12s. 6d.)

THE PURSUIT OF LOVE. By Nancy Mitford.
(Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d.)

GIVE BACK MY RIVERS AND HILLS. By I. Feng.
Translated by Innes Jackson.
(Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)

this by isolating ourselves after the war from the affairs of Europe, to which we truly belong, but only by resolving to become good Europeans."

A PROCESS OF UNFOLDING

Well, that is the theme: not one of much originality, for there are few, I imagine, who do not realise that history is not a mere succession of incidents placed one after the other, but a process of unfolding, one phase arising out of, and because of, its precedent phase. It has all been said simply: that men reap what they sow. But it doesn't hurt to say it again.

Mr. Strong's method is this. First he gives us a quick run over the European scene as it is to-day. Then in a series of chapters he examines the sources and headwaters that have flowed together to form the contemporary river: Greece, Rome, Christianity, and so on up to the Russian Revolution, Fascism and Nazism, and the clash of the "ideologies" of the second world war. Finally, there is a review of what must be this as to be done? That is the crux of the whole matter. Should it be done by joint power or common power? In other words, should action be by the forces of many nations or by one force over

come in, and without her a federation would be "meaningless."

There are two points here which federalists might reasonably make: one, that Mr. Churchill's offer was not made to France, a vast and diverse entity that cannot be imprisoned thus in a word, but to a body of men who had, in the main, worked for and welcomed the disaster that had befallen their country. Were Pétain and Laval "France"? Hardly. Secondly, if for one would not admit, without a good deal of enquiry, the argument that a widespread federation of powers would be "meaningless" without the adherence of the United States. On the contrary, the States might find in those circumstances that it was "isolation" that was meaningless.

WORLD UNITY

However, these are points of view, and certainly Mr. Strong is right in saying that no federation can succeed unless the nations concerned *desire* it. You don't get a happy marriage merely by whisking a couple off to a registrar and signing a few papers. Mr. Strong's final conclusion is: "World unity can only take one of two forms: either that imposed by the hegemony of one state, which is the evil the peace-loving nations have been fighting to destroy, or that achieved through a federal union freely entered by them all, which, as we have argued, is at present impracticable."

The first from being intolerable and the second not immediately realisable, we are left with the middle way, to which the plan of the United Nations would seem to point. This is as far as he expects us to get.



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in the immediate future towards the final goal: "the overthrow of international anarchy and the permanent triumph of the Rule of Law." His book is a useful outline of the way in which, in the past, the battle to this end has surged and swayed.

OPUS 86

Winifred Graham's autobiography *That Reminds Me* (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.) is the author's eighty-sixth book. Most of them have been novels. The publishers optimistically call the present work an "enchanting volume," but this citizen must place on record that he was not enchanted. He thought the book flat, banal and not worth writing. When you have said that the author was born rich, married money, and wrote many novels, there is not much to be added, so far as this book reveals her to us.

I think her sense of values is all wrong. She has a gossip-writer's style. Take this, concerning Dean Inge's wife: "Petite and vivacious with an attraction all her own, this sweet little lady always wore period hats which suited her to perfection. She invited us to the historical deanery under the shadow of St. Paul's, and there we saw the Dean's large round table at which he wrote." What? The many articles that delighted *Evening Standard* readers." Well, the Dean did also write a book or two on Plotinus and such things.

JOURNALESE

These pages permit you to gorge yourself on clichés. You can riot among "auspicious occasions" and scenes that "breathe romance"; you can "join the majority" and enjoy the "inescapable boom" of watching the "flower of the flock" or contemplate "youthful memories twining round those ancient walls."

You can accept, if you feel so disposed, the statement that Matthew Arnold was "the celebrated Head of Rugby," and that in 1757, fifty-nine years before she was born, Charlotte Brontë was in London. She was there, says our author, with Emily. "They stayed with their father in order to visit Smith Elder and Company." Apart from the date, this is all wrong. The time when old Brontë took Charlotte and Emily up to London was when he was seeing them off to school in Brussels. The celebrated visit to Mr. Smith was much later; Mr. Brontë didn't go with the girls, and the two who went were Charlotte and Anne, not Charlotte and Emily. There was a rumour that the Brontë books were all written by one person, so these two, who had not met their publisher before, went up in 1848 to prove their separate identities. One imagines that the dour Emily did not go because she did not care what people said. She had got *Wuthering Heights* off her chest and that was that—alas! only one book, not 86.

UNCRITICAL MIND

On an early page Miss Graham says: "I was lucky never to have to face the blighting disappointment so many authors suffer at the outset of their career. Often I wrote as many as three novels a year and never remember having one refused." I have not read any of Miss Graham's novels, but the uncritical mind revealed in this book makes me wonder whether she was as lucky as she supposes. Whether anything could have made her a writer I do not know. A little smacking and shaking at the beginning might have helped. She is absurdly without standards: she uses

the word genius more than once in relation to writers whom one knows to be nothing but hard-working hacks. Altogether, the book has the favour one would expect from an author to whom writing seems to have become a mere habit indulged in to escape. How, otherwise, can one explain the spending of a whole chapter on the description of a bazaar organised during the last war?

INDIVIDUAL FAVOUR

Miss Nancy Mitford's novel *The Pursuit of Love* (Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d.) is the first work I have read of this author and it seemed to me to have a most individual flavour. Expressed briefly, the story tells how a peer's daughter, full of romantic notions about love and marriage, married first a rich grubby-minded person who soon bored her, then a poor altruist whom she soon bored. In the recital from these experiences, she became the mistress of a French duke for the sake of the good time he could give her, only to find that the person thus chance-met and casually accepted was the love of her life, whom she had so long been seeking. She had her glorious morning, but there was no continuing day. The war put an end to her and her lover.

In developing this theme, Miss Mitford takes us through an environment that is, in the main, wealthy, self-seeking, self-satisfied, and either with no morals at all or with morals of an antique rigidity. Which is worse for the bringing up of a number of sensitive children it would be difficult to say; and the author is not concerned to say it. She is content to present a world she has evidently known intimately, leaving the reader to draw for himself any moral he is disposed to discern. In the main, the character-drawing is convincing, though Lord Merlin with his dyed pigeons and whippets wearing diamond collars seems to have a touch of fairyland, and Linda's father, hunting his children with bloodhounds, a touch of the jungle. But I thought it an uncommonly good novel.

CHINESE OBSERVER

Give Back My Rivers and Hills (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.) is a war narrative translated by Innes Jackson from the Chinese of I. Feng. It deals with a phase of the fight against Japan before the war in Europe had broken out. Mr. Feng, who has since, we are told, become a guerrilla fighter, was at that time, in 1937, doing various non-combatant jobs, such as improving the morale of the villagers, interrogating prisoners, and so forth. He did this in no sheltered, air-removed headquarters but close up to the battle-front, and so he is able to give us a clear picture of what the war meant to the Chinese in those early days.

BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

It is a narrative of hard work, scanty pay, big fighting, but the author never loses his lyrical interest in the beauty of the world. Again and again he breaks into a brief poem like this: "The pale green willows lining both banks of the river had shot out their golden-brown and pliant twigs. Woods of peach-blossoms here and there were flaunting their exquisite rose-coloured buds, seducing the mind of the wanderer like attractive young girls. The spring breeze skimmed my languid cheeks, bringing me pleasure and consolation. The song of little wild birds soothed my longing."

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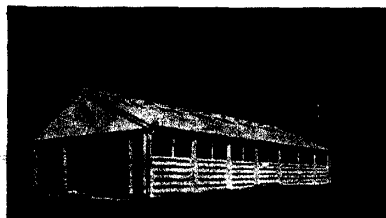
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FARMING NOTES

FARM TRAINING IN SCOTLAND

SCOTTS have long taken a pride in the education every boy from the poorest to the richest can get in Scotland. On the agricultural side we know in England that Scotland has provided some of our best teachers. But the Scots are now divided among themselves as to the future development of agricultural education.

Mr. Thomas Johnston, who is now Secretary of State for Scotland, set up a Committee under the chairmanship of Lord Aines, to enquire into the working of the agricultural colleges and universities in Scotland and make recommendations for the future. The majority of the Committee recommend that only one of the three universities should give a degree course and that the three agricultural colleges provided with new buildings in country surroundings should concentrate on diploma and short-term courses, teaching those who are anxious to farm on their own account or fill key posts on the practical side. Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Glasgow are the three universities at each of which there is a college of agriculture. The functions of the university, as the majority of the Committee see it, should be to provide degree courses for students who intend to be research workers, university and college lecturers, advisory officers and county organisers. Their training is necessarily much more specialised than the course that suits the practical man. It so happens at the present time that at all three centres proposals are being considered which will need a large expenditure of money and in some cases new buildings. The question is whether the best possible facilities should not be provided at one university designated for advanced study. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this.

Scotland is a small country and the average number of students awarded degrees at the three universities was only 29 a year between 1923 and 1933 and only 26 between 1933 and 1938. So on the average there were about 80 students taking agricultural degree courses at the three universities. The small number may be due to the generally depressed state of farming between the two wars or, more probably, the main reason is that small farms preponderate in Scotland. They are managed by working farmers who, naturally enough, regard the time required for acquiring a university degree as excessive for their purpose. It is reasonable enough to assume that the maximum number of students likely to want university instruction would be about 120 against 80 before the war. This takes full account of the greater appreciation of scientific knowledge which has come to many farmers who will now want their sons to take a technical course. For most of them the college course would be the most suitable, but there will be some who will want to specialise by taking the full university course. Scotland is not a rich country, and the poverty of the Committee consider the best results will be obtained by concentrating resources on the provision of one adequately staffed and fully equipped university faculty of agriculture.

Lord Aines and two other members disagree. They declare that the single university idea is impracticable because both Aberdeen and Glasgow are committed to the provision of a university course. The settled policy of Aberdeen is to devote special attention to the biological sciences basic to

agriculture, forestry and fisheries. Glasgow University intends to specialise in dairying and veterinary science, and it is most unlikely that Edinburgh, with the oldest endowed chair of agriculture in the country, would give up its claim to continue a long record of service in the agricultural sphere. They take the view that it is an advantage to science teaching in the university that it should interest itself in agricultural problems and that it is of much account to the colleges that they should measure their attainments by university standards. This is a difference of opinion which the new Secretary of State will decide. I expect that the three universities will be left to carry on as heretofore. Scottish professors are determined folk and none will readily yield to rival university.

The Aines Committee recommend that as new buildings are urgently required they should be situated in rural surroundings with farms and residential houses attached to them. There is also the sensible suggestion that more attention should be paid to the crofting counties. No amount of education would enable the crofter to make a living from his holding, but he may be helped by the right instruction to make the best use of it in securing a good return from his stock and in providing home-grown food for his family.

There are certainly good grounds for adopting the proposal that a new centre should be selected as reasonably accessible as possible to all parts of the area, and from such a centre instructors could cover the Western Highlands and Islands. Scotland has no farm institutes as we know them in England. Nor indeed, according to the Aines Report, is there any demand for a farm institute in training. In England we have at least one farm institute for each county and some of the bigger counties are to have two. The Aines Committee recommend that for Scotland there should be three farm institutes—one in the south-west with milk production as its principal interest, one in the east primarily concerned with crop husbandry and one in the north-east primarily concerned with animal husbandry.

Mr. Joseph Duncan, who spoke on the Committee for the farm servants, disagrees with his colleagues about this. He wants to see only one agricultural college. He does not think there will ever be many young people who are willing to spend two years at an agricultural college or a year at a farm institute, and better provision should be made for the others. He suggests that the extension service should be organised under a Director of Extension Work, whose headquarters should be at the one college selected. Scotland should be divided into three provinces and sub-divided again into regions, probably nine in all. Each should have a demonstration farm, which would serve as a centre for the region with adequate buildings to enable short courses to be conducted. Scotland should have a service on a national basis in on similar lines to the plans now going forward for a National Advisory Service in England and Wales, though in England are diversifying the service to be less personal and understanding service, although it may look more impressive on paper.

C. C. HARRIS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE OUTLOOK FOR LAND

AS regards landed estates, the outlook is somewhat obscured by the multiplicity of proposals such as those in reference to development rights. War-time works have changed the character of some districts, and scores of mansions have suffered a permanent change to new, and usually institutional, uses. The brightest prospect is for the future of well-planned residences of moderate size, in purely rural areas, and for them there is no lack of buyers or tenants. The perhaps temporary measure of fixity of tenure of farms has stereotyped old rentals that often seem quite inadequate. State aid for forestry should encourage bidding for certain types of estates. It is too much to hope for any abatement of death duties, which are still forcing "break-up" sales of noted properties. One consequence is the broadening of the base of ownership, for, except in about one instance out of every five, property does not pass in its entirety from one owner to another, but is sold as separate farms, the mansion being dealt with along with a few acres, and not infrequently becoming a school or public institution.

CONTINUED ALL-ROUND ACTIVITY

EXCEPT in the City where, according to one of the oldest firms of agents, "the property market is paralysed," active dealings have progressed right through the turn of the old year and the first week or two of the present one. More negotiations are being successfully concluded for less than the West End and a large block in Piccadilly is changing hands.

The re-development of about 460 acres in Lambeth and Southwark is discussed in a report to the Duchy of Cornwall by the Land Steward to Kennington Manor and Mr. Louis de Soisson. Suggestions for improving the London property of the Duchy were exhaustively considered in 1911, and in 1920 about 9 acres were entrusted to Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for sale on behalf of the Duchy. Good flats and houses have been built on the estate in recent years, and it has been well said that it is a privilege to be a tenant there.

THE BROOKLANDS TERMS

TO round off the many references that have from time to time been made to Brooklands in the Estate Market pages of COUNTRY LIFE it may be noted that Wickers-Armstrong, Limited, have bought the Weybridge property for £330,000, including the benefit of any claim for compensation in respect of requisitioning. The price is generally believed to be better than the vendors could have obtained if the Government had acquired the property on the basis of its estimated selling value as in March, 1939.

PURCHASE AND SALE OF HOTELS

REQUISITIONING continues to hamper the repair and refitting, in fact the whole future, of hotels. One that has been lately de-requisitioned, the Royal Crescent at Fife, is being rehabilitated by the buyers, the Frederick Hotels, Limited, who have just bought another freehold, the Crown at Scarborough. The company's recent sale of the Hotel Grand Central, Marylebone, to the L.N.E. Railway, is a reminder that the failure from that establishment had been removed on requisitioning, only to be destroyed by incendiary bombs where it was stored.

The late Lady Kendall-Bentley's Shrewsbury freehold, Bourton House,

sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, is to be used as a preparatory school.

CHARLES JAMES FOX'S
CHERTSEY RETREAT

WHEN St. Anne's Hill, the Chertsey estate, was in the market in 1924 it extended to 285 acres. Now it again figures among properties for sale, but much changed, the house being thoroughly modern, having been erected in 1896, and its apparent land being of only just under 40 acres. Lovers of old survivals will be glad to learn that the groto and the Temple of Friendship, which has marble pillars and floors, dating from about the year 1700, have been preserved, and that the wistaria which in the course of a couple of centuries had grown up on the old house that Charles James Fox lived in is still flourishing and adorning the modern residence. Fox's cottage, built 150 years ago, also survives, and it is said to have often been visited by Queen Victoria. The present house has been called "a suntrap," for it is circular and no ray of sunshine is said to have often been withheld from it. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. are co-operating with a Woking agent in offering the estate for sale. Contemporary accounts of the life of Charles James Fox at St. Anne's Hill were mainly concerned with his enjoyment of the gardens and surrounding farm land. Lord Holland, a chronicler of the rural retirement of Charles James Fox, told of his garden in his books, and his cheerful life in the country. St. Anne's Hill, once celebrated for its nightingales, is still a sanctuary of blackbirds and thrushes as it was at the time Fox was pathetically protesting against being dragged back into the arena of politics.

A TUDOR HOUSE ON A NEW SITE

COOMBE WOODHOUSE, on Kingston Hill, represents a successful experiment in the transplantation of a Tudor house. It is an old timber building which was originally erected in the year 1483 on the banks of the Colne, near Colchester. Records show that at the time of the death of Henry VIII the house was occupied by Catharine Parr, who held it for some years and displayed her armorial bearings in the stained-glass windows. From about the year 1600 until the latter part of the eighteenth century, its history is not recorded, but in that period the Tudor house was overlaid with Georgian notions, and the original timbering was covered with plaster and a balustrade was added. Last year, worse befell it, for it became an inn. About 40 years ago, Mr. Thornton-Smith, perceiving how much beauty of ancient craftsmanship was hidden, had the structure taken down to pieces and carefully rebuilt in Surrey in such a way as to reveal once more its Tudor beauty. Residentially the house was at the same time completely fitted in the modern manner, and the grounds were laid out to accord with the half-timbered exterior of the house. In 1924, Messrs. Curtis and Henson offered the freehold by auction, and it became the property of Sir Ernest Hordley, Bt. The four acres of garden adjoin Coombe Hill golf course. Coombe Woodhouse is now in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for sale. The house is very much in a more curious state of antiquity, for it has spacious rooms, oak panelling and carving and a noteworthy old oak staircase. Coombe Woodhouse is a charming place of Hyde Park Corner. ARBITER.



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Styles in the NURSERY

★



Frances wears a pinsfore contrived from a Summer cotton frock with frills over the shoulders like a Victorian child's. Susan (right) wears a party frock from Given's in frilled organdie

★

Left—Party frock for a two-year-old in organdie, banded and frilled with net, and a christening robe in real lace. Fortnum & Mason

★

Right—Pin-dotted rayon, butcher blue and white, with tiny bows, white smocking, white organdie collar. A hand-knitted Fair Isle in pastels. Both Duvelloy



STUDIO 1



STUDIO 1

The little girl wears a duster-checked fine woolen from The White House, the little boy a butter suit from Daniel Neal

HARD-PRESSED mammas can take comfort from prospects of better supplies and better-quality clothes for their offspring. Factories and workrooms are getting their workers back, and there will be more fabrics for Summer frocks and Spring suits and coats. Wellingtons are being released for town children as well as country. Millions of Wellingtons and sandals for children were imported before the war, so that even though more children's shoes have been made, they have been swallowed up by the lack of these subsidiaries. Nylon fabrics, especially designed and woven for dresses and underwear, will be in the shops for the Summer, some pure linens, and plenty of fine woollens.

Styles are certainly charming. Small children's clothes look very gay; clothes for older girls tend to become replicas of their mother's and less "misish." Flowered fabrics are in the minority. The millions of sprigs of pre-war days have largely disappeared, and it is the clean-looking shirting stripes, plaids, and checks that dominate the rails of dresses. Tweeds in neutral shades or tiny dice checks are the popular choice for coats for both boys and girls, young and old. Grey flannels are shown with pastel rayon collars for later on; velveteen in ruby, brown, dark blue, makes the prettiest Winter "best dresses," with four narrow bands of smocking gathering them into a tight bodice, the last flush with the waists. Girls are having overcoats as plain as their brother's and in the same tweeds.

All the stores are opening special departments to cater for the "teenage" girls, so we may see the disappearance of the traditional English Miss of foreign caricaturists during the next few years. The dresses,

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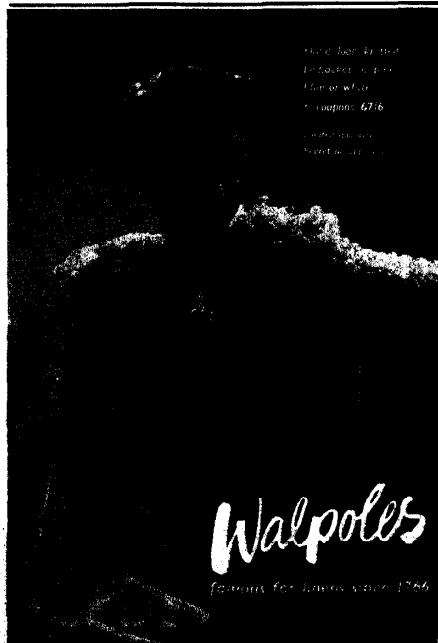
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Walpoles

Estimates for London since 1766

Behind Strand, corner of Oxford Street and at 178-176 St. James Street, S.W.

style all their own. They have adopted the broad short scarf, which they knot under their chin with ends projecting each side like pussy's bows. They even tie their squares in this way, and often tie their hair up with a bright ribbon to match. Fair Isle sweaters are as popular for them as for tiny children. These girls can find shoes at Jones's of Eastbourne, who has red and blue wedge laced shoes—in sizes 8 (children's) to 9½ (ladies)—in suede and calf, on wide form-fitting lasts. Woodcocked clogs for two coupons at Lillywhites are good buys to wear in the house, or the garden in Summer. They are strapped in two colours of kid, white or green with tan. Jones also has brown willow calf Oxford shoes for school and limited numbers of red and blue one-bar shoes in tough-wearing goatskin (made by Korectshape) for tiny children.

THE dresses, suits, and coats worn by small English children set the nursery fashions all over the world. Nothing could be prettier than the cottons and woollen dresses of this season. Flaid cotton gingham, woven in two or three colours at a time, are being styled by Fortnum and Mason, with scalloped shoulder yokes merging into tiny bell-shaped pockets. Sleeves are short and puffed; skirts are fairly full and gored like a grown-up's. Adorable duster-checked fine wool frocks in butcher blue, navy, green, or red and white, are shown by The White House for two- and three-year-olds. They also have puffed sleeves, pouched pockets, bunched skirts, and are finished with white lawn collars and cuffs. Ten- and twelve-year-olds have these duster-checks in streamlined tailored styles.

Fortnum & Mason have tailored shorts for girls in navy serge and grey flannel, and grey flannel shorts for small boys.

P. JOYCE RAYNOLDS.

Buster suit with shorts in rayon linen, a lemon shirt. Right: Duster-checked fine wool delaine with pockets, pleats, white collar and cuffs. Both The White House.

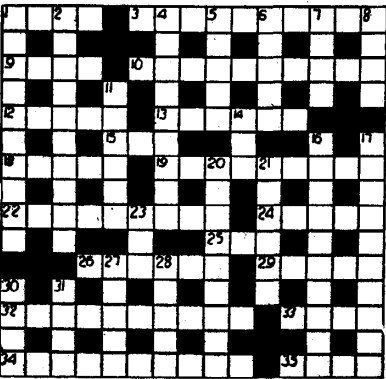
pinaforks, coats, and suits designed for her for this Spring are fresh and debonair, without looking in any way "Hollywood" or violently sophisticated, so the change is all to the good. Harrods show a quaker-grey velveteen with a long skirt, a scooped-out neckline with a piped edge, and two butterfly bows on the points of the décolletage on either side—a youthful style that has great chic as well. D. H. Evans's fine wool dresses are festive enough for a small party, with their butcher-blue and white pin-dotted dirndl skirts hemmed in scarlet and scarlet short-sleeved tops. Bolero jackets and skirts in shepherd's plaid, black and white, or brown and white, are an enchanting style for a tall, slim girl. Harrods show them and, for the country, tweed skirts with sleeveless waistcoats, unlined, to be worn over shirts or jerseys. These are a very good buy for nine coupons and would suit any figure.

Suits are gay than for several seasons. The popular choice for school girls holidaying in London has been a rose-red rough tweed skirt worn with the brightest of accessories, grass green or blue, and these young girls are evolving a scarf

Liberty smock in Tana lawn printed with tiny flowers in pastel colours, white silk collar and cuffs, ties with a sash and fastens at the back with triangular pearl buttons.

CROSSWORD No. 834

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution. Solutions to a closed envelope must reach "Crossword No. 834, Country Life, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2." not later than the first post on Thursday, January 24, 1946.
Note.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____
Mr., Mrs., etc.
Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 832. The winner of this Crossword, the sheet of which appeared in the issue of January 11, will be announced next week.
ACROSS—1, Peterborough; 3, Archer; 9, Madrigal; 11, Palanquias; 12, Firm; 14, Answer; 15, Cranwell; 17, Tumblers; 19, Stream; 22, Carp; 23, Inhalation; 25, Sunderting; 26, Irene; 27, Presentiment. **DOWN**—1, Pebbles; 2, Tarncliffe; 3, Rumour; 4, Ordinary; 4, Gout; 6, Grassie; 7, Maturation; 10, Simple-minded; 13, Initiative; 16, Truncation; 18, Mariner; 20, Reimiser; 21, Haggis; 24, Posa.

- ACROSS.**
1 and 3. The right temperament for an altitude record-breaker? (14)
9. Actual, though some (4)
10. Is he taking a place in France? (10)
12. It represents something, not youth apparently (8)
13. Must its trace be red? (6)
15 and 25. Nonsense, her river is in Sussex (6)
18. These have their exits and their entrances, of course (5)
19. In red case (anagr.) (9)
22. Ten madmen wanted for correction (9)
24. Mr. Treves in Germany? He never gives up (5)
25. See 15 across
26. A Pope is extensively polished (6)
28. The devil's beginning and ending (5)
32. Such a speech will not admit faint praise (10)
33. Anagram of 30 (4)
34 and 35. You might say that these are for lying in state (10, 4)

- DOWN.**
1. The pork butchers playground? (10)
2. As ten argue (anagr.) (10)
4. Very far from being original (9)
5. "No, lago."
"I'll see before I—; when I—, prove"
—Shakespeare (5)
6. "In a — nighted December
"Too happy, happy tree"—Keats (5)
7. A Welshman goes down the nave (4)
8. Just the place for a house (4)
11. President in rhyme? (6)
12. Whatsoever it catches it has got caught in (6)
16. Make your own (10)
17. They usually get the letters (10)
20. She has got confused in the race (9)
21. Dish that makes an admission (9)
23. Not Spenser's Fairy Queen (3)
27. One way to improvise (3, 2)
28. Animals in a steamer in a rising sea (5)
30. Like Beethoven (4)
31. Much hit on the head in France: so start clouting (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 832 is Miss Yvonne Fitzroy, West Green House, Harley Wintney, Basingstoke, Hampshire.



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THE KING

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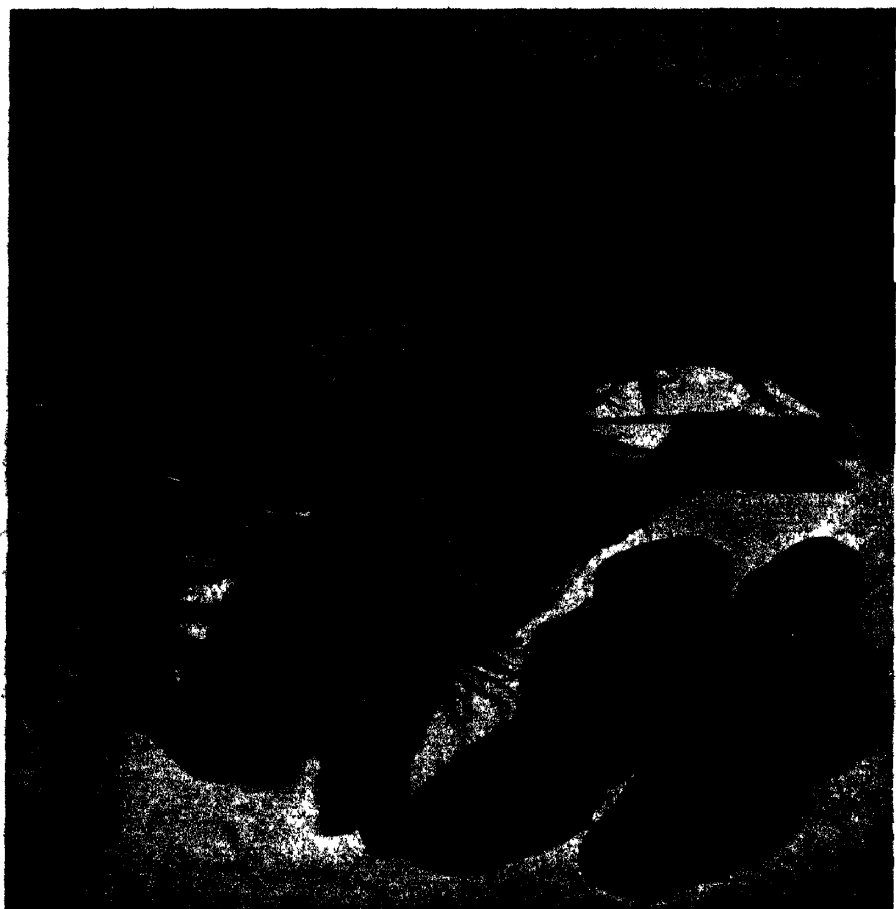
Ask for leaflet No. M.1269, price 4d., from your wool or needlework shop. If any difficulty in obtaining, send 3d. to Penelope, of

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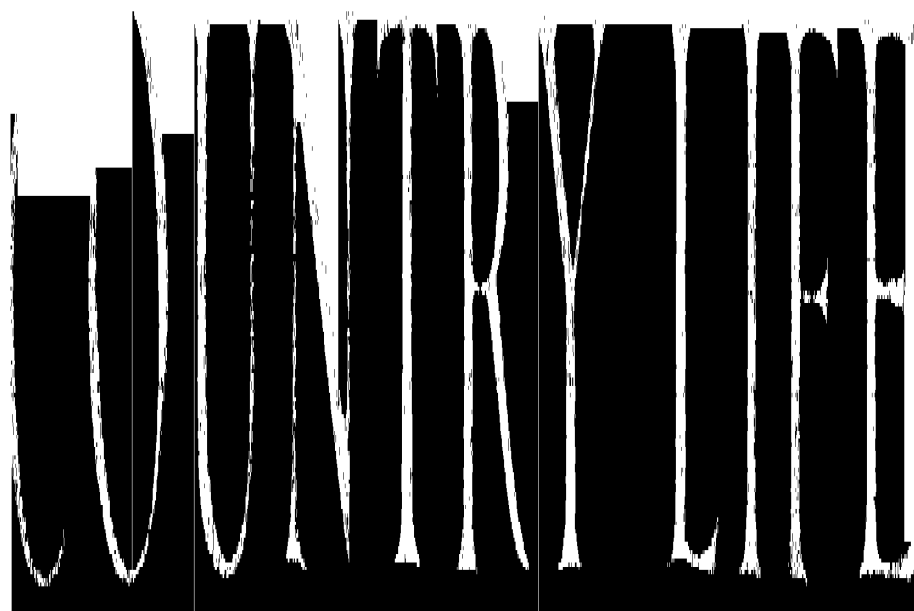
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2558

JANUARY 25, 1946

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GOLD OVERTON HALL

A Country Mansion of character built in local ironstone, and containing flagged entrance hall, oak-paneled long gallery, sitting-room, dining room, library, 9 principal bedrooms, 7 bathrooms. Excellent servants' accommodation.

Electricity and Estate Water Supply. Garage for 6 cars. Stabling for 20 Horses.



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4 DAIRY FARMS

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Woodlands and Accommodation with Buildings.

In all about 1,500 ACRES

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Solicitors: Messrs. WITHERS & CO., Howard House, 4, Arundel Street, W.C.2.

Auctioneers: Messrs. ESCRITT & BARRELL, Elmer House, Grantham, Lincs., and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1, and 14, Dogpole, Shrewsbury. Particulars (in course of preparation) 5s.

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LODGEHILL FARMSTEAD

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FLATTENDEN FARM (135 ACRES). Excellent farmhouse (2 rec., 5 bed., bath). Pair of cottages, good buildings, cowstalls for 21. Also



FLATTENDEN FARM

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Broadway 2½ miles. Evesham 8 miles.

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14 BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS, 5 RECEPTION ROOMS, MAIN ELECTRICITY, GOOD WATER SUPPLY, CENTRAL HEATING.

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Rear-on-Wye 6 miles. Hereford 15 miles.



THREE ACRES with about 4½ ACRES and half a mile of Trout Fishing. **QUICKEN ANNE RESIDENCE** in good order, built of stone with tiled and slated roof, contains hand-tiling. Approached by ½ mile drive. The house stands about 250 feet up on lean soil facing South. Lounge hall, 2 reception, 9 bed (each with basin), day and night sunroom, 4 bathrooms. Central heating. Co. electricity.

Telephone. Spring water supply. Septic tank drainage. Stabling and garages for 4 cars. Cottage and farm outbuildings. Small garden with bad tennis court. Good kitchen garden. Orchard. The remainder of the land is being farmed. **Finishing. Hunting. Golf.**

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Delightfully arranged old-established garden. Beautiful old timber and specimen trees, flowering shrubs, rock garden, formal fan-shaped flower garden, tennis and other lawns, kitchen.

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Vacant possession of main residence, stabling, garage and one cottage. The land is let. Accommodation: Hall and sitting room, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity and power, central heating, excellent water supply. Plenty of good modern stabling, garage for 8 cars, groom's room, 2 cottages (one only with possession). Charming pleasure grounds, walled garden with fruit trees, together with several enclosures and meadows (all in all about 40 ACRES).

Illustrated particulars with plan (2s.) may be had from the Solicitors: Messrs. HUTTON & New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2; or from the Auctioneers: Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

By Direction of Executors.

WORTHDOWN, HEATHFIELD, SUSSEX ½ mile from Heathfield and 12 miles from Tunbridge Wells, and 10 miles from Heathfield. For sale by Auction at the London Auction Mart, 156, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, on Tuesday, February 7, 1946, at 2.30 p.m. As a whole or in lots as under:

1. A 1½-acre estate, 2 acres with cottage, garage, grounds (with lawn tennis court) and paddock.

NEARLY 4 ACRES Vacant Possession of Lot 2—The remaining Agricultural Holdings, "Tanyard Farm," with farmhouse and 21 ACRES (let).

Lot 3—Superior Bungalow, "Coomes," with nearly 2 ACRES (let).

Lot 4—A choice residence of about 2 acres, with 500 feet frontage to main road (let with farm).

Accommodation of Lot 1 comprises: Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All main services. The grounds are particularly fine and well timbered.

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On two floors only, with hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, usual offices, servants' sitting room. Electric Light. Co.'s Water. Central Heating. GARAGE FOR 3 CARS AND OTHER USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS. MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF

ABOUT 4 ACRES

(More land might be purchased.)

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About 30 miles of London in a splendid position some 400 ft. above sea level. Within easy reach of Station with excellent electric train service.

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ALL ON TWO FLOORS

With Hall, 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Co.'s water. Electric light. Two Garages. The matured gardens are well timbered and include lawns, flower gardens, kitchen garden, etc. in all

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In a splendid position, with views across the River Wye.

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Salmon and Trout Fishing in the Wye

4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light, main water. Central heating.

2 Cottages (let). Garage, stabling.

Pleasure gardens of about 2 acres, pasture, woodland, etc.

In all about 18 ACRES.

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Hunter Stabling. Farmery. 3 Cottages.

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Favoured site on high ground. Southern exposure with lovely views. Handy for
Victoria Water Station.

ARCHITECT DESIGNED RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTION
WITH ALL MODERN APPOINTMENTS

Delightfully planned accommodation contained on two floors only.
8 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms and hall, all with oak strip flooring.
Labour-saving offices.

MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT
GARDENER'S UP-TO-DATE COTTAGE. GARAGE WITH PLAT OVER.
GARDENS OF EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY WITH FASCINATING BRAD STONE
PAVED TERRACES AND RETAINING WALLS. CUMBERLAND STONE ROCK
GARDEN WITH WATER POOLS IN SERIES OF FALLS. PRODUCTIVE
KITCHEN GARDEN, ORCHARD, ETC. IN ALL

ABOUT 1/2 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. POSSESSION BY ARRANGEMENT.

Confidently recommended by the Joint Sole Agents: MESSRS. DICK & WILKIN,
17, Coleman Street, E.C.2 and RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.

184, BROMPTON ROAD
LONDON, S.W.3.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY

Kensington
0122-3CHOICE RESIDENTIAL FARM,
40 ACRES. NEAR HASTINGS

and favourite old Market Town. High grass
with 3 sown orchards. Attractive brick and
tile residence in garden with tennis lawn.
3 reception, 4 bed (b. & c.), MAIN
ELECTRIC LIGHT AND CO.'S WATER.
Good dairy buildings. Present owner
30 years. Best available with possession.

Asking 60. THE FREEHOLD. A garden
road leads to 18 ACRES with the house to
form a most attractive holding and let off
50 acres.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY,
184, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Ken. 0122).

GREAT BARGAIN BERKE
DELIGHTFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE

High up in lovely setting.
4 reception, 11 bedrooms, 2 bath (b. & c.) in
separate wing, 1/2 bath. Garaging for 3.
Reading. Cottage. Main floor
electricity. Driveway. The whole in perfect
order and in the character.
Lovely old English garden, beautiful timber.
Walled gardens, hard tennis court, paddock.
12 ACRES

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION
FREEHOLD, ONLY £12,500
A certain amount of furniture, etc. could
be purchased if desired.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY,
184, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Ken. 0122).

BARGAIN NEAR TIVERTON
LOVELY PART OF DEVON

PITURESQUE OLD-WORLD FARM-
HOUSE, dating sixteenth century. 1
dining room, office, 5 bedrooms. Gravita-
tion water. Main electricity. Shortly
available. Excellent outbuildings, and
about 18 ACRES

POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £3,750

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY,
184, Brompton Road, S.W.3.

GENTLEMAN'S FARM
BARGAIN

SALISBURY rich vale pasture and upland
graze in ring fence. Excellent for pedigree
stock. Superior house (3 reception, 7 bed
bath) in splendid condition. Fine range of
buildings and outcrops.

FREEHOLD ONLY £5,500
with early possession.

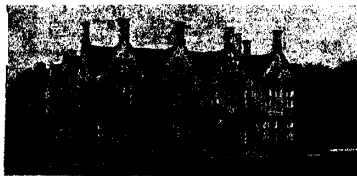
BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDREY,
184, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Ken. 0122).

22, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
14491

LOVELY JACOBSON HOUSE IN DORSET



A PERIOD HOUSE OF RARE CHARM in its own estate of 800 ACRES. In a wonderful state of preservation with all its original features intact yet completely modernized. Many painted rooms, cloister fireplaces, etc. Radiators throughout. Electricity, etc. 5 principal bedrooms, 8 bathrooms, staff quarters, fine hall and 4 reception. Stabling, garage. Cottages. Beautiful old-world garden and finely timbered park. Would be sold with about 80 ACRES.

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 22, Mount Street, W.1.

Preliminary Announcement.

ASHLEY COURT ESTATE NEAR TIVERTON

For sale by auction in lots if not sold privately meantime. **ASHLEY COURT** A delightful Old Georgian House (at present requisitioned) overlooking the valley of the Exe. 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, library, light, etc. Low drive. Entrance lodge. Stabling. Garage. Finely timbered grounds. Walled kitchen garden. Orchard and pasture. **ABOUT 80 ACRES** Ashley Court Cottage. A very charming small country house in perfect order and beautifully decorated. Few but large rooms. 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Garden and orchard. Over an acre. Early possession. Useful small Farms and other Holdings and Cottages. Total area about 88 ACRES. Auctioneers: **RICHARD DREY & MICHENER**, Exeter, and WILSON & Co., 22, Mount Street, London, W.1.

LICESTERSHIRE, MILTON MOWBRAY First-rate position for hunting. Centre of the Charns, convenient for Colchester, Bedford, and the Farnes. 4 miles Milton, easy access to London.

CHARMING OLD HOUSE with modern conveniences. Central heating. Main electricity. 7 best bedrooms, fitted bath and cold and good secondary and staff rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception. Stabling for 12. Good groom's accommodation. Garage. Excellent cottage and two separate gardens and paddocks. **15 ACRES. Price £25,000.** Immediate possession. Agents: WILSON & Co., 22, Mount St., W.1.

GENUINE GEORGIAN HOUSE Under 90 miles west of London. Perfectly rural.

In beautiful order. On two floors only, with finely proportioned rooms. 10 bedrooms, 5 baths, 4 nice reception. All main services. Central heating. Stabling. Garage. Splendid cottage. Lovely and pleasure grounds and miniature park.

FOR SALE WITH 20 ACRES

Agents: WILSON & Co., 22, Mount St., W.1.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 8461

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO THE SAILING ENTHUSIAST ON THE HAMBLE RIVER WITH ITS OWN PRIVATE SLIPWAY



A FINE MODERN RESIDENCE

with 5 reception rooms, ballroom for dancing, all with parquet floors, 7 bedrooms (fitted wash-basins), 2 fitted bathrooms.

CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN SERVICES.

8-CAR GARAGE. KENNELS.

REALLY DELIGHTFUL GARDENS, SLOPING TO THE RIVER.

PRODUCTIVE ORCHARD AND PADDOCK.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE IS A MODEL RAILWAY HALF A MILE LONG.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £10,000

WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

F. L. Mercer & Co., 40, Piccadilly, W.1 (Tel. Reg. 2441)



And at
ALDERSHOT

ALFRED PEARSON & SON

FLEET, HANTS. Tel.: 118

And at
FARNBOROUGH

IDEAL FOR SCHOOL OR HOTEL

PETERFIELD DISTRICT. Well-built Georgian residence having 21 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, fine hall, cloakroom, 4 reception rooms and modern domestic offices. Double entrance lodge. Easily managed garden and pastureland in all 81 ACRES. Price £2,500, FREEHOLD, with possession of residence, lodge, and 100 acres.

SURREY. High position in much-favoured residential neighbourhood only 1 mile station with electric train service to London. Decided modern residence facing south. 4 bedrooms, bathroom, cloakroom, 2 reception rooms, heated conservatory, etc. Garage. Main services. Attractive garden and woodland, in all 81 ACRES. FREEHOLD, £2,500.

RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 126 ACRES

95 miles London, 1½ miles Station and 4 miles Sea. This Elizabethan-style Residence has all modern conveniences and stands in inexpensive grounds. It enjoys seclusion and has extensive views. 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, chauffeur's flat, 8 cottages. Farm buildings together with pasture, arable and woodland FREEHOLD, £18,000, with possession.

WANTED. The agents are receiving a large number of enquiries for country properties in Southern England, particularly with farm lands attached. Owing to the popularity of their staff from the Forces almost immediate inspections can now be undertaken. Usual commission required.

FLEET. On high ground in the best residential part.

Well built residence with southern aspect, enjoying extensive views and fitted with central heating and labour-saving conveniences. 5 principal bedrooms, bath with lavatory basin, 2 secondary bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, cloakroom, pantry and light kitchen. Double garage. The garden is easily maintained, being partly in its natural state of heather and woodland: 1 ACRE. £2,500, FREEHOLD, with very early possession.

GUILDFORD. Modern Residence in favourite residential part, enjoying uninterrupted views. 4 bedrooms, bathroom, cloakroom, 2 reception rooms, etc. Garage. All main services. Nicely laid-out garden. With immediate possession. Price £2,500, FREEHOLD.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861.

Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

SUITEABLE FOR SCHOOL, NURSING HOME, RESIDENCE, ETC. £4,500 **BARKS.** 1½ miles Aylesham station. **WELLSLEY COUNTRY HOUSES**, in good order. 11½, 4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 11 bedrooms. All main services. Central heating. Telephone. Garage. Gardens and woodland. From 4-8 ACRES. 45 years' lease at £45 p.a. Inspected and recommended.—TRESDIDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,308)

SURREY HILLS. Favourite residential district, within easy reach of electric trains, bus services, etc. **CHARMING BRICK AND TILE RESIDENCE.** Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms (1 with shower), 6 bedrooms. Main services. Telephone. 2 garages. Well-kept gardens, in all about ¼ ACRE, all in good order. **PRICE, FREEHOLD, £10,000.** Inspected and recommended.—TRESDIDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,378)

YORKS. BEST PART OF MARROGATE. Part of ancient forest of **KNARESBOROUGH.** EXCELLENT ARCHITECT—**BULLY RESIDENCE** in fine condition. Oak-panelled hall, 5 good reception, modern service quarters, 4 bedrooms, 7 bedrooms. All main services. Telephone. Central heating. Garage for two. Chauffeur's quarters. Magnificently timbered, attractive and easily kept grounds interspersed by stream with waterfalls, 6 bridges. Kitchen and fruit garden and paddock. **£4,750** for early sale of this exceptional **FREEHOLD PROPERTY**, with vacant possession.—TRESDIDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,460)

BARKS. Between Reading and Newbury, mile station, nearly 600 ft. up, outskirt village. **COMFORTABLE SMALL HOUSE.** 4-4 reception, bath, 6 bed. Main electricity and water. Gas cooker. Telephone. Good attractive garden 1 ACRE. Further new orchard available.—TRESDIDER & Co., 77, South Audley St., W.1. (22,458).

WELLESLEY-SMITH & CO.

17, BLAQUEY STREET, READING. Reading 2992 & 4112

"A MOST FAIRY-BOOK PLACE BELLOWED BY HALF A HUNDRED ELIZABETHAN SUMMERS"



BARKS. SMALL ELIZABETHAN MANOR of great charm and in excellent order.

3 sitting, cloak, 7 bedrooms (bath and 2 ½), 3 bathrooms. Exposed beams and open fireplaces. Co.'s electricity and water. Fine old barn. Lovely garden and paddock, about 2 ½ ACRES

FREEHOLD, £2,750.

Inspected by WELLESLEY-SMITH, as above.

JOSEPH LOWRY & SONS, M.D.S.A.

RESIDENTIAL HOLDINGS AND FARMS FROM 30 to 800 ACRES

FOR SALE
HOUSES FOR LETTING IN HUNTING, FISHING AND SPORTING DISTRICTS.
Auctioneers, etc. KILLS, CO. MEATH. Phone 1

Telegrams:
"Wood, Agents, Wende,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON W.1

Mayfair 6341
(10 lines)

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION BETWEEN HASLEMERE AND HINDHEAD

PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, 660 FT. UP, FACING SOUTH

with views of the South Downs, approached by drive, it contains vestibule, lounge hall, dining room, large drawing room, 10-15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, ample offices, etc.

COMFORTY WATER AND ELECTRIC LIGHT

Central heating. Modern drainage. Garage, workshop, or playroom with rooms over. Outbuildings, etc. Inexpensive Garden with grass tennis lawn, orchard, herbaceous and kitchen gardens.

For Sale with about

19 ACRES

sloping away from the Residence on all sides. All in their own natural state, and amongst the woodland walls and rides are a large number of footpaths and bridleways, etc., leading to the GOLF COURSE at HINDHEAD, WEST SURREY, and LIPHOOK.

Further particulars of the Sole Agents: Messrs. J. D. Wood & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, (W.1).



ON A COMMON NEAR RICHMOND PARK A REALLY UNIQUE FREEHOLD HOUSE

(Dating from 1745)

AND GARDEN OCCUPYING AN ISLAND SITE

8 sitting rooms, 4 suites of bedroom and bathroom, 3 other bedrooms and 1 bathroom.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.

Fine Oak Panelling on ground floor.

Detached Stabling and Garage with Flat of 5 rooms and bathroom over.

All in first-class condition and ready to walk into.

£12,500 FREEHOLD

JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

(22,370)

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION BASINGSTOKE 6 MILES

1 mile from Main Line Station and on bus route

LOVELY QUEEN

ANNE HOUSE

with 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, sitting hall, 3 reception rooms.

Central heating.

Main electricity and water. Beautifully timbered grounds and parklike land. Walled kitchen garden.

Stabling and garage.

In all about

10 1/2 ACRES

5-roomed modern cottage occupied on service tenancy.

PRICE £10,000

(£1,024)

Inspected and recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co.



VACANT POSSESSION.

RUGBY 7 MILES.

Station 1 mile.

This attractive House in beautiful order 200 feet up with extensive views over the Shropshire Vale.

18 bed, 4 bath, 4 reception, sitting hall, model offices. Main electricity and water.

Central heating throughout.

Hunter stabling for 11 and

flat over. Garage for 5.

Inexpensive grounds.

HOME FARM

which carries a pedigree Guernsey herd. Farmhouse and good buildings.

£18,000 WITH 66 ACRES, OR £14,500 WITH 26 ACRES

Recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

(5,857)



FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

(Established 1799)

AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED. SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS.
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Central
9344 (8/5/7)

Telegrams:
"Farebrother, London"

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Convenient for Station. London 23 miles.

A HOUSE OF CHARACTER

7 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bath-rooms, 4 reception rooms.

CAPACIOUS OFFICES.

2 GARAGES.

COMPANIES' WATER.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS.

MODERN DRAINAGE.



MOST ATTRACTIVE GARDENS

affording ample protection.

The whole extending to about

3 1/4 ACRES

Vacant Possession

March 25, 1946.

TO BE SOLD

FREEHOLD

£9,000

(Subject to Contract).

Further Particulars from the Agents: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4. Telephone: Central 9344.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Euston 7909)

MAPLE & Co., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1
(Regent 4685)

NORFOLK LODGE, KINGSWOOD, SURREY

A really choice property situated in a much sought-after district near several golf courses, including the 18-hole Epsom course, 500 ft. up.

The Residence has a very fine interior with all modern conveniences and is approached by a drive with very nice lodges at the entrance. Accommodation includes: Fine oak-paneled hall, most attractive drawing room, dining room, morning room, billiards room, 10-15 bedrooms, dressing room, 5 modern bathrooms, also 2 bedrooms for maids. Very efficient CENTRAL HEATING, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER. The house has stabling and excellent flat.

FINE GARDENS OF ABOUT 4 1/2 ACRES

Tennis and other lawns, lily pool, rose gardens, productive kitchen gardens, etc. See SALE BY AUCTION at WINCHESTER HOUSE, OLD BUCKINGHAM STREET (unless previously sold).

Agents: MAPLE & Co., LTD., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.1



5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvener 2191 (2 lines)
Established 1875

BUCKS

30 miles from London. Adjoining an Old-World Village.

DIGNIFIED XVIII CENTURY MANOR HOUSE



VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

19 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms,
8 spacious reception rooms.
Main electric light, gas
and water. Central heating.
Independent hot water.
Lovely old gardens and
timbered park. Groom's
house and 4 charming
cottages.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH 34 ACRES. PRICE £14,000

CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

WITHIN EASY REACH OF CHELTENHAM AND BROADWAY

Beautiful position. South-west aspect.

DELIGHTFUL OLD HOUSE

Neatly proportioned rooms
14 ft. high. 15 bedrooms,
5 bathrooms, hall, fine suite
of reception rooms. Main
electric light and power.
Garage. Stabling.
3 Lodges. Cottages.
Magnificently timbered old
garden. Miniature park.

IN A RING FENCE.
Nearly 30 ACRES

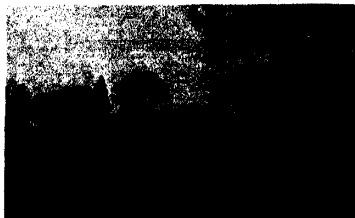


FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

LOFTS & WARNER

41, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1. Gro. 3056



HERTFORDSHIRE

South aspect. Near Village. Convenient for Hatfield and Hertford, to which there is an hourly bus service.

Only 18 miles from London yet completely rural.

DELIGHTFUL OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

ENTRANCE HALL. 8 RECEPTION ROOMS. 17 BED and DRESSING ROOMS. 4 BATHROOMS.
Ample Domestic Offices, including Servants' Hall.

CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRICITY BY PRIVATE PLANT. MODERN DRAINAGE.
GARAGE. STABLING. 5 COTTAGES. FARM LANDS AND BUILDINGS.

One mile of Trout Fishing in River Lee, which intersects the Gardens and Grounds. Walled and
Kitchen Garden, Grassland and Woodland, extending in all to

234 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

VACANT POSSESSION.

For further particulars apply to LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, W.1. (Tel.: Grosvener 3056.)

Station Rd. East,
Oxted, Surrey

IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO.

125, High St., Sevenoaks, Kent Sevenoaks 2347-6

45, High St., Reigate,
Surrey

Oxted 240

NEAR SEVENOAKS

Enjoying perfect situation. Close to a village.



THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE.
Large hall, 11 bedrooms, 4 reception, 4 bathrooms,
good domestic offices. Main services. Garage. Outbuild-
ings. 3 cottages. GARDENS AND GROUNDS 16 ACRES.

PRICE FREEHOLD £12,750.

Illustrated particulars of the Sale Agents: IBBETT,
MOSELY, CARD & CO., 125, High St., Sevenoaks
(Tel. 2347/6); and at Oxted and Reigate, Surrey.

£4,500. LIMPFIELD, SURREY. Daily reach of
London. A Capital Freehold Residence containing 7 bed-
rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms and good offices.
Central heating. GARAGE and GROUND 10 ACRES.
Nuney south aspect. VACANT POSSESSION.
Apply: IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., Oxted, Surrey
(Tel. 240).

£6,500. BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY within daily
reach of Town. A charming EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY
HOUSE, standing in grounds of 2 ACRES (4 acres if
desired). OVERLOOKING A PARK. 6 bedrooms,
2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, etc. FREEHOLD.
Apply: IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., Oxted,
Surrey (Tel. 240).

£7,500. OXTED, SURREY—adjoining LIMPFIELD
COMMON. ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE con-
taining 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, dressing room, 2 reception
rooms, etc. Double garage. 2 ACRES of GROUNDS
including tennis court. SOUTH ASPECT with MAG-
NIFICENT VIEWS. FREEHOLD.
Apply: IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., Oxted, Surrey
(Tel. 240).

A CHOICE RESIDENCE

Full south aspect with pleasant views. 18 miles London.



MERTHAM, SURREY—CHARMING MODERN
RESIDENCE, excellent order throughout, on two floors,
very easily maintained. 6 beds. (each fitted basin, b. & c.),
bathroom, 3 reception, compact domestic offices. Garage.
Main services. Inexpensive grounds. TENNIS LAWN.
SWIMMING POOL, kitchen garden and small paddock, in all
about 1 1/2 ACRES. FREEHOLD for sale privately or by
Auction, Feb. 27, 1946. VACANT POSSESSION. IBBETT,
MOSELY, CARD & CO., 45, High St., Reigate (Tel. 2386).

BLACKMORE VALE CENTRE

TO LET OR SELL WITH VACANT POSSESSION
WILLIAM AND MARY MANSION

Fm. near Sherborne, Dorset.



Fine hall, 8 reception rooms,
16 bedrooms, complete
domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.
CENTRAL HEATING.
GOOD WATER.

Fine trees and grounds.
Stabling, garage, paddocks.

Further particulars from EBBW, Estate Office, Sherborne, Dorset.

EWBANK & CO.

WEYBRIDGE & COBHAM

"ADROGUE," WEYBRIDGE

On St. George's Hill.

ATTRACTIVE CHARAC-
TER RESIDENCE in
pretty setting. Close Golf
and Tennis Clubs. 7 bed
and dressing rooms, 4 bath-
rooms, 3 fine reception
rooms, complete offices.
Main services. Stabling.
Garage. Chaudron's Bunge-
low. Delightful grounds
about 3 1/2 ACRES. Vacant
Possession.



By AUCTION at WEYBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 27, 1946 (unless sold previously)

Auctioneers: EWBANK & CO., Weybridge and Cobham.

ESTATE

Kennington 1490
 Telegrams:
 Estats, Harrods, London "

HARRODS

34-36, HANS CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

OFFICES

Surrey Offices:
 West Byfleet
 and Haslemere

FINE POSITION, NEAR WOKING ^{c.2}

On high ground with extensive views to Morrow Down and
 Hog's Back



MODERN HOUSE OF QUEEN ANNE DESIGN

3 reception rooms 11 bedrooms 9 bedrooms 2 bathrooms
 main sitting room All main services. First basin in
 all bedrooms. Complete central heating. Garage for 2 cars
 (cottage with bathroom). SHELTERED GROUNDS of
 about

3½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £12,000

HARRIS LTD 34-36, Hans Crescent, S.W.1
 (Tel. Kennington 1490 Extn 808 and Byfleet 149)

ADJOINING LEATHERHEAD GOLF C 2 COURSE WITH DIRECT ACCESS THERETO

On a bus route between 2 stations with electric service 7 min.

COMFORTABLE AND ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE
 2 reception and billiard room 6 bedrooms bath dressing
 room and 2 other bedrooms. Main sitting room. Main
 services (central heating). Garage with 3 rooms on 7
 Ground is wooded 1 about 4 ACRES

FREEHOLD £8,850

VACANT POSSESSION

HARRIS LTD 34-36, Hans Crescent, S.W.1

(Tel. Kennington 1490 Extn 808)

REDHILL AND CRAWLEY c.3

(reverted situation only about 4½ miles Town by frequent
 services)



WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE

Oak panelled hall 3 reception, 6 beds bathroom main
 services
 2 BUNGALOWS GARAGE, JOVIAL GARDEN AND
 GROUNDS
 extending in all to about

1½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD REASONABLE
 PRICE

HARRIS LTD 34-36, Hans Crescent, S.W.1 (Tel.
 Kennington 1490 Extn 807)

CROCKHAM HILL, EDENBRIDGE, KENT ^{c.4}

Three reception rooms billiard room 10 to 12 bedrooms
 8 bathrooms. Garage for 4 cars. Main water and electricity,
 central heating. Superior domestic offices. Garden
 1½ ACRES. Power in. Suitable for conversion into
 three flats

Price about £8,000

HARRIS LTD 34-36, Hans Crescent, S.W.1
 (Tel. Kennington 1490 Extn 808)

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL ^{c.4}

Highest point. Extensive views



SOLIDLY CONSTRUCTED RESIDENCE

Hall 3 reception rooms billiard room 10 or 12 bed and
 dressing rooms 2 bathrooms. Complete offices
 COMPANIES MAINS CENTRAL HEATING TREE
 PHONE TWO GARAGES OUTBUILDINGS
 DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS fruit and vegetable garden
 tennis court net walks etc

In all 2½ ACRES

£10,500 FREEHOLD

HARRIS POSSESSION

HARRIS LTD 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge
 S.W.1 (Tel. Kennington 1490 Extn 808)

SUNNY SUSSEX COAST ^{c.2}

Within 200 yards of the sea and convenient to Golf Course

EXCEPTIONALLY MODERN LABOUR-SAVING
 HOUSE 2 reception 6 bedrooms 3 bathrooms. All
 main services. Garage. A delightful but busy view
 garden

FREEHOLD £8,800

VACANT POSSESSION

Sole Agents HARRIS LTD 34-36, Hans Crescent, S.W.1
 (Tel. Kennington 1490 Extn 808)

SOUTHERN SLOPE OF THE ^{c.2} QUANTOCKS

In one of the most beautiful villages imaginable. Insurance
 Town

MODERN WELL-PLANNED HOUSE. Exceptionally
 well fitted throughout. 2 reception 6 bedrooms 2 bath-
 room. main sitting room. Main water and electricity.
 Washbasins in all bedrooms. Garage. Mature gardens of
 about 1½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £8,700

VACANT POSSESSION

HARRIS LTD 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1
 (Tel. Kennington 1490 Extn 808)

WITHIN FEW MINUTES WALK OF RIVER AT STRAND ON THE GREEN ^{c.45}



WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE

1 lounge hall 3 reception, 10 or 12 bedrooms 2 bathrooms
 All main services. Garage with rooms over. Conservatory
 WHITE LAID-OUT GARDEN WITH LAWN FLOWERS
 BEDDING FRUIT TREES ETC. IN ALL

ABOUT HALF AN ACRE

FOR SALE FREEHOLD £7,500

PARTY POSSESSION

For particulars of the 2 flat Agents HARRIS LTD
 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Tel.
 Kennington 1490 Extn 808) and Messrs THOMAS GARDINER
 WOOD & CO. (Chiswick) W

ARKLEY, near BARNET ^{c.2/5}

(convenient for Station and close to bus route)
 WELL-PLACED AND ATTRACTIVE MODERN
 HOUSE in first-class site on a (cushion) land 1 and out
 (oak panelled lounge hall 3 good reception rooms (two
 cedar panelled) 5 bedrooms (first bath) 2 well fitted
 bathrooms. e. main sitting room
 All main services (central heating). Double garage
 Gardens and grounds about ONE ACRE

FREEHOLD, £7,900

HARRIS LTD 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1
 (Tel. Kennington 1490 Extn 808)

BORDERS OF HERTS AND ESSEX ^{c.34}

On the outskirts of a picturesque village about 3 miles from
 Bishop's Stortford



A COUNTRY HOME OF DISTINCTION

LAVISHLY FITTED THROUGHOUT
 Hall 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms 4 bathrooms
 Modern dressing, C.O.s, electric light and water

CENTRAL HEATING

GARAGE 3 CARS 2 COTTAGES

PARK LIKE GROUNDS

HARD TENNIS COURTS. KITCHEN GARDEN

FRUIT TREES MEADOWLANDS

IN ALL ABOUT 20 ACRES

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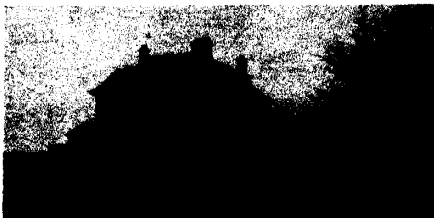
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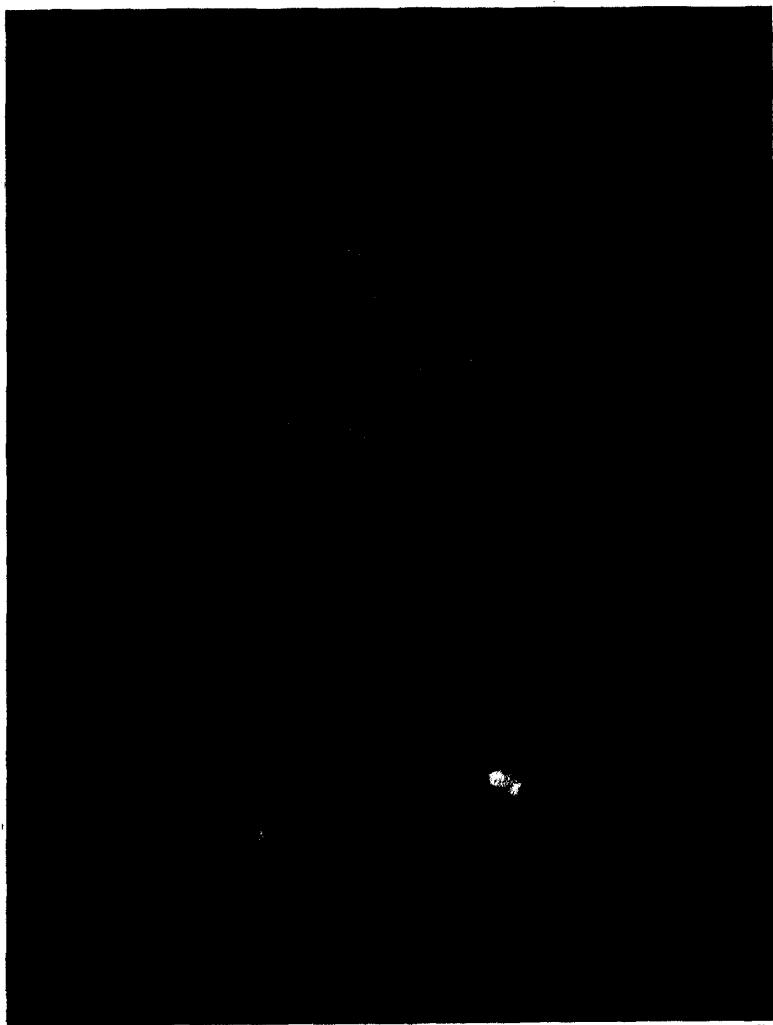
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX. No. 2558

JANUARY 25, 1946



Harp

MRS. PETER CAZENOVE

Mrs. Cazenove, who is the only daughter of the late Mr. Cyril E. Martineau and of Mrs. Martineau, 35, Sloane Avenue, S.W., and a cousin of the late President Roosevelt, nursed at St. Thomas's Hospital all through the war. Her marriage to Flight-Lieutenant Peter F. Cazenove, Auxiliary Air Force, only son of Major and Mrs. Percy Cazenove of New Hall, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, took place last November.

COUNTRY LIFE

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FARM LABOUR PROBLEMS

THOUGH the wage question looms large at the moment in the discussion of agricultural problems, it is by no means necessarily the decisive factor it might seem to be in deciding whether or not the industry will continue to be able to control or attract sufficient labour. The chief factors at the moment are likely to prove the progressive disappearance of prisoner-of-war labour, and the difficulty of implementing with the materials and personnel at the Government's disposal a policy of civilising rural existence which will really satisfy those who are coming back to the land and appear to those who wish to start a career on it.

Between these short-term and long-term factors is the rate of release from the Forces. Under the Class B block release arrangements it was some time ago arranged to release 10,000 men taken from agriculture, and it is now announced that authority has been given for the release of another 8,000. But this is nothing like enough if we are to be prepared to meet all contingencies. The number of prisoners now allocated to agriculture in England and Wales alone is nearly 100,000, and it is quite clear that they cannot be retained indefinitely—indeed, so far the Government has made no definite promise to keep them for employment after the next harvest.

Meanwhile, the effects of slowness of release from the Forces are being aggravated by other considerations. In order to accelerate the release of older men, it is now necessary to call up for military service considerable numbers of young men born in or after 1915 who have been retained in civil life, and it has now been decided that agriculture should make an additional contribution of the order of 5,000 men. Deferments already granted are to be reviewed and a larger proportion of young men who reach the age of eighteen this year are to be called up. Though the review of deferments is to be conducted by the Ministry of Agriculture and the War Executive Committees in concert, it cannot but reduce the net balance of current releases over intake. At the same time complaint is being made that the farms are losing men quite unnecessarily on medical grounds, owing to the issue of certificates by doctors to men recommending them for lighter work. These men, it is said, have been sheltered in agriculture during the war and are riding themselves of their responsibilities on medical grounds.

The long-term problem is even more important, and though it is satisfactory to find the Minister of Agriculture declaring that the provision of rural houses with good sanitation,

water, and electricity services is fundamental to the success of any policy that any Government might announce, there are hardly sufficient signs that Government achievement in these directions is likely to be rapid or effectively directed. The earlier declarations of the Minister of Health have been whittled down since his early days and it is quite clear that the Ministry of Agriculture has been exerting a good deal of pressure on other departments with the idea of getting the whole question of rural housing considered from a practical standpoint of maintaining agricultural production rather than of vindicating political theories. From this point of view the calling together of the Hobbouse Committee to present a new report on the subject probably indicates some realisation of the seriousness of the situation and may even fore-shadow a change of heart. But the Hobbouse Committee can have little to say to-day that they have not already said in their Report of 1943, and if their recommendations with regard to local organisation of plans and building are followed, that will lead to the most rapid overtaking of current needs that can be envisaged. Those recommendations are substantially based on the part which the rural builder can play, both in serious reconditioning and in the building of small groups of cottages largely with local materials. The longer his activities are crippled by the keeping back of his key men with the Forces, or by mistaken ideas with regard to pooling of labour, the slower will progress be.

SNOW

THE Spring has not yet come.

The robin now is dumb

In the wind-raked tree;

A blue tit seeks for food

Within the barren wood,

Nor any song has he.

The Spring has not yet come.

The thrush strikes with dumb

And hardened into stone.

No movement stirs the sedge,

And at the pond's sharp edge

A heron stands alone.

Only the north wind moans

And raps the hollow bones

Of the frozen ivy on the tomb

Till winging in its wake

The first unfurled snowflake

Comes floating down to ease

The armour of the cold.

The chains of frost that hold

The river and the wood.

Then from the deep up spys

White whirling millions fly

Released in silent flood.

PHOEBE HESKETH.

ANIMAL HEALTH

ATTENTION has recently been called to the fact that in spite of the comprehensive nature of the Government's statement on agricultural policy, so-called "disease" said in it with regard to the improvement of animal health—though the toll which disease takes of the industry is everywhere recognised as disastrous. During the war the Ministry, by revising the conditions governing the licensing of bulls and encouraging milk recording, has taken at least two important steps in the direction of livestock improvement. The connection between the breeding of better and healthier herds and the current eradication of disease should be self-evident, and for the co-ordination to be effective we need not only more careful local supervision but a larger and better organised force of veterinary practitioners providing both advice and medical assistance, wherever it is required. Apart from state and local services, there are at present not more than 1,500 qualified surgeons in agricultural practice—a number which is far from adequate and needs urgently to be increased. The Loveday Committee's veterinary education proposals produced during the war which contemplate the turning out of 220 graduates each year from the veterinary colleges in place of the present 150, and this figure the Ministry apparently accepts as meeting immediate needs. But much time has been lost since the Committee reported by negotiations with regard to the required expan-

sions between the Royal College and the Universities. It is surely high time that an official statement was made on the subject, if only to reassure would-be entrants to the profession. The encouraging way in which the "panel" service for dairy cows has been received shows how much work is waiting to be done, for the panel contracts at present cover only 300,000 animals and there is no doubt that with more qualified veterinary surgeons available the number could be doubled.

THE COLOURED BUSES

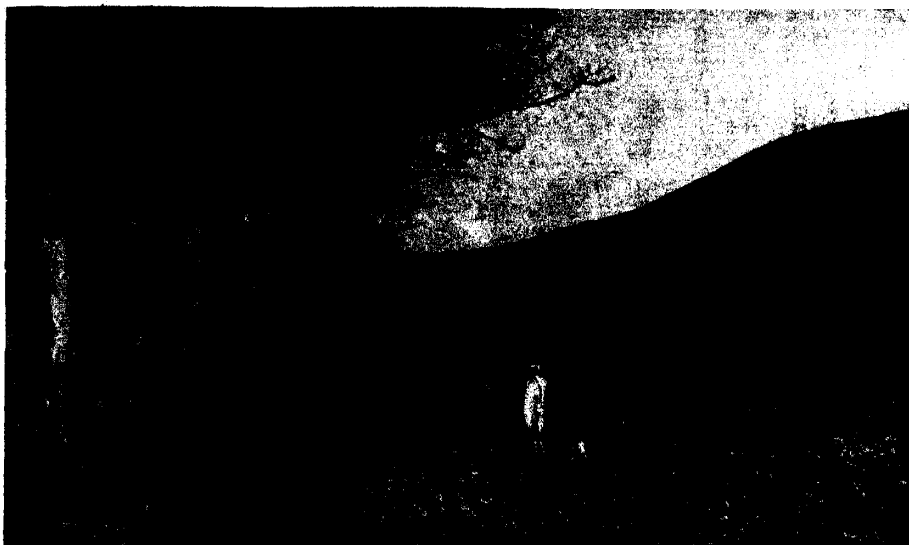
WE are told that the British Colour Council has advised on the exterior colour for buses, but the nature of their advice appears to be still wrapped in mystery. Londoners are familiar with only two colours; the staring vermilion of the urban bus, the comparatively restful green of the more rustic. There is doubtless something to be said for uniformity, but what glorious opportunities are wasted by this lack of invention. Lovers of Calverley will remember his engaging "charade" which describes a mother with her child waiting, as it ultimately turns out, for the St. John's Wood omnibus. Some buses were of richest purple, and some of palest blue, others of palest yellow like the April bees, and that which came at last to take the mother "safe in its gentle piloting" was green and gold. With such bright examples to help them it is to be hoped that the Colour Council may induce the Ministry of Works to induce the London Passenger Transport Board to be a little more enterprising and make our streets more colourful. The special enquiry as to "the correlation of cosmetics with costume colours" will leave a large part of the population cold by comparison.

THE GOLFER'S UNCONQUERABLE HOPE

THE golfer is growing a little weary and disillusioned. He has sold the solid state of good time coming when he will be able to buy a good, new ball to play with. However, he goes on hoping and he has lately been cheered yet again by learning that by mid-Summer there will be a "reasonable supply" of the real thing. To this statement, however, a damping corollary is attached. It is to be expected that almost the whole supply will go to the professionals for playing in competition and for "tutoring" purposes. Nobody will grudge the professional a proper supply of ammunition for the hard fights before him next Summer, but there will be no such altruistic feelings towards his pupils. The ordinary golfer will rather be of opinion that the learner might exercise his practice hand upon already war-scarred veterans, which are quite good enough for him. We are further told that the new balls will probably cost 3s. 9d. apiece as compared with the florin or half-penny of pre-war days. That is a modest price and indeed a bargain, but it is not what is demanded in the Agony Column, and, as we may suppose, eagerly paid. An "unwrapped" ball resplendent in its original paper of a pre-war vintage is in the nature of a pig in a poke and has here now caused some bitter, disappointment.

GARDEN VISITORS

REQUISITIONING of houses, shortage of staff and petrol rationing all made the running of the National Gardens Scheme increasingly difficult during the war years. All the more credit must be given to the organisers, whose hard work and enthusiasm have kept it alive. In 1945 the scheme was taken over by the Queen's Institute of District Nursing by the opening of gardens—a figure only £17 short of the preceding year's and still very considerably higher than that of 1943. Buckinghamshire with a total of 8613 again came out head of the list of counties, with Lancashire second, bringing in 4,135 gardens. The scheme was the opening of the gardens of Stonyhurst College, which in one day attracted over 5,000 visitors. This year, with larger numbers of holiday makers, a little more petrol for motoring, and, it is to be hoped, a few more gardeners home from the wars, the scheme should go ahead with renewed vigour.



Will F. Taylor

HARROWING ON THE SOUTH DOWNS, NEAR EDBURTON

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IT would be interesting to hear from those COUNTRY LIFE readers who maintain birds' breakfast-tables if it is usual for the blue tit to sit down to meals. I must confess I had never noticed this forthright behaviour until three years ago when one of the odd half-dozen blue tits, who are regular members of the breakfast-table club, started to eat his crust of bread by squatting squarely on his posterior, with the morsel held close to his beak in both feet. It is a most comfortable position apparently, and certainly a very sensible one, as the scrap of bread does not slip away with each peck, and there is less risk of another breakfaster purloining it. Individual blue tits are difficult to identify, but I imagined it was only one bird that adopted this stance, for I thought I could detect a slight shabbiness of the feathers beneath his tail as the result, which suggested that his trousers would require re-seating before the annual moult.

THE following Winter the "tit who sits down to meals" was again in evidence, watched presumably with admiration by his relatives, and this year the fashion has caught on, for, not only do all the blue tits adopt it as a matter of course, but a pair of marsh tits, who are infrequent visitors, immediately sit down if they see one of their opposite numbers in blue breakfasting in this position. It is rather suggestive of those occasions when a human diner, unaccustomed to the array of forks, knives and glasses which are laid at a state dinner, keeps a watchful eye on an old hand so that there should be no regrettable knife activity with a dish for which it is "forks only." I shall never forget the horrified amazement at our dinner table of an Egyptian officer who, on a dish of asparagus coming round, made the discovery that English people, usually so correct about the employment of the right sort of knives and forks, adopt the custom of the Beduin with this vegetable and, grabbing it in their fingers, suck the end off in the same way that a nomad Arab sucks the marrow from a sheep's knuckle bone.

Those aggressive individualists, the great tits, are now giving the sitting position a trial

from time to time, but, though they realise it has its good points, they are loth to commit themselves entirely to the methods of their social inferiors. Beyond the tit family it seems unlikely that the new fashion in table manners will spread, as the robins, nuthatches and chaffinches persist in treating the breakfast-table as a snack bar, and their method of feeding suggests that of those part-time Highlanders, who in the month of August wear kilts, and walk around the room eating their breakfast porridge "on the hoof."

IN my childhood days I was told a not-very-nice nursery story about an old farm wife, who one morning tipped out the dregs of a beer cask into the goose yard, and an hour later found the six occupants stretched out apparently dead. Resolved to cut her loss as much as possible she hurriedly plucked the birds for the market (this of course was long before the days of efficient poultry-sale control), and, as she was finishing the last bird, the first one recovered from its bout of drunkenness and, with all the signs of a bad hang-over, started to waddle away in a naked state. As the weather was chilly the old farm wife set to work and hastily made flannel pull-overs, equipped with pants, which she put on the geese when they had recovered consciousness, and which they wore until their feathers grew again. According to the story, as it was told me, they lived happily ever after—on, at any rate, until the week before Christmas.

This nursery tale struck me as being most improbable even at the early age of six, but I have just been told a true story of to-day, which would go to prove that the complete plucking of birds has presumably no harmful effect. A friend of mine, seeing a number of geese on a near-by farm, enquired if he could

buy one for Christmas. The smallholder's wife replied that she had no licence to sell poultry, and could only let him have a goose as a stock bird; and the price would be £2 10s. Then, on finding that the sum was considered excessive, she added: "and of course this would include plucking."

WITH reference to the famous, or infamous, Picasso picture, *Woman with Fish Hair*, I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing wrong with the picture itself; it is over the title, or caption, that Picasso has led us astray, and upset so many people. The correct title for this very striking picture is quite obviously *Woman in a Fish Queue*, and once one has grasped this one realises what a marvellous and true-to-life work of art it is.

The blazing eyes set at different angles, which have irritated students of art and anatomy, are correct in every way with no hint of exaggeration, for they reproduce the look one sees on a fish-queue female's face almost every day—the left eye on the marble slab measuring the last piece of turbot displayed, and looking disparagingly at the Iceland cod, while the right eye counts the number of would-be fish purchasers between the subject of the portrait and the fish vendor. The malignant glare in the right eye is not exaggerated at all, for it is to be seen on most mornings since the days of peace and plenty started. The high cock of the nostrils is also true to life, for we do not all desire to know the age of the fish displayed, and how long it has been on rail or waiting for strikers to load it, while the agonised clasp of the hands and contortion of the mouth suggest that the last strip of turbot is in immediate peril with a customer in view.

The empty fork in the hat, plus the well-picked bone and the clock, which does not seem to be registering Greenwich time, are all common features of to-day, while the bristly state of the poor creature's neck merely shows that the over-worked and under-staffed hair-dresser has been unable to give her an appointment for over a month, or that the unfortunate

woman spends so much time in fish and other queues that she is unable to attend to her toilet. I do not agree with the majority of the population of this country that the picture is meaningless—with the correct title it is one of the most striking and topical pictures of to-day.

A CORRESPONDENT in a Sunday newspaper asks if the following statement made to him by a farmer is true: "that at big shoots the head keeper serves out to the gun-loaders half the supply of cartridges in blanks and the shooter blazes away in blissful ignorance—but for this there would never be any birds left over for the next shoot." It is really disgraceful the way these mendacious farmers pull the legs of the simple townsmen, but the shooter blazing off blank cartridges at grouse, pheasants and partridges makes a good story, and is almost as easy to believe as the one about the sandbags being sent out from this country ready filled with sand for the Suez Canal defences.

So far I have never had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of shoot-owners who, in addition to providing us with a day's sport and a brace of birds to take home, also supply the cartridges, but they may exist. As most of the men I meet when shooting are most particular, and in some cases fussy, about the make and loading of the cartridges they use, I cannot think the system would ever be really popular. "No, I never accept Smith's invitations to shoot nowadays. He has become one of those No. 7 shot fanatics and supplies nothing else; and I have never been able to do any good with them."

On the other hand, the knowledge that blanks had been issued to the loaders might supply a most convincing excuse for those painful exhibitions, which are occasionally given by the most reliable shots and which they have to attribute to bad light. "Entirely the loader's fault. He did not stir up the cartridges properly when the keeper issued them, and during the last drive I was firing nothing but blanks!"

THE wild polecat from all accounts is more common in various parts of this country than it was some thirty years ago, and reports of the animal being seen in several parts of Wales and the Lake District are constantly recorded. It is satisfactory to know that this interesting survival of the past is still holding its own.

One of the peculiarities of the polecat is his fondness for frogs and toads, and his original method of putting these reptiles into, what one might call, cold storage. It is recorded that in one breeding nest over forty frogs and toads were found in a state of suspended animation—alive but quite unable to do more than breathe. They had all been skilfully bitten through the head in such a manner that only that portion of the brain which controls movement had been affected, which suggests that the polecat's knowledge of anatomy and skilful surgery almost puts him in the F.R.C.S. class.

DURING an angling discussion on the general coloration of trout and the extent to which this varies, I happened to mention

that on one occasion I had caught trout on a small mountain loch in County Fermanagh which had blue spots as well as brown and red! This statement met with some incredulity, and I was asked to name the loch and provide further details. On looking back through the mist of years to that day in the pure mountain air of North Ireland I wonder if my evidence as an eye-witness is reliable enough to be accepted in fishing circles.

It happened to be August 2, a date of some significance if one serves in a regiment with Minden traditions, and at the time I was attached at Enniskillen to the Hampshire Regiment who were with Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick on August 1, 1759, and who had marched into battle with roses in their hats. I recall the day very clearly—particularly the long jolting drive up to the loch in an Irish jaunting car—and I remember that my companion, an officer of the Hampshire Regiment, also commented on the blue spots on the trout we caught. As, however, the whole of the scenery, including the loch, the boat and the boatman, seemed to be decorated with spots of varying hue that morning we may have been in the same state as the historical gun of Victorian times, who, as the result of late nights with the decanter, was in the habit of opening the day with a right and left at the covey of brown liver spots as they floated over the hedgerow in front.

I should be grateful if any North Irish fisherman with experience of Co. Fermanagh would confirm if there are trout near Enniskillen with blue spots—it would relieve my mind to hear that there are.

THE COOLINS IN WINTER

By M. G. COX

BLACK squalls came hurrying hard on each other's heels out of the north, bringing, with them great furies of snow, covering the Skye roads with a soft blanket, only to be lifted again by the wind and sent to swell the drifts in more sheltered places.

So it was on the morning of our first day in Glen Brittle, when we set out towards Coire Laggan intending to reconnoitre the precipice of Sron na Ciche. Between us and the corrie was a sheet of falling snow; at first it came upon us as light, watery flakes which melted when they settled on our clothes, but soon the wind was beating ferociously against us, whipping up the loose surface snow into spirals that swept across the glen in columns of white powder. Our faces burned red on the weather side as the stinging flakes were driven horizontally against them.

We trudged on through this curtain of snow, hoping that when we reached the corrie there might be a lull allowing us, perhaps, just a glimpse of the rocks. Higher up, however, the snow fell thicker than ever, so we sheltered thankfully at the foot of a huge boulder which, in its Winter coat, resembled a miniature Matterhorn. Here we awaited a gap in the seething, grey mass. It did not come. Everything was filled with the wind's whining and rushing among the invisible rocks above and the light pattering of falling flakes around us. We retraced our steps to Glen Brittle House, disappointed, but what could we expect of Skye weather in January?

If this were to continue, climbing would clearly be out of the question, and even if conditions improved it was doubtful whether the rocks would "go."

COOLINS RIDGE FROM SCURR
BANACHDICH





THE ISLE OF RUM FROM SGURR DEARG

Before going to bed we opened the door, which faced the mountains, and looked outside. Incredibly, the night was infinitely still, and with the stillness had come the cold. The only sound came from the Banachdich burn near by, and even this seemed subdued now, as if it realised that by morning there would be only thin trickles of water pulsating gently under the ice.

Our bedroom water-jug was frozen solid when we awoke, but the Coolins were absolutely clear, silhouetted in the shadow of the sun which cast a pink glow upon the lower hills that border the west of Glen Brittle. Above, a few isolated clouds were motionless in the pale blue northern sky, which grew paler still, almost turning to white on the horizon.

After a vast breakfast we mounted leisurely up the way whereon we had battled with the wind and snow the day before. We reached Coire Banachdich within an hour. We struck the southern slope of the corrie somewhat too high and had to traverse carefully across steep snow-covered scree, under the lower rocks of Sgurr Dearg, to the foot of the Window Buttress. Here we ate some sandwiches and examined the climb. The rock was powdered with snow and most ledges and cracks were covered with a thin layer of ice. We decided to make a route up the right-hand side of the buttress, leaving the Window itself just to our left, as under prevailing conditions this pitch would have taken too long, if indeed it could have been climbed at all.

We roped and made our way very slowly and cautiously, pitch by pitch, up glazed rocks which, in Summer, would have been comparatively simple. Now every hold had to be scraped clear of verglas, sometimes with the ice-axe and sometimes with a jack-knife, making our hands bitterly cold and sticking to our fingers if we hesitated. Some pitches were easy, others very near the limit; it took a great deal longer than either of us had expected, and it was well into the afternoon when we reached a broad shelf below the west shoulder of Sgurr Dearg. We rested and finished the sandwiches.

We did not linger long, as time was passing

too quickly, but continued upwards over the broken ice-crusts rocks of the shoulder. Before long the sun was setting over the sea, forcing us to descend, while there was still light, into Coire Laggan. We had not reached the summit of Sgurr Dearg, there to find out what the main ridge had in store for us the next day, but we had remained long enough to see the last sparkle on the icicles that bearded the rocks beside us, and the long streamers of cloud that reflected a dim red light over the hills on Rum. Then we descended in a smooth and glorious glissade to the tiny lochan in the floor of Coire Laggan just as the sun disappeared beyond the islands.

Back at Glen Brittle House, we reflected in comfort and made plans for the morrow over a gigantic meal, during which one of us disposed of no fewer than thirteen mugs of tea! Afterwards, as usual, we inspected the night, and found a sky twinkling with myriads of stars, no cloud visible and an all-pervading frost. The weather was going to hold.

Daylight did not belie expectations, and our aim was to climb directly up the face of Sgurr nan Gobhar close behind the house, continuing along the arête which connects this outlying peak with the main Coolin ridge, and thence to the summit of Sgurr Banachdich by its west face. There we would obtain the view we had missed the previous day.

We plodded wearily in soft powdery snow on the lower slopes, but as the gradient steepened the snow improved. We kicked steps to the summit, and looked back across Glen Brittle to the Minch. Our walk along the arête was upon a sharp edge of wind-blown snow, too delicate to support many cornices, but a perfect surface to tread. Near the junction with the west face of Banachdich, we swept the snow from some rough gabbro boulders, sat down and ate a meal.

By now the sun had become surprisingly hot, rising, as it does in Skye at that time of year, only a comparatively short distance above the horizon. This in itself is often of great assistance to the photographer, as the surface texture of the snow is thrown into sharp relief and is not a lifeless plain of whitewash.

In front of us the rocks and gullies of Sgurr a' Greadaidh, gleaming white with fluted ice, stood out sharply beyond the great shadow cast by Sgurr Banachdich. Further to our right lay the dark, rounded buttresses of Sgurr Dearg; only the broad shelf which we had reached the day before was in sunshine, while over the sea a haze hid all but the highest peaks of Rum, standing serenely above calm waters. An embryo cloud forming above Askival appeared like smoke from a volcano. All around us the sunshine struck a million little crystals and knobs of ice.

We walked on up this dazzling carpet wondering eagerly what we would see beyond the main ridge. Soon the summit was in sight and we ran to the cairn. A truly amazing panorama stretched towards the mainland. The great snow and ice faces of Blaven and Clach Glas formed the middle distance while the black shadow of the Coolins barred the sun from the corries below. Northwards the Red Hills across Glen Sligachan stood like giant puff-balls capped in ridges of silky snow. Hundreds of peaks were visible to the east, though a low-lying haze cut off all but their tops from our view on the horizon. In the very dim distance the bulk of Ben Nevis could just be discerned.

Below us lay Coruisk, its waters dark in the shadow of the ridge. Over everything was a profound quiet till an occasional stone or ice particle broke off with the sun's warmth and went tinkling into the depths.

We spent some time on the summit finishing our lunch and exposing much film in an effort to capture something of the beauty of our surroundings. It is all too easy under such conditions to take photographs haphazardly in the belief that the camera sees eye-to-eye with oneself, forgetting its limitations and paying too little attention to the composition of each picture.

When the sun began to lose its warmth the falling stones were silenced once more, and we plunged gaily down a convenient trough of crusted snow into Coire a' Greadaidh.

How easy it is at the end of one climbing

EAST FROM THE MAIN RIDGE. BLAVEN AND CLACH GLAS WITH MAINLAND PEAKS BEYOND

day to talk of ambitious schemes for the next, and how often are those schemes modified in favour of something less strenuous when the next day comes. Our limbs were somewhat weary and we succumbed easily to the tentative suggestion of an off day, exploring the burns on the low ground.

Streams are perhaps one of the most pleasant ingredients of mountain scenery. Starting as mere drips and seepings or throbbing springs, they gradually become more confident trickles which join countless other trickles to form a regular flow, turning at last into a rushing, talkative torrent, with falls and pools. In winter their waters are crusted with ice and the heathery banks that border their course are snowbound. Icicles hang from the

falls and the pools look green and cold; frost flowers glide down the water and freeze to the icy margin, forming varieties of patterns.

We spent some fascinating hours looking for photographs along the banks of the burn which emerges from Coire Laggan and winds across boulder-strewn flats to the sea.

The following day was as fine as ever but high above the Gairns were a few long wisps of cloud. We decided to go up Glen Brittle and climb the south-west side of Sgurr Thuilm, making any course from the summit which seemed favourable according to the time we had taken. Our way led upwards over steep, regular slopes to a wonderful curved arête which mounted directly towards the summit. The snow here was in perfect condition and it was easy to kick steps, though there were patches formed by wind action which were prepared to slide had they been given provocation.

Sgurr Thuilm was an arc of white and hardly any rock was visible, except for occasional outcrops. We had seen this snow two days before and had longed to tread it. Beyond the cairn and still above, the peak of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh was scarred by a great black gully, and the ridge between was heavily corniced. Away in Applecross and Torridon the hills stood over a haze which covered the rest of Skye, and above them strange opaque cloud bars

were massing. The northern sky was tinged with a curious pale green.

We followed the ridge and decided to make for the highest of Mhadaidh's four tops; this meant traversing very steep snow slopes below the peak until we joined a large couloir which led directly to the skyline. The snow was astonishingly hard, almost like *névé*, and the angle was considerable; fragments dislodged by the leader's ice-axe swished past and cannoned off the retaining walls. At length, breathing hard, we gained the col between Sgurr a' Mhadaidh and Sgurr a' Greadaidh, and after a rest continued up steep irregular rocks, very slippery but beautiful with frost flowers. To reach the summit it was necessary to proceed *à cheval* upon a knife-edge of ice, gripping tightly with the knees and summoning every available source of friction from our clothing. On one side an apparently vertical cliff dropped to Coruisk, while the other fell away hardly less steeply to the snow slopes which we had traversed. This was indeed a real mountain.

A faint chill wind sprang up as we watched the sky turn slowly from green through pink to red, and great ranges of clouds now filled the north. We were glad to clamber back to the col and proceed, at first with much braking, then with ever-increasing confidence, in a superb glissade down the couloir. As we emerged into Coire a' Greadaidh the sun lit on the frozen surface of a pool, making it glow like fire.

Late in the night the expected storm began, and the mountains retired once more behind a misty barrier heavy with snowflakes.

The pictures illustrating this article were taken by Michael Cox and Hamish Pelham-Burn.

THE AUTHOR ON THE
SUMMIT OF SGURR
THUILM

Patches of snow might easily have slid as the mountaineers climbed



SKOKLOSTER SHIELD

By JAMES MANN

THE layman who looks at the Skokloster shield may well be excused for repeating the words of General Bosquet at Balaklava: It is magnificent, but it is not war. Yet one need not judge armour solely by its fitness in the field. Its uses were wider than that. From the earliest ages weapons have been subject to elaborate ornamentation, and it is only in recent years that this instinct has been suppressed.

In the days before crowns and stars and crossed batons, a leader was known by the richness of his accoutrement. A fine armour gave prestige. It was the most valued of diplomatic gifts. Rival monarchs on the Field of the Cloth of Gold strove hard to outshine each other in person as well as in policy. The parade armour was a serious matter, and implied more than personal vanity. It was an instrument of propaganda, designed to emphasise the owner's power and resources.

The shield (Fig. 1) which is described and illustrated in great detail in a monograph published by the Kungl. Livrustkammaren, *Skokloster Skölden*, with an English summary (Stockholm 1945), by the former director, the late Baron Rudolf Cederstrom, and completed by a colleague, Karl Erik Steneberg, forms part of the hereditary armoury of Count Wrangel in the castle of Skokloster. The authors show that it probably belongs to a suit for man and horse in the Swedish Royal Armoury made for King Erik XIV of Sweden by an Antwerp goldsmith, Eliseus Liebaerts. This is a new name to the student of armour and raises interesting speculations about the whole group of embossed armour to which it belongs. This has hitherto been called the Louvre School from the French connections of many of its components.

The ornament is in all cases florid and rather decadent in the manner of the School of Fontainebleau. It lacks the richness and vigour of the work of the Negroli of Milan of the preceding generation. Liebaerts was clearly more of a goldsmith or medallist than an armourer. The general design is nearly always weak, taking little account of the main lines of the armour, but the execution of the detail is most accomplished. This is clearly shown by contrasting the photograph of the whole shield, which gives a confused impression, with any of the eleven plates of detail. The latter exhibit with what skill the muscular figures of captives are rendered in low relief, and the savage battle of naked



1.—THE SKOKLOSTER SHIELD



2.—PEACE GEMII; DETAIL OF THE SUIT OF ERIK XIV IN STOCKHOLM. (Right) 3.—DRAWING IN THE GRAPISCHE SAMMLUNG AT MUNICH

men and horses in the central cartouche is quite horrifying. The women throwing arms upon the fire, though executed in a most stubborn medium, are actually more sensitive than the drawings for them in the Graphische Sammlung at Munich (Fig. 3).

The Louvre School is represented in this country by several parade shields in the Wallace Collection and at Windsor Castle. Whether we shall in future have to call it the Antwerp School remains to be seen. But wherever or by whom it was made, the prevailing inspiration is that of the French artist, Etienne Delaune.

Armour can be as significant a vehicle of taste as furniture or architecture. Erik XIV must have liked his opulent Antwerp armours, for he had three of them, two of which were sold early in the seventeenth century to the Elector of Saxony. But we know that he was also acquainted with armour of a more restrained magnificence. When he was courting Queen Elizabeth, his envoy Duke John of Finland, was presented with an armour engraved with a bear shouldering a sword which was made for him in the Royal Workshops at Greenwich. It is now lost, but its appearance is recorded by a drawing in the pattern book known as the *Jacobs Album*, and now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

(Right) 4.—DETAIL OF THE SHIELD

FOX-HUNTING'S DEBT TO THE FARMER

"HUNTING, like the drama or any other institution, depends for its existence on the support of public opinion," said the late Lord Voughty de Broke. "The particular public opinion in this case is that of the farmers goes without saying."

If the squire be still in possession of his ancestral acres, which is most unlikely, he is probably too poor to hunt. The parson certainly is, and owing to a definite shortage of medicine, the doctor is too busy. Yet they and the farmers—with a small percentage of soldiers on leave—were the field in olden days. From mid-Victorian times hunting became really much too popular and there rode over the land a very different and much larger field, most of whom knew little about agriculture. In addition, a perfect spate of new laws and regulations on every conceivable subject during the last fifty years or so has added enormously to the difficulties of hunting a much more thickly-populated country, so that damage which was trivial in times past easily becomes of some magnitude to-day.

Let me give an actual example. A youth put a tired horse at a boundary fence into a road and knocked a hole in the fence. After he had gone the stock got out and the police took action against the farmer for letting his animals stray on the road. The Bench happened to consist that day of sporting magistrates, who fined the farmer as lightly as possible, but none the less administered the law, as they were bound to do. The farmer promptly warned the hunt off!

As Mr. Jorrocks says, "A slight knowledge of farmin' promotes the true enjoyment of the chase, and wot so 'umiliating as to see a big farmer bullying a little man in leathers and scarlet for riding over his seeds when the innocent is ignorant of havin' done nothin' o' the sort!" All the same, it does not follow that he was ignorant, except of local conditions.

In these days people move about a great deal. He might have come from one of the plough countries, which always have been arable and always have been hunted over, so that unless it was seeds in the literal sense of the word, his offence in those countries would be almost nil. It is this shifting population which is one

Written & Illustrated by
LIONEL EDWARDS

of the modern menaces to fox-hunting. There is, I am afraid, a growing section among the farmers who, although they welcome residents, intensely dislike horse-box folk. Although the honorary secretary probably looked on these as a mixed blessing, their cap was distinctly useful to hunt funds, especially in some of the more fashionable countries. Two or three well-known hunts have this season banned visitors—a wise precaution from the farmers' point of view, if not from the box office's.

Another much-debated question among my farmer friends is that of fox-hunting on Saturdays. Years before the war I heard them say that they were against Saturday hunting, especially the smaller farmers. Their men go home at mid-day, leaving the small farmer to milk and feed, etc., so that the land is empty. Consequently, if gates are left open the straying of stock, etc., is unnoticed until Monday morning and a lot can happen in that time. On the other hand, many farmers and most business men and tradesmen would be unable to hunt on any day except Saturday.

What is the answer? Anyway, it boils down to this—never leave a gate open. Second horsemen were supposed to shut gates, but I always remember the master who, writing up his hunting diary, underlined in red ink "actually saw a second horseman shut a gate!" T.T. herds confirmed in double fences make the gate question more acute than ever.

There is another aspect of Saturday hunting that occurs to me. It seems to me likely that it may be difficult, in these days of high wages and short hours, to get hunt servants and grooms to work late on tired and dirty horses on Saturdays.

Unfortunately, there are to-day, for fox-hunting, bigger issues to be faced—as examples, the new motor roads and the electrification of all railways. Both will be real stoppers, one would imagine! But let us confine ourselves to the more immediate future and not go to meet trouble halfway.

Those people who think that hunting conflicts with farming interests must be a little shaken in their convictions, not only by the fact that the farming community had a wonderful opportunity to stop hunting in the early days of the war, and did not, but by the fact that the farmers in the Chiddingfold country of Surrey and Sussex started a new pack of foxhounds in their country to replace the old pack, and this during the war.

A few of the many packs did not hunt through the war and, as I fully expected, they are the ones which have some difficulty in starting up again. So far as I can learn at present however, only two are really defunct out of about 190 in Great Britain, exclusive of Scotland and Ireland.

My business has of late led me to various hunting countries. In each I have endeavoured to discover the local conditions and, in most cases, had a day's hunting also. "No names, no pack drill," but one hunt I went to is run by two farmers, with an old kennel man of 70. Another has been hunted by a farmer through the war and chiefly financed by brother agriculturalists. Moreover, these are not the little foot packs of the Welsh, Scottish or Cumbrian hills that are, in normal times, what one might call poor man's fox-hunting, but they are ordinary, fair-sized provincial hunts. The enthusiasm for the chase is far from dead. Apart from those taking an actual part, the odd trusses of hay and straw, the pig potatoes to feed hounds on, the odd carcass for the same purpose, or the loan of a horse to the hunt servants by a farmer, have all kept things going. In fact, the farmers have saved fox-hunting from extinction.

During the war every acre was needed for corn, potatoes or sugar-beet. Apart from the fact that this was, in many cases, a hardship for farmers, apparently local climate was not always taken into consideration and, more particularly in the north and west of Britain, crops were grown which, obviously to local people, could not ripen, much less be harvested, owing to climatic conditions. I have in mind a very considerable acreage in Westmorland where corn lay rotting in the fields when I



"ONE OF THE PLOUGH COUNTRIES WHICH ALWAYS HAVE BEEN 'ARABLE'"



"OLD BOILING HENS AT THIRTY SHILLINGS EACH".

passed in November a year or two back. Consequently it is obvious that a relaxation of

As a farmer wrote recently, "If farmers should extinguish hunting, it will not extinguish foxes."

restrictions is called for, and that much land must go back to grass—which is to the good from a riding point of view. And yet no loss to the nation.

Then there is the poultry question. In normal times most hunts paid (although it was not obligatory) compensation for loss occasioned, by foxes, but it is obvious that no hunt has funds capable of paying for even old boiling hens at 30s. each! Therefore, they put up with vulpine and try to look pleasant about it! This may continue for some time to come, and, personally, I doubt if it will lead to a fox shortage.

The views of the farmers' men are a little more difficult to gauge. Perhaps these two examples give some sort of guide to their attitude to day—

(A) *Northamptonshire*. There be a fox in a trap down in long meadow beside I couldn't get he out. You'd better have a try.
(B) *Hampshire*. The Yanks were just fond of pets as the British soldiers. One of them had a tame fox cub—which he released before going overseas on D. Day. This cub, with a collar on, was quite unable to fend for itself and, driven desperate by hunger, it was seen trying to steal a workman's dinner out of his satchel (left under a hedge). It was promptly knocked on the head.

In conclusion let me record part of a conversation overheard on the last day of cub hunting. An old farmer was speaking. "And I shall hope to see you gents at the opening next week in scarlet and everything, the same as afore the war." The reply was, "Well, I don't know, George. It was not much fun fighting Hitler and some of us didn't come back, including our late master, so on the whole I think most people will think that scarlet is not indicated, at least, for the present."

HOW TO MANAGE WEEK-END SHOOT

By J. B. DROUGHT

ONE of the brickbats most commonly hurled at syndicates is their partiality for over-shooting, to the detriment of ground and breeding stocks alike. Were there no better grounds for querying this suggestion, it is most unlikely that hard-headed business men would choose practically to double their expenses by re-stocking every year for the sake of a few days' extra shooting. If we cannot give them credit for sportsmanship, we might at least allow them common sense, although there are undoubtedly exceptions in those syndicates which carry out an annual fitting from one shooting to another and leave a barren heritage for unfortunate successors.

This question of over-shooting is not disposed of so easily, however. Quite often, without any lack of sportsmanship or infringement of bag limits, properties are too hard-hammered. The problem of week-end shooting is not an easy one. Men naturally want to enjoy their only days of recreation and so the Saturday shoot becomes an institution.

Now let us see how this works out. It may mean that a place is shot twenty-three times in the season, without taking into account the Christmas holidays. That means another two or three days' shooting, and this is out of all reason on any moderate-sized shoot.

If one expresses this opinion to those unconvinced with the ups and downs of game propagation, they ask why? They go on to say that their forbears shot for a hundred and twenty-six days a season without injuring their breeding stock and that game is much more plentiful nowadays than it was aforetime. That is all quite true. Yet how many shots did those old gentlemen, with their antiquated weapons, obtain by comparison with ourselves? Not so many in the season as are fired in one day's partridge driving or covert shooting. Were we content to pot-hunt, firing at one bird every hour, we, too, could go out whenever the fancy took us without worrying about the future. Unquestionably, in some parts of the country, ~~one can still do so. That does not, as a rule,~~ however, mean partridges and pheasants.

Of course, a syndicate may shoot every week-end, with high days and holidays into the bargain, if expense be no object. But then the problem ceases to be a problem. It may take a big enough area to provide shooting for, say, forty days in the season, twice over the ground, and no harm will be done to future prospects because every separate beat will be appropriately rested between whiles.

It is not the actual killing of so many birds on a moderate-sized area, but the constant disturbance of an even larger number that does the damage. As has been said, with unlimited

financial resources these considerations do not arise and there is nothing easier on a model shoot, stocked in abundance, than to work out how much ground can be taken every shooting day to yield exactly what is wanted.

That, however, is not how most men, not being millionaires, look at things. What the average shooter wants primarily is ground which will give him fair bags on each occasion of his shooting. To suggest how this may be achieved, therefore, let us take a purely hypothetical shoot of, say, two thousand birds. Let us suppose, too, that it boasts a thousand pheasants, five hundred partridges, plenty of rabbits and a quota of snipe and various on a four-hundred-acre marsh. Then let us ask how that shoot could be managed to allow shooting every week-end throughout the season and to leave a decent stock for next year.

Quite a straightforward question, it appears, which should be capable of answer without prevarication. So it is, for the answer is that it cannot be managed at all unless we are willing to spend half those week-ends in pursuit of snipe, rabbits and etceteras. For look at it this way. Our pheasants will give us two big days in November; two lesser ones at Christmas, and one outing for cocks after that.

If we want to increase our stock of partridges, however, we cannot afford to shoot up more than half the stock. For 250 birds we do not, remember, make up 125 true pairs; we shall be lucky indeed if, allowing for Winter casualties due to natural causes, they provide us with 80 nests. We shall be equally lucky if the all-over average of every nest is seven young birds, so that under the most favourable circumstances we shall have fewer than 750 partridges, young and old, at the beginning of next season.

So, while we may spread our partridge shooting somewhat by having some mixed days, the shoot is not big enough to leave driving till late, and it really boils down to how long it will take us to shoot 125 brace. These, perhaps, by spreading it we might make five weeks, with our five days' covert shooting, falls a long way short of the twenty-three week-ends of the season. Yet there is this much comfort on this shoot which (again let us pretend) we have taken for a term of years. The more self-denial we practise early on, the better for the future. Those partridge stocks will go on increasing, to the increase also of our shooting days, although the birds must never be allowed to increase beyond the capacity of the ground, combined with Winter feeding, to support them.

To revert briefly to the original question, however, we shall have to alter the figures con-

siderably if we want anything like twenty-five days' game shooting in the season although, of course, much depends upon natural geographical conditions. In any case, we must very likely double the acreage and the stock upon it if a similar number of guns is to have equivalent shooting. The amount of game a shoot will support per acre depends upon those natural amenities which I have mentioned. It does not follow that we shall get twice as much shooting.

I do not pretend, therefore, that this hypothesis is of any greater value than to serve as a rough illustration of what, under average conditions, may be expected. It is, of course, impossible to detail the countless ways in which any ground may be managed. While it cannot be gained that the smaller the shoot the less disturbance it will stand, it may be quite possible on a moderate-sized place—one of, say, 1,500 to 2,000 acres—to arrange things that only so many heads shall be shot on any one day. Thus more outings will be possible, but the number of guns is also relevant. Broadly speaking, except on large shoots, few are preferable to many. While this is perfectly capable of arrangement on a private shoot, it is not in a syndicate the membership of which is fixed.

So we are up against another problem, as obviously the amount we kill and the number of days which we take to do it depends upon the degree of collective skill. Then there is also the financial point of view. Our shoot might be ideal for four guns, but for economy's sake we must settle in another couple, they're incensed at the killing power, and so on, leaving the possible number of shooting days. One cannot generalise upon these administrative permutations, except to suggest that where membership is too fully disproportionate to the ground the use of more than one gun per person should be forbidden.

One other point! A great deal more harm than many people realise is done by the undue prolongation of shooting days. Too many beats are planned, with the result that most, if not all, are taken in too great a hurry before that fatal last drive takes place very often in the half light of a Winter's evening. Perhaps I have been unlucky, but in this particular my experience is that syndicates, with few exceptions, are blameworthy. These last drives react on their perpetrators in the long run. For driven game is never easy; it is supremely difficult in a bad light which increases cost per cent the chances of human error in tired men. If we always missed clean what we did not kill it would not matter. Unfortunately, we don't and it is, I verily believe, in these circumstances that a very large number of birds are pricked, to their own suffering and the detriment, if not the destruction, of their capacity for breeding.



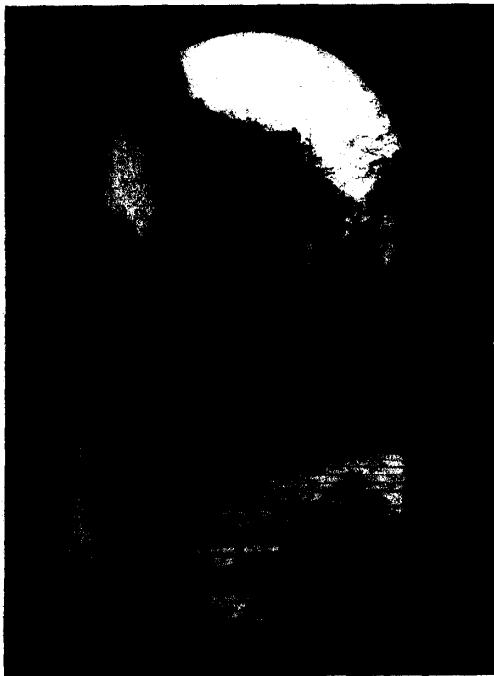
1.—THE SOUTH FRONT: PINK WASHED WITH WHITE DETAILS AND PALE BLUE-GREEN SHUTTERS

RACKENFORD MANOR, DEVON—I

FORMERLY THE HOME OF THE LATE MR. ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN

A homely 18th-century house enlarged 1928-32 with singular charm and taste

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY



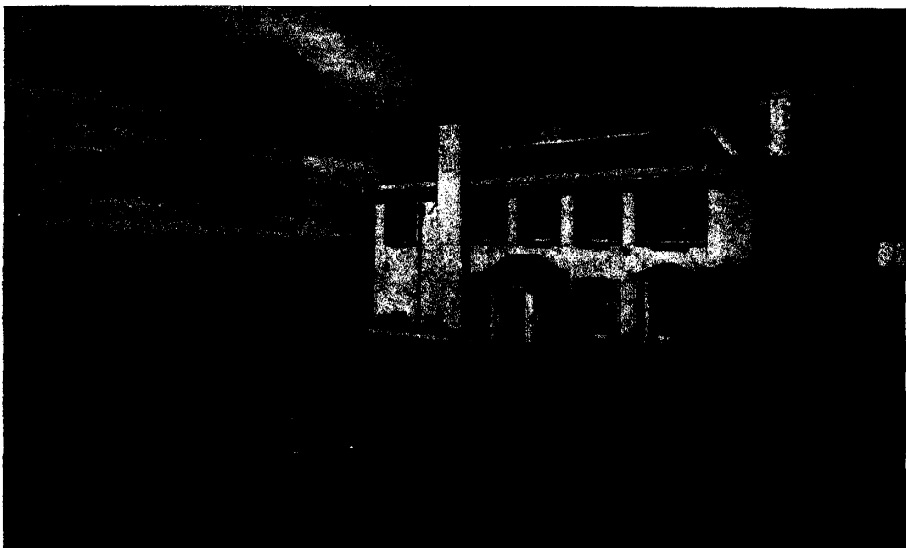
2.—LOOKING ALONG THE FRONT FROM THE LOGGIA

RACKENFORD, lying between Tiverton and South Molton on high ground near the headwaters of the Dart, is an obscure and happy village with no ascertainable history (of any interest) and a manor house of particular charm. Much, indeed nearly all, of this charm the house owes to the late Arthur Chamberlain and to Mr. Allan Walton, who advised him on its alteration and furnishing. In itself the house is of no outstanding architectural note, the older part, between the wings in Fig. 1, dating back to perhaps the middle of the eighteenth century when a certain William Lyddon probably rebuilt it as a five-bayed Georgian block, plaster-faced and white-washed, with a little classical porch. Set among mature trees, on ground sloping gently southwards to an immense view bounded by distant Dartmoor on the horizon, the house had no pretensions to be more than a small squire's comfortable home.

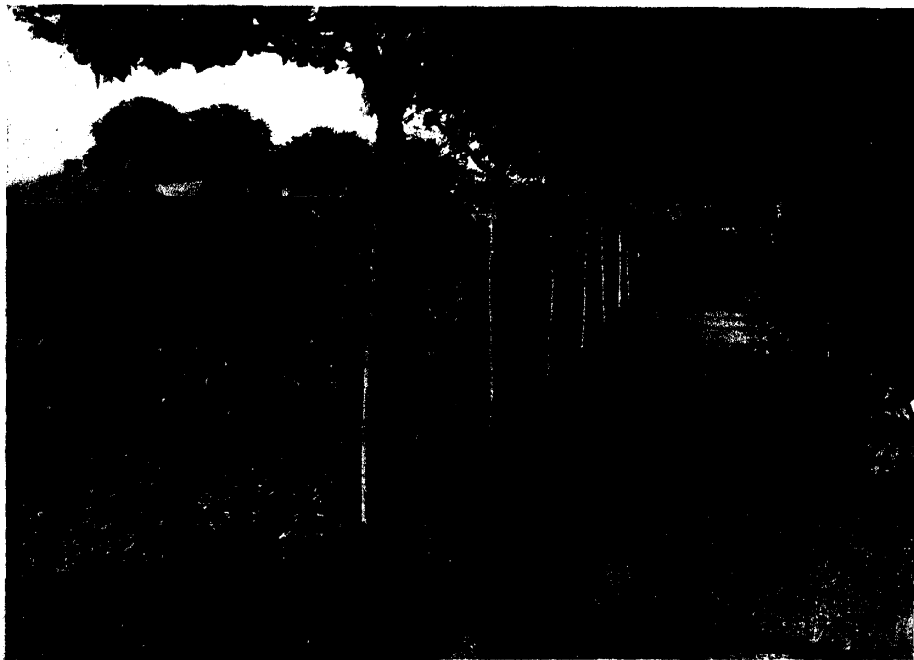
A great deal of pleasure, as well as pains, was evidently taken to respect this character of the place, in its adaptation as a family home between the wars. To alter and enlarge sympathetically, and at the same time to provide for the personal needs of the occupier, requires sensibilities not always present either in client or architect. It is as a singularly successful example of this delicate operation that the place is considered in this article. The sequel will review the no less interesting way in which the furnishing and decoration of the rooms came together, gradually and happily, the owner evidently taking endless pleasure in collecting things because he liked them and because they would go with each other and the house. It is because of this essentially personal character, reflected charmingly about the place in so many ways, that it is described as the home of Mr. Chamberlain, who died in 1941. Unfortunately I never knew it in his time, and since these photographs were taken it has been sold and its contents dispersed. The illustrations, however, record not only an expression of an evidently delightful personality but an example of the art of home-making that is worth study.

As found in 1926, the house consisted of the centre of the present south front and the south half of the east wing, added some years previously and then having a gable. The porch in the middle, at that time the entrance, gave into a staircase hall (to the right) with two small rooms lying to the left. In colour it was a dirty white, and the surroundings were much grown-up with laurels and shrubs. Since then, additions have been twice made.

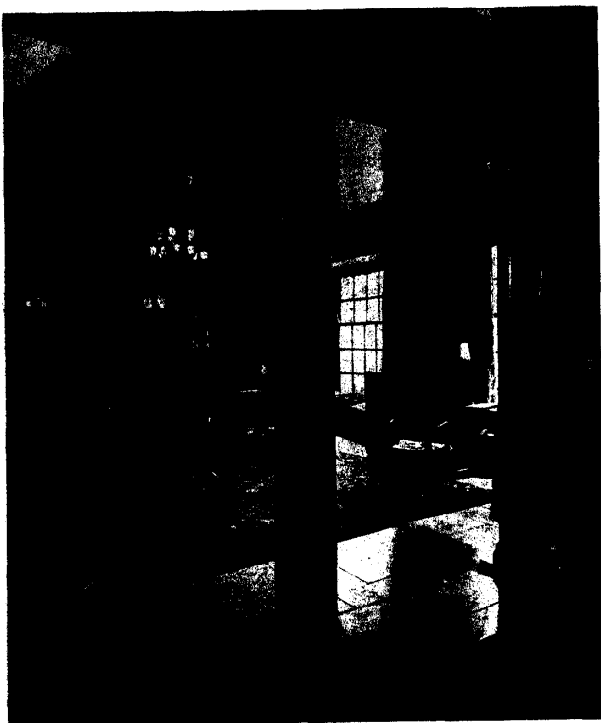
The first addition was the west wing, providing a nursery-schoolroom on the ground floor opening into a loggia formed



3.—THE NEW EAST ENTRANCE SIDE, FROM THE GARDEN TERRACE



4.—A PLEACHED PLANE ALLEY IN THE ENCLOSED FORMAL GARDEN



5.—THE HALL, FROM THE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR: STONE-COLOURED WALLPAPER AND BLACK AND DARK GREEN COLUMNS.

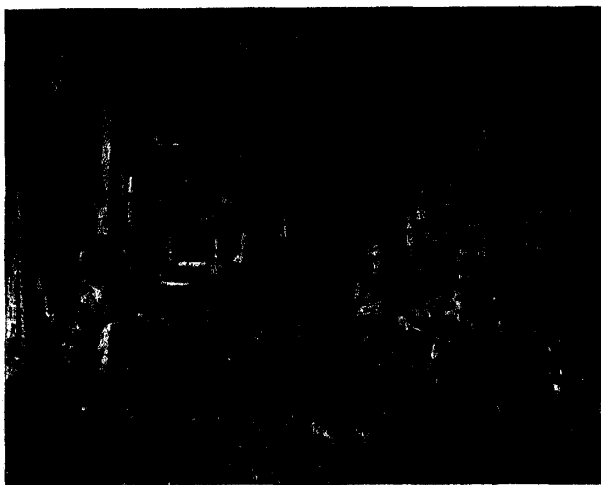
by the unadorned arch in the base. The gable of the east wing was removed and its roof reconstructed to match the rest of the front, the cornice moulding being also carried round the wing. The porch was retained as the garden entry, opening on to a paved terrace, and a new entrance and porch made on the east side (Fig. 3). The extension of this front to the right of the porch, however, did not take place till 1932. The surface of the walls was painted the pink traditional to Devon, and the shutters were added, painted a pale blue-green. Inside, the south entrance and stair hall was made the drawing-room, the two rooms beyond run together to form the dining-room, and a staircase existing just inside the new east entrance became the main ascent.

The second addition, when Mr. David Robertson was associated as architect with Mr. Walton, produced the hall (Figs. 5 and 8) to the right of the entrance, the columns marking the former external wall; and a new staircase built parallel to this hall and beyond it. Beyond the new staircase, and behind the south-facing rooms in the old part of the house, lie the kitchen and offices, mostly dating from the time the house was built. They look northwards into what no doubt was originally the stable yard but is now the entrance court, entered from the road. Now, therefore, one approaches the house from the back, turning rather sharply down to the gravel court in front

of the new entrance. The old approach, now obliterated, was by a drive through the grounds from the east and so to the south front. The present approach is not architecturally impressive, no attempt having been made to co-ordinate the various levels of the back side of the house. On the other hand, it is a homely, serviceable approach, with stables and garage at hand, the gravelled yard pleasantly neat. It is in character with the place.

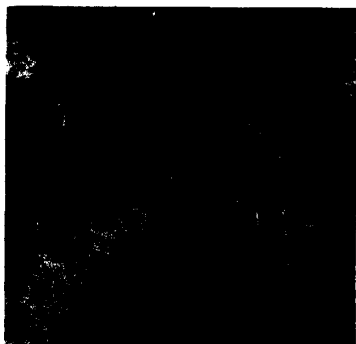
The same simplicity prevails in the grounds visible from the house. East, south, and west, mown turf stretches away from the paving immediately round the house, with nothing to detract from the wide pastoral view southward, which is framed by two big clumps of beeches and rhododendrons. It does not much matter that the grass is no longer close mown.

The garden proper is new, lying north-east of the house across the entrance-approach. In contrast to the rest of the surroundings, it is formal and quite elaborate—more so than would have been possible, had it been more closely linked to the house, without altogether altering the character of the place. Owing to the slope of the ground southwards, it lies slightly above the entrance, and at an obtuse angle to the axis of the entrance front, from which it is reached by a terrace (Fig. 3). The garden, separated by a wall, lies alongside the terrace and, divided into three sections, has the character of a series of outdoor rooms extending the house. The central compartment, forming the entrance from the terrace, is narrow, running back to a curved hedge. On the lateral axis apertures in the dividing hedges give into the two main enclosures on either side. That towards the house (Fig. 4) has a lead fountain in the middle of its lawn, in the corners of which are box-edged flower beds, and a flight of steps to a small orchard of flowering trees adjoining the entrance yard. The farther enclosure repeats its pair in the general lines but is differently laid out. Connecting all three along the north side is a pleached walk of plane trees (Fig. 7), at either end of which is a lead figure. The slender mottled stems of the planes—a tree

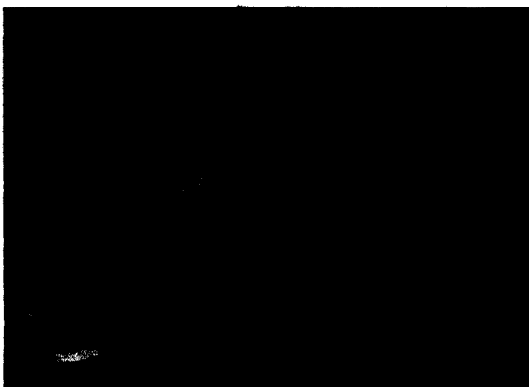


6.—THE CHAMBERLAIN FAMILY, BY PHILIP CONNARD

for some reason not often used for alleys but admirably adapted to them—and the dense level, canopy of their leaves, frames a series of delightful pictures across the enclosed gardens. Along the inner side is a herbaceous and Spring bulb border, along the outer more Spring bulbs and Solomon's seal against the outer cupressus hedge. Entering by the new front door we find on our right the spacious sitting-hall beyond a screen of black and dark green marbled columns (Fig. 5). It has a bow window in the farther corner with window seats and a large round table where family tea has generally been spread. The walls have a light stone-coloured paper with a slightly darker design, the parquet floor two fine Persian rugs of predominantly greyish, plum, and brown colours. The curtains are a deep rose velvet with gold embossed rosettes. The furnishing is an agreeable mixture of periods with several upholstered pieces not shown, and a pretty Louis-Philippe chandelier of ormolu and white glass lilies. The rather pale colouring, with deeper notes, matches admirably the light, vibrant tones of Mr. Philip Connard's conversation piece of the family (Fig. 6) which hangs on the inner wall and was painted for the room, though its scene is the south-facing drawing-room. Equally at home is Mr. T. C. Dugdale's "Sporting Picture" of the family on the lawn in front of the house, its predominant greens being echoed in the marble of the fireplace over which it hangs. It is rare enough to find one contemporary conversation piece in a house. The presence here of two brings home to one forcibly the value of this kind of portrait



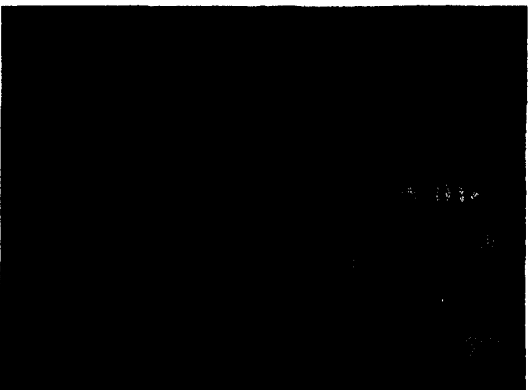
7.—AN ALLEY IN THE GARDEN



8.—THE HALL LOOKING TOWARDS THE LIBRARY



9.—THE LIBRARY, A FRIENDLY PINE-PANELLED ROOM



10.—DOOR TREATMENT AND ARRANGEMENT OF SHELVES IN LIBRARY

in that, though their subjects are now scattered, and one of them no longer alive, by means of these portraits I felt that I had found them all at home and could fill the rooms with the people for whom they were furnished. Even when a new owner re-arranges the house, making a new, a different, home of it, these pictures will hold back time for those who see them, to those sunny Autumn days when a typical family lived at Rackenford between the wars.

A library always retains personal characteristics, and this one (Fig. 9), opening out of the hall southwards, seems to particularly, probably because it is so obviously cosy and well lived in. There is not much more than that to say about it, but what a charming room it is! The woodwork is pine, the fireplace Ham Hill stone, the ceiling muted to the same soft warm colour. (This toning down of the ceiling is perhaps the secret of the room's effect). Incidentally I am told that you cannot play bridge under the chandelier because everybody sees everybody else's hands, it being made out of a witchball and so reflecting everything convexly. I should suppose that even so one would need good eyesight so to read the heavens. Another delightful element is the way that ships have of sailing about the room—in the Van de Velde (or such) over the fireplace, in the crude Captains' panels over the doors, and even among the books (Fig. 10).

There for the present, this discourse on the fine art of home-making must pause. In the other rooms to be seen next week some of the subtler, more æsthetical, aspects of it will come in.

(To be concluded)

SOME HOGARTH ENGLISH GLASSES

By JOHN M. BACON

THE other day, my doctor said: "By the by, I have a glass given me by a patient which I should like you to see." He showed me a tall wine-glass with a small bowl and thick stem cut in diamonds all the way down to a large foot, the edge of which was turned under all round like a kind of hem. I dated this rare specimen for him as about 1745. This was a historic date both for English glass and English history. The Jacobite rising of that date stimulated the production of much English engraved glass in secret support of the movement, while Carlisle was being besieged and Penrith gave quite a bit of its wealth, willingly or unwillingly, to the movement.

In 1745 a heavy tax of £9 a ton on the materials for making glass was imposed by the Government of the day, such materials being red-lead oxide and white sand. In 1778 the tax was doubled and in 1825 it was raised to £48 a ton; and this continued until 1845, by which date, a hundred years after the first imposition of the tax, the glass trade had been completely killed. As a result no glass worthy of the name of English glass appeared at the Great Exhibition held in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park in 1851.

But to return to our wine-glass. In 1745 most people were drinking glasses with whorled air-lines in rather thick stems, which collectors call air-twists, but the nobility were accustomed to use glass cut. Nowadays, and from the days of Waterford (1783), each factory has its cutting shop, but in those earlier days cutting was done solely by glass-cutters in separate trades, and a busy time cutting beautiful specimens with those wheels which have to be used in succession for the production of each single diamond-shaped facet upon the stem: first the iron-wheel to make the first incision, then the stone wheel to enlarge and shape it, and then the wood wheel to polish it.

These old glass-cutters had their trade cards, sheets of paper whereon were printed from a specially engraved copper plate their name, address, and all the various objects they embellished with cutting after having procured the uncut articles from the ordinary glass factory. For example:

Thos Betts, Glass Cutter at Ye King's Arms Glass Shop, Opposite Pall Mall, Charring Cross, Makes and Sells all sorts of curious cut glass such as cruets, salters, salts etc. etc. (for seven lines more), cheaper and better than hitherto has been done. He being the Real Workman for many years.

TRADE CARDS

It was from a descendant of Thomas Betts I obtained the rare engraving, issued in 1748, with the information that he only made glass for the nobility. Thomas Betts's rivals issued similar trade cards. Jerrold Johnson, Ackerman, Haedy and others, and the object of their issue was to provide a customer with a receipt when he paid his bill, the items being written on the back and copied out of the ledger.

Samuel Pepys kept all his trade cards (receipted bills), and we have them to-day in the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge. From these we can tell that he bought his glass in 1699 from "John Burroughs at the Glass house without Ludgate." This glass would not, however, be cut glass, which was not made earlier than 1727.

The beautiful cut-stemmed glass shown me had a small bowl, such as was used for cordials. The chief cordials of those days were infusions

of fruits and brandy, and were called ratafias. These drinks were the usual accompaniment to the afternoon tea-table, even from the time of Queen Anne.

And how many and varied were these more or less potent home-made cordials issued from the still room in every large house! I have the recipes of many, including one made from green walnut shells, and another from the petals of red pinks. One alone, and not in any plenty, remains to us to-day, namely cherry brandy.

CORDIALS

These cordials were consumed out of other glasses both of earlier date and later than the one with the cutting on the stem.

The earliest were, perhaps, the Hogarths. These got the name by which they are generally called from their appearing so often in Hogarth's engravings of riotous drinking scenes. Good examples of these spirit glasses are shown in the first and third glass in the bottom row of glasses on page 1079 of the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for December 22, 1944, in the article by Mr. G. Bernard Hughes. It is easy to tell the difference between the Hogarth, which was a drinking glass, and the sweetmeat or jelly glasses the foot is small like the square-based foot of the cut-glass example in the same row on page 1079, so that many can be placed upon the trays of the pyramid (see next article by Mr. Hughes in COUNTRY LIFE, February 2, 1945). There you will note the small feet.

Another charming glass of this early period is the syllabub glass. A good example was given in the December article, the only one with a handle. Earlier syllabub glasses were cup-shaped, having also a handle, and were either plain, ribbed, N.D.W. (nipt diamond wales) or purlee.

Syllabub glasses are not specifically mentioned in Ravenscroft's Price List of May 29, 1677, preserved in the records of the Glass-Sellers' Company, though the various glass decorations are given; but in the Glass-sellers' Bills at Woburn Abbey transcribed by Mr. W.A. Thorpe for the Society of Glass Technology, April 13, 1838, the following items appear. (The first item appears to be a "Ravenscroft" glass).

June 23, 1678.	6 Ribbed flint Salibub Glasses, Mrd.	a d
	(Mrd. = marked = sealed.)	...
June 23, 1682.	4 flint salubub Glasses	4 8
June 7, 1687.	7 flint salubub Glasses	5 10
June 10, 1690.	6 flint salubub Glasses	5 0

It will be noted that if sealed, the glass cost 2s. 3d. and without seal 2d. each.

SYLLABUBS

Syllabubs were small glasses, for prices are also given for large flint salubub glasses. These latter do not appear to have had covers, as "Large flint Glasses Covered" are mentioned below at a considerably higher price. An earlier mention in the Woburn Abbey bills is:

August 25, 1675.	6 christal salubub glasses 3s. 0d.	
	but the metal is evidently of a cheaper kind.	

"Sillybub glasses" are still being sold in 1752, according to a list issued in that year by the R. v. Fitzsimmons Glass-house in Dublin. In glass there is a reason for everything. Now syllabub being a warm drink, the glass had to have a handle. Syllabub was a wonderful concoction. There are many recipes for this variety of warm drink. For instance:

ROYAL LONDON SYLLABUB

Put a bottle of red-port, a pint of Madeira, Sherry or fine old Mountain and half a pint of brandy into a large bowl, with grated nutmeg and plenty of loaf sugar, then milk into it at least two quarts from the cow and grate over it some nutmeg. This produced a drink with a froth at the top. Elaborate instructions are also given in case you have no cow. The glasses were filled and handed round while hot on a glass salver (see Mr. Hughes's article of February 2).

Another was made with beer or cider, but it was always a warm drink.

The glass on the right of page 1079 in the middle illustrations, dated 1720, might well have a handle and be a syllabub glass instead of a Hogarth. It is here shown (Fig. 7) with an old form of decoration described as "nipt diamond wales," a charming result of pressing the glass with a tool for that purpose before the metal hardens. People do not always realise that glass can be shaped and worked only at a temperature of 13 times boiling point, so that iron tools of special shapes for certain purposes are useful—and some tools have also a lining of wood.

Another form of decoration was called



1.—MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION BY WILLIAM HOGARTH SHOWING GLASSES OF THE TYPE ILLUSTRATED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE

"parlee" (Fig. 2). This is mentioned by Mr. Hughes—and these decorations are found on the earliest glasses (see also Figs. 3 and 6). Glasses were more apt to be decorated than plain at first, the reason being that in order to get our glass before the public, we had to copy the decorations found on Venetian or Continental glasses of contemporary date. Prior to the formula discovered by Ravenscroft, an Englishman, in 1673, showing the advantage of using lead oxide instead of soda in the mixture to go into the pot in the furnace to make glass, we had to import all fine glass from Venice. This was made of the soda and sand mixture, and was not transparent unless it was blown very thin. When the lead oxide and sand mixture was discovered, it was found that one could still see through it even though it was blown thick. This alone was enough to stabilise the superiority of English glass over the Venetian imports.

Thus one could order both plain and decorated glasses, as one can see by Ravenscroft's price list of May 29, 1677.

POSSETS AND PYRAMIDS

Chaucer writes of a "sovrn treacle," meaning a sovereign remedy, and so we are not surprised to find treacle in conjunction with brimstone. The word "posset" was used in two senses. It was either an individual drink for invalids, such as a treacle posset, to be sucked from the spout of a small posset pot—the pattern borrowed from the earliest lists for the feeding-cup of the modern sick-bed—or posset was convivial and made to bring joy to a multitude of palates—of such might well be the one entitled King William's Ale Posset, the recipe for which, given below, is to be found on page 40 in *The Family Receipt Book* of 1808. By that date it was losing its popularity. The book says:

Possets, though long highly esteemed are at present little used; if, however, they merit a French definition which we have somewhere seen, that they are an English beverage for persons in health, calculated to fortify Nature, it may be questioned whether the moderns are wiser than their ancestors in thus consigning them to oblivion. Be this as it may, we shall take the liberty of preserving a few of them; and, in the first place, that which is said to have been a great favourite of the beloved sovereign whose name it bears, viz. King William's Ale Posset. It is thus made:—

Take a quart of cream, and mix it with a pint of ale; then well beat up together the yolks of ten eggs and the whites of four, and put them to the cream and ale. Grate some nutmeg in it, sweeten to palate; then set it over the fire, and keep stirring it all the while. When it is thick, and before it boils, take it off, pour it into a china bason, and serve it up quite hot.

Thence it was laddled into glasses. One cannot visualise a large company sitting round individually sucking this concoction from little pots with spouts.

The large-size posset-pot with a spout is found in the earliest glass lists. It appears in John Greene's designs sent out to Morelli of Murano. The older name for it was "Wassall bowl!"—Holme Harleian MS. 2033, pages 1-25, No. 44 (1693-82). The material was not confined to glass (W. A. Thorpe in *Glass: Selzer's Bills at Woburn Abbey*, page 205). Some have a cover and no spout, e.g. the one illustrated in Thorpe, Vol. II, plate xix. "Posset-pot—heavy lead glass. 11½ in. high. C. 1685, in the Saffron Walden Museum."

It will be observed that a definite date cannot be given to old glass. In pottery and porcelain the matter is rendered easy by marks on the pieces themselves or by records. We have few records of reliable dates concerning glass-makers and fewer still of glasses themselves. It is possible to engrave a date on glass with either a diamond or an abrasive wheel, but that does not guarantee the date of the actual glass itself. The nearest is given in the case of a Beilby of Newcastle or of one of Michael Edkins of Bristol: even a coin glass can only tell you it was made after the coin was minted.

MID-GEORGIAN TABLE

To give an idea of the importance of the pyramid (see Mr. Hughes's article, February 2, 1945) on the table for syllabub service, below is set out the first course and second course, as they were arranged on the growing mid-Georgian table, extracted from a contemporary book entitled *Henderson's Housekeeper's Instructor*, page 378. Each month has its various seasonable dishes; here is April:

First Course.

Crimp Cod and Smelets.
Chicken. Marrow Pudding. Cutlets à la Maintenon.
Breast of Veal in Rolls. Spring Soup. Beef tremoullage.
Lamb Chops en Casserole. Pigeon Pie. Tongues.
Whittings boiled and broiled.

Second Course.

Ducklings.
Asparagus. Tartlets. Black Caps. Oysters.
Roast Sweet-bread. Jellies & Syllabubs.
Stewed pears. Tansy. Loaves, Mushrooms.
Ribs of Lamb.

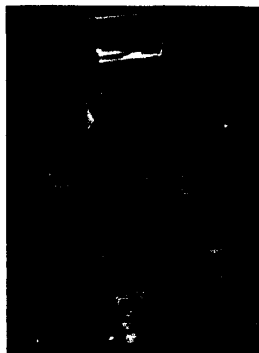
The table was apparently cleared between the first and second courses, and dishes, etc., placed in positions as set out above. From the arrangement of the dishes one can see the tables had rounded ends, as did so many of the Hepplewhite or Sheraton type.



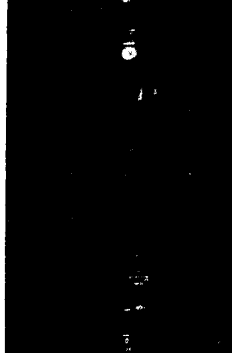
2.—HOGARTH GLASS. Purlee decoration with the ringed base of Newcastle glasses of the Greenwhich metal dated by Mr. Ivan Napier "as being a product of from 1710-1725" (From the Bacon Collection)



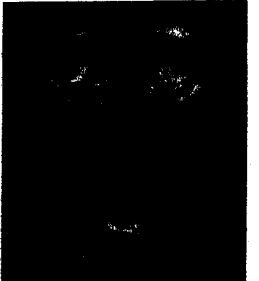
3.—SWEETMEAT GLASS. With the familiar knopped stem of the type made at the Newcastle factory. Dated by Mr. Napier as between 1725 and 1770. From its general design it appears to be 1730



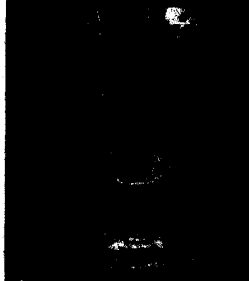
4.—A LYNN 6-SIDED HOGARTH SPIRIT GLASS. Two are clearly seen to the left in Hogarth's *Midnight Modern Conversation* (Fig. 1)



5.—A LYNN HOGARTH. With the familiar ring decorations. (From the Napier Collection). It might also be a jelly glass



6.—SWEETMEAT GLASS. With wide wrythen stem, gadrooning at the base of the bowl and folded foot. 3½ ins. Circa 1685 (From the Bacon Collection)



7.—SPIRIT GLASS. "Nipt diamond wrythen stem, gadrooning at the base of the bowl and folded foot. 3½ ins. Circa 1685. The base below the knop similarly decorated. c. 1695. This might also have been a jelly glass (In the Bacon Collection)

GO IN FOR ROSEY

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

A FRIEND paid me the other day the compliment of saying that something I had once written had amused him. With a natural and I hope innocent vanity I enquired what it was, and when he told me I had not, nor have I now after cudgelling my memory, the faintest recollection of it. However, as the joke was in any case not mine and I was merely the reporter, I may here set it down again. It appears—I take my friend's word for it—that there was some sort of ladies' match at Stoke Poges, that an American lady, her ball hovering on the brink of the hole, that she thereupon stamped her foot on the ground, exclaiming loudly "Go in for Rosey" and the ball obediently fell in. Whether her own name was Rosey or whether it is a traditional expression of obscure origin I know not, but it does strike me as a rather pleasant one. My friend says that he had tried it constantly ever since, and if and when I ever putt again I shall certainly adopt it. "Go in for Rosey"—I must make a resolute attempt not to forget it this time.

No doubt we have all addressed the ball in such circumstances, generally under our breath and in possibly unprintable terms. How oddly are very trivial things imprinted on the memory! In my first term at Cambridge, which is now more than fifty years ago, I was one day playing a match with one of our two professionals at Coldham Common and managed to beat him at the last hole. He had a putt to halve the match and as the ball slithered towards the hole over the glutinous mud he said to it in a ferocious tone "Get in, you tiger." But the mud held; the ball remained on the lip. I can see it all clearly now and know exactly from which side of the hole he was putting. No doubt the anxiety of the moment and the glory of beating a professional fixed those sufficiently commonplace words in my memory. At any rate I have been saying "Get in, you tiger" ever since, though with remarkably little success. I have not yet found it an "Open Sesame" to the hole.

The ball is presumably in no way amenable either to prayer or exhortation, and yet there are occasions when it seems to recognise its master and to do his behests. When Mr. Tolley starts walking after it it nearly always knows its duty and falls in with perfect docility. Dear old Sandy Herd was, I think, the most palpably hortatory putter I ever saw. As the ball neared the hole and showed signs of stopping short he began to wave it on with his club, and the wavings grew more and more rapid, even as did his waggles on the tee, as the supreme moment approached. Sandy was a good putter but rather inclined to moments of stress to be short, and it is the too cautious putters rather than the bold ones who indulge in pantomime. I do not know of any corresponding gesture calculated to stop the ball in its too headlong flight. Perhaps my American lady would have cried in agony "Sit down for Rosey" but it is hard to hope to have reported it. Freddie Tait, who was certainly a bold putter, had a curious trick—I must have mentioned it before—of thrusting out his right foot as the ball showed signs of going in at the end of a long putt. It was particularly characteristic of him, but I have seen other people do it too. Possibly it represents some working of "the subconscious" which psychoanalysts could explain.

I have still in my mind the clearest possible picture of Mr. Walter Travis when he won our Amateur Championship and holed such desperate putts on the big Sandwich green, but in these pictures there is no movement, not even of an eyelid. He simply stands there like a sinister statue watching the ball as it runs, and if there is a little malign gleam in his eye as it drops at last I cannot see it. He had all the expressionless immobility of a statue. He was a brilliant player and so had that other great American putter, Jerry Travers. There have been some more demonstrations. I was re-reading the other day in J. H. Taylor's autobiography the account of his match with Andrew Kirkaldy at St. Andrews before the championship of 1895.

Andrew had what J. H. calls "a dirty putt of a couple of feet" to halve the home hole and win the match. He and his brother Hugh, who was carrying for him "studied the putt from every angle, until the elder gave the ball a dab with his trusty wooden putter and in it went. Immediately Andrew flung the club yards into the air and caught it again like a conjuror." I am afraid in these more decorous days we may not see such a scene again.

Whatever we may or may not say to our ball I suppose there is no one of us who has not tried to steer it on its right path by some singular and probably quite unconscious contortion of the body. When I think of such prayerful antics I do not see in imagination those of illustrious persons but rather of an old friend, long since dead, with whom I used sometimes to play at Aberdovey. He was by no stretch of imagination a good player and had ample opportunities of trying to recall his ball to the straight and narrow path. This he did by balancing on his left foot and making strange patterns in the air with his right or, as skaters would call it, his unemployed leg. His was at such moments not unlike the attitude of Eros at Piccadilly Circus, though I must add that there was no other similarity. As I see him I am reminded of some verses of T. H. Bayly's.

Oh! he looks of all things
Like a Cupulent Cupid bereft of his wings.
I do not think that he was aware of his strange gyrations, but here I may be doing him injustice.

HOME-MADE WINES & APERITIFS

By HELEN MAY

THOUGH the term wine is correctly applied only to the fermented juice of the grape, yet in common usage all the fermented drinks made from fruit, roots and flowers, are called wines by the country folk who make them. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries such wines were regularly made in English country houses. Judging from old cookery books, home-made wines appear to have grown much sweeter during the nineteenth century, using far more sugar, and possibly for that reason they fell into disrepute with the sophisticated, though they were still being made in Kent cottages and farms up to the war.

During the war, and the present post-war scarcity, country wines have been little made owing to lack of sugar. In one of Jane Austen's letters, she says she might have to buy currants to make their wine. It was apparently so much a matter of course in her day that she mentions no details of the wine-making, and we are left to guess whether she preferred her wine sweet or dry.

"Wine that maketh glad the heart of man" is mentioned by the psalmist (Psalm civ, 15) as one of the blessings bestowed by Heaven. Unfortunately, like many other blessings, it has been reft from us. A Socialist M.P. recently declared that whisky is a rich man's drink, which is true enough while it carries a duty of 18s. 4d. a bottle. There remains beer, a drink that does not suit everybody.

People who do not take sugar in tea, and whose households contain no young children, can save about half their sugar ration. With a small reserve of sugar it seemed to me a little while to try to use a full orchard to help an empty cellar. By making experiments with small quantities now, I thought, I should know better what to make in bulk when sugar is available. For even if that happy day be far distant, I fear that the day when we shall be able to buy sugar still supplies at reasonable prices is even more remote. This article is the story to date of my experiments, some of which are still incomplete.

As my desire was to save sugar and suit the taste of my household, I aimed at making a palatable substitute for *vin ordinaire* and some

Once on being congratulated on holing a long putt he replied with perfect solemnity that he was a mathematician and had often found his knowledge of planes and angles useful on the green. So I suppose he was describing geometrical figures with his right foot. Poor D! he was a temperament rather liable to malignant suggestion. On one occasion in a foursome his side had three for the hole and one of the opponents proposed to give up the hole. "Oh, no," said the other. "D might putt into the bunker." D, rather hot and flustered, did putt down a hill and into the bunker. Then the opponents, like true, chivalrous gentlemen, gave up the hole.

It must be accepted as a law of Nature that what we do after the ball has flown cannot affect its flight; but there are some such laws in which we had much better not believe too devoutly. There is the matter of following-through, for instance. If we try to attain a chaste and classical finish, like that of Harry Vardon in innumerable photographs, there is a faint hope that we may not stop the club almost before it reaches the ball. Or again, if we try to end the shot with both feet planted rock-like on the ground in the manner of J. H. in a wind, we may perhaps stand reasonably still in the act of hitting it. This may not be a truly scientific way of regarding the mystery of golf, but there is some sound, practical common sense in it for all that. The lady who said "Go in for Rosey" may have been a mere slave to idle superstition, but she holed her putt.

apersitifs which could be used to revive the weary before meals, or offered to friends in lieu of a claim. For two or three of my experiments I can detail success, and others still in the making.

Time is an essential ingredient for most wine, and home-made wines need a year to mature. Some wines, notably plum, however, are pleasant at six weeks old, and I recently drank a cocktail which, my hostess told me, was composed of very young plum wine and a little gin. The wine was made with only 2 lb. of sugar to the gallon, and was much enjoyed by all the party. Had it been kept to mature more sugar would have been necessary, as the whole of the sugar would have been converted into alcohol and no trace of sweetness would have been left, making the flavour excessively dry.

I have used both new damson and new plum wine for cooking pigeons or partridges in casserole, with very satisfactory results. Pery, made from the juice of ripe pears and no sugar, is better for cooking fish than cider. There seems to be a dearth of books on the tyro who seeks to discover the principles of wine-making. Such books as I have found merely record recipes, which differ extensively and apparently capriciously in their amounts of sugar, fruit, hot or cold water; the time required for fermentation before bottling; and in their recommendations on how long the wine should be kept in bottle. Many of these recipes require ingredients that are not possible to-day, such as large quantities of Malaga raisins, oranges and lemons, pure proof spirit, French brandy, and so on.

Brandy is so frequent an ingredient that I was relieved to find a writer who said: "Spirits should not be added. The wine is not properly brewed if it needs spices and spirits to bolster it up. Of its own self it should develop a heat and body equal to whisky." Unfortunately she does not say how long that will take, and the time is increasing, for there are now so many of her wine recipes. "In my own—extremely limited—experience, I think that wines are fresher and more wholesome for not being fortified. I have found them sufficiently alcoholic, for wines, unlike whisky, are drunk undiluted."

Regarding the amount of sugar a Penguin book (*Preserves for all Occasions* by Alice Crang) contains some notes on wine-making. In that book 2½lb of sugar to each gallon is suggested as suitable for wine made from fruits or sweet vegetables and 2½lb to 2½lb for flower wines or if a sweeter type of wine is preferred. It continues: Many recipes recommend 4lb or more per gallon of juice but as the extra sugar is not converted into alcohol the result is a wine which is too sweet for many people.

Damson wine is usually made without yeast as it ferments very easily and becomes a palatable beverage after a year. From damsons I succeeded in making a bright clear wine soft on the palate and dry. The method was: September 4 1944—1 gallon of fruit = 1½ pints sloes and the rest damsons were put into a crock with 1 gallon of boiling water. These were stirred and mashed daily with the hand until—

September 18 1944 when I added 3 lb of sugar. October 4 1944—I strained it off through double muslin into a large stone bottle which was duly corked and placed in the cellar. March 1945—I bottled it off (straining carefully). It tasted very sour. August 15 1945—We opened our first bottle and found it a very pleasant drink. It was much liked by several men friends one thought it too dry everyone else thought it just right.

A second lot of damson wine which in my ignorance I made with yeast (½ oz to the gallon) in October 1944 was stronger but very harsh in taste until November 1945 I then then it was still too acid for my taste although they drank it with pleasure. I am keeping it to see how it develops. In August when it was bottled it had a harsh almost tarry taste but that had disappeared by November. A

change appears to take place in wine every three months. Wine which may be very acid at six months may be very good at a year.

Last April, finding myself for the first time for years possessed of an orange and a lemon at the same time I decided to reduce the dandelion crop in the garden and try a recipe for dandelion wine which required one orange and one lemon. There are many and various recipes for dandelion wine mine was:

1 gallon of dandelion flowers 1 gallon of boiling water 1 orange 1 lemon 3 lb sugar 1 inch whole ginger well bruised ½ oz yeast on a bed for thirty minutes let cool.

MYTHON—Wash the dandelion flowers well then cover with the boiling water. Let stand 3 days stirring often before squeezing the flowers out. Put the liquid into a pan add thin rinds of lemon and orange the sugar the ginger and the orange and lemon sliced. Boil for thirty minutes let cool. Ferment for 6 days then strain and bottle corking loosely till all fermentation ceases.

In June I strained and bottled it. It was then very pleasant in flavour and tonic in effect but far too sweet. In August it was still too sweet. I then found another recipe which said that dandelion wine should be kept for a year before drinking so I am leaving it until next April in the hope that fermentation will have used up some of the sugar. It is clear to me from this experiment however that dandelion wine could be made with very little sugar say 2 lb to the gallon and drunk when new it is stimulating and refreshing.

Then greatly daring I tried to make wine without using sugar as true wine is made from grapes. Grapes contain more natural sugar than any English fruit. The sweetest English fruits ripe black cherries and ripe greengages contain only 14 per cent of sugar against the

20 per cent of grapes. In pursuit of this idea I tried crushing 12 lb of sweet cherries without water and allowing the juice to ferment which it did strongly. When strained off it was sweet and alcoholic. I put it hopefully into a stone bottle and corked it down to mature. After a month it had turned very sour. After four months it was less sour but also less alcoholic and rather tasteless. So I added 2 lb of sugar which caused it to ferment again and improved the flavour. It promises to turn into a good wine. Since making it I have found in Hannah Glasse's *Art of Cookery* (1774) a similar recipe for cherry wine made from juice without water and using only 2 lb sugar to the gallon.

From the pulp left from the black cherries after straining off I made a good apéritif by adding some cooking cherries and ½ lb (cleaned) wheat and boiling water. The liquor strained off measured ¾ gallon and I added to 2 lb sugar and ½ oz yeast. Bottled off after three months it was huge pink in colour and at four months could be drunk as a pleasant apéritif. It resembled a light dry sherry in taste though not in colour. The last bottle is being kept to test at a year old. The starch contained in wheat barley etc becomes sugar in process of fermentation. By its help these four (I believe the right quantity to be 1 lb to the gallon) one should be able to use less sugar and yet have a strong wine.

Raisins like grapes will make wine without sugar. Flora Acton gives a recipe for raisin wine of which she says: We have tasted wine made from raisins in a meadow growing which so much resembled a rich foreign wine that we could with difficulty believe it was English made. For this is required 8 lb raisins to each gallon of cold boiled water to stand 12 months and then be drawn off and fined.

But who has 8 lb of raisins?

A TRACTOR DRIVER SEES WILD LIFE

By J. K. DOBBS

ONE of the compensations to be set against the draw tractor of landwork is the opportunity it gives of seeing the wild life of the countryside often at dramatic moments or ones not usually observed. Even from a tractor seat there is a great deal to be seen mostly the affairs of rats mice rabbits and such small deer it is true but even then well worth watching.

How many people have actually seen a field mouse's nest or a dormouse asleep curled up with its tail wrapped round it? While ploughing, Autumn stubble I have turned up countless nests with baby mice ranging from tiny bright pink atoms which squirm helplessly and utter whispering squeaks to active brown balls which gallop into cracks in the earth as soon as their nest is flung up in the furrow. The seaquills hunt these mice greedily and often some unfortunate is twined out of a crevice by his tail and swallowed whole.

Only once has my plough turned up a sleeping dormouse and it was interesting to note that they really do curl their long tails around themselves. It was impossible to wake him so I put him into some dead leaves in the grass at the edge of the field and in Spring he must have wondered if he had walked in his sleep.

There are usually many rats about during harvest and in one very wet year when the corn remained built into little hand stacks in the fields until December most of the stacks were full of rats when we came to cart them in. They had an unpleasant habit of suddenly popping out often knocking into one's legs or poking for the nearest ditch. A running rat is extraordinarily difficult to kill with a pitch fork as a hard slam generally misses the rat and breaks off the head of the fork with the force of hitting the ground a swinging swipe which knocks them off their feet is the only effective method. Rats usually turn to fight when cornered but most black ones I was able to cross open ground one day suddenly whirled round and sprang into the air at me, just missing me as I dodged. Another sat took refuge on the foot-plate of the tractor.

Rabbits are not interesting even when seen from a tractor seat, unless it's interesting to

note the lack of growth in that strip of new oats on which one has spent so much time harrowing and rolling and where they now spend so much time eating. They are stupid creatures and always contrive to get themselves caught in the knives of the machinery at hay time and harvest. Occasionally with the binder they get shot onto the platform canvas without being caught by the knife and are seen crawling up the elevators with the corn and thrown out with the sheafs when they make a dash back into the standing crop instead of getting away safely. Although it would be an exciting story to tell I have not seen one actually tied up in a sheaf.

The strangest creature that ever went into the binder was a fat frog. Happening to glance back at the machine I noticed one sitting serenely on the canvas as it carried him along the platform. He was hastily removed and placed in the grass at the edge of the field.

Hares are fairly plentiful here and in April and May there are young ones from a few days old in the fields. They seem to prefer cultivated ground the brown soil acting as camouflage and when they freeze it is almost impossible to see them and quite often they get run over by the rollers. The newly harrowed earth being soft they get pressed into it without being killed outright and on the return journey down the field one sees their feebly kicking limbs. It is a great temptation to go on and hope they will soon die but to make mysterious put them out of their misery. It is only the very baby ones.

THIS CRESCENT MOON

*THIS crescent moon these shimmering stars,
This silent herb of sea and land,
Bring me the beauty to the heart,
Give comfort when there is most need.
Scarcely a sound disturbs the dunes,
The air moves like an owl's soft wings
And fresh vesicles sustain my heart,
Grown weary of life's buffeting.*

N. L. BRIGGS

hares that get run over as the half grown ones even when they freeze are betrayed by their bright eyes which seem to wink like a jewel.

Grown hares rarely get caught by the machinery. When hay or corn is being cut they leave the field as soon as it becomes dangerous unlike the rabbits which dart out of the still standing crop only to rush back into it.

The strangest thing that has happened to me in connection with hares was when driving my tractor in top gear across a meadow glancing back I saw something struggling in the grass. On going to investigate I found I had run over an almost fully grown hare which must have been asleep in its form. Both offside tractor wheels and one trailer wheel had gone over it but it was still horribly alive and had to be finished off properly. It must almost be a record for a tractor to run over such an active creature.

Foxes and stoats are not creatures one often sees but once there was a fox in a field of wheat which remained hidden until the binder was taking the last cut of the crop. As the knife got near the end of the standing wheat three pheasants and the burst out of the field and flew squawking into the next field but the fox trotted very calmly towards the hedge paying little attention to the stoakers running in pursuit of him. While driving home on the tractor later I again saw him heading across a big meadow to a wood and a man with me be moaned the absence of a gun.

The stoat put up only one encounter when it caught a rabbit. It was an extraordinary performance in which neither actor seemed aware of the tractor ploughing close by. The stoat was less than a quarter the size of its victim which could easily have out-distanced it if it had run away but it remained crouched in a hypnotic trance watching the rabbit as it fled down the grassy bank. It is an approaching man chased the stoat but the rabbit took some minutes to wake up it appeared to be in a complete daze.

It is common knowledge that the plough man plodding behind his team of horses sees more wild life than the average person, but the tractor driver doesn't do too badly either in this respect.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR TIMBER RESERVES

SIR.—Mr Ward's letter in your issue of January 11 constitutes a grave reproach to the administration conducted by the Forestry Commission for more than 20 years. One of the main obligations of the trust committed to their charge should have been as stated by the Act to

Make advances by way of grant or by way of loan or partly in one way or partly in the other and upon such terms and subject to such conditions as they think fit to persons (including local authorities) in respect to the afforestation (including the replanting) of land belonging to those persons.

They knew or should have known

(1) At the outset of 1919 there were 2½ million acres of forest lands in private hands.

In the Annual Reports during the 20 years of their administration in no single case do they call attention to the inadequate planting of private lands until the 1945 Report on post war forest policy.

(2) That these forests were not organised for full production.

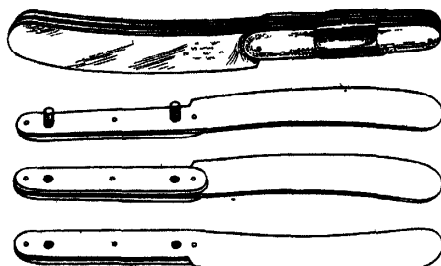
(3) That the landowners were suffering grievous financial hardships including death duties. The Reports throughout the long period give no indication that they used their influence to secure any remission of taxation.

(4) That woodland administered by the Forestry Commission were not taxed at all.

(5) That their efforts to improve the landowners' forests were achieving no success and that the offers of assistance were wholly inadequate although it is common knowledge that landowners can plant on a more economical basis than a Government Department.

(6) That the cost of planting was in the neighbourhood of from £20 to £35 per acre and that the offer of £2 per acre for softwoods and £4 per acre for hardwoods coupled with still more onerous conditions was quite inadequate and was not comparable with the cost of their own plantings.

During the period of 20 years on the 2½ million acres awaiting reforestation they expended only £396,420 while on the one third of a million acres they lavished £12,091,691. Yet in spite of this neglect, the landowners were still able to contribute 90 per cent of the



A GEORGIAN MASTICATING KNIFE

See letter 'A Curiosity of the Dinner table'

supplies during the war. While it must be recognised that the 20 years of new production could not be expected to yield a great supply the Commission still administered many large mature woodlands including Alice Holt, Holford Park, Hazelebury, Bere, New Forest, Parkhill, Dymock, Salsbery, Dymock, Fintona, West of Dean, Inverliewer.

The foregoing fully justifies the expression used in an Editorial note on this subject in your issue of December 14 which says

It seems obvious that the Commission and their staffs will be far too busy with their own part of the programme to take over the planning and maintenance of the majority of private woodlands in addition.

—ALEXANDER I. HOWARD
Staplecross, Sussex

A CURIOSITY OF THE DINNER-TABLE

SIR.—The enclosed drawing is of a Georgian triple table knife which has recently come into my possession. A few of its type seem to have survived it may perhaps be of interest to your readers.

The knife (usually known as a masticating knife) was intended as the name implies for the use of people who found it necessary to cut up their food into very small pieces. In the days before artificial dentures the number of such persons was no doubt considerable.

For sharpening and cleaning the three parts (1 of the knife can be separated by removing the silver band which slips easily on and off the handle. The two outer parts of the handle are of ivory on one side and steel on the other. The middle section of the handle has ivory on both sides.

The knife illustrated was made in Sheffield about 125 years ago. I am told that a knife of a somewhat similar kind appeared towards the end of the Victorian era but I have not so far come across this later type.

—SYLVIA GROVES 4, Lytton Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 18

WOODEN CHIMNEYS

SIR.—During re-roofing of some old cottages at Market Overton Rutland a few years ago the remarkable chimney shown in the enclosed photograph was found.

Construction took the form of an open hearth or inglenook fireplace on the ground floor with beam over opening at mantel level. From this point through the floor and first floor room up to roof tie beam, timbers were placed on three sides as studding arranged to taper inwards towards the top. The fourth side was formed by end wall of cottage. The inside of timbering was lined with wattle and

daub to form the chimney, the outside being faced with reed plaster containing timbers in front but revealing them at the sides. I from the tie beam up through thatch and carried about three feet above the ridge the chimney was built in hand made clamp bricks.

The plaster work has been cut partly away to make the construction clearer in the photograph cross timber shown at the top is the roof tie beam referred to. All timbers were of oak the chimney was in regular use until about 1870 before the reconstruction of the cottage and in spite of a very liberal coating of the interior with soot no sign of fire or charring was found.

The outer walls of the cottage are the roughly coursed limestone rubble bedded in loam and pointed externally with lime mortar so typical of old cottage building in this county. Internal partitions were of studding and reed plaster.

I know of only one other similar chimney. This is in the same county at Whitwell, so possibly this method may have been fairly common in the district at one time for buildings of the humble sort chiefly because of the space and labour saved. In the Whitwell example someone has contrived to build a more conventional brick fire up inside the old chimney and at some later date. —A. S. IRESON
Stamford, Lincolnshire

A MOUNTAIN SHIRINE

SIR.—The admirably illustrated article 'A Mountain Shrine' describing Partrishow church (January 4) makes delightful reading to those who like to have discovered this fascinating little church during war time. I am glad that your contributor while concentrating on the justly famous roof screen finds space to mention the coloured slate monuments which form an important secondary interest of the church. These tablets are the work of a local family named Brute whose descendants still live in the village of Llan bedr two miles from Crickhowell. The colours were made from local vegetable dyes according to a recipe written in the family Bible. Unfortunately this Bible was lost about the middle of the last century and the present representatives of the Brute family though still masons no longer possess the secret of their ancestors.

I have discovered tablets signed by the Brutes and dated from 1719 to 1845 in at least a dozen churches in the Aberavenny Crickhowell district the finest being in Llangatlock church near the Brecon Forest. The decorative motifs—herb-heads, flowers, garlands, angels with musical instruments—combined with the fresh if crude colouring give these tablets a delightful and unexpected flavour of peasant rococo art seldom found in England.

When I was last at Partrishow

Mr Powell churchwarden and present occupier of Tya-llywya farm told me that at harvest festivals a string band plays on the roof screen and candles burn once again in the sockets made for them in the sixteenth century. These wooden reliquaries which were made at Tya-llywya and it is good to know that this material tradition is not entirely lost. —JOHN P. HARTMAN 5, Bond Street, Cambridge

A WOODEN RELIQUARY
SIR.—My photograph shows the ancient wooden reliquary in Westbury church, Yorkshire but formerly of Easby Abbey.

This reliquary (fifteenth century) is thought to be the only wooden one left in England.

It was probably used to contain the relics of St Agatha the Patron Saint of Easby. —J. A. CARPENTER 48, St Catherine's Road, Harrogate

COUNTRY HOUSES AND DISABLED SOLDIERS

SIR.—There is one possible use for large country houses which I am surprised has not been mentioned in 'COUNTRY LIFE'. It is no longer considered proper for a wealthy nation to bestow a fine house on a great commander but surely even a Socialist Government might approve of giving disabled soldiers lovely homes. I am very far from suggesting turning fine houses into institutions. Surely it would be possible to maintain some fine mansions as they should be run and quarter completely disabled men in them.

They could enjoy beautiful architecture, lovely furniture, music, pictures, books, gardens in short the best products of the culture they gave so much to save.

Staffing such houses would of course need some management but perhaps the principal members of the staffs could be recruited from those accustomed to such houses and—there is much talk of training young people for domestic service now—could not some of them be sent to spend their second year of training in such houses?

I offer the suggestion.—A. G. WILLIAMS Fernbank The Common Dinas Powys Glamorganshire

CAT AND MAGPIE

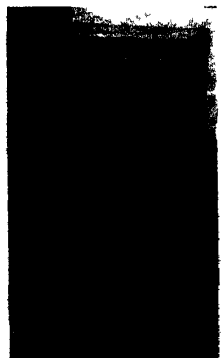
SIR.—I was interested to read Richard Hodgkinson's letter 'Cat and Magpie' and I venture to suggest that the cat and magpies may have been friends. I have heard it said that magpies often make friends with yellow cats. I myself have known two such cases.

Some years ago we had a tame



THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE WOODEN CHIMNEY

See letter: 'Wooden Chimneys'



ST. AGATHA'S RELIQUARY

See letter: 'A Wooden Reliquary'



TOO LITTLE SOIL

See letter: *Too Little and Too Much*

magpie here which tamed and made friends with a wild yellow cat. Many times when I saw them playing together I thought the game was getting too hot and rushed out to stop them, but in the end I learnt to leave them alone. They used to play for hours at a time with a ball or a dead mouse if the cat happened to have one handy, or just roll about together. I have seen the cat pounce on the magpie, rolling over and over with him, ears back and tail swishing: it always looked a most dangerous proceeding, but they never hurt each other. One day I found the cat asleep with Maggie sitting on top cleaning out the cat's ear with his beak. The cat did not seem to mind in the least. Maggie finally brought the cat to the house

kind. There is nothing that delights a tame magpie more than to sidle up behind the household cat and pull her tail.—Ed.]

TOO LITTLE AND TOO MUCH

SIR,—Some of your readers may remember that it used to be said in the last century that far more babies were killed by over-feeding than by under-feeding. I thought perhaps two contrasting photographs showing the same principle applied to trees might be of interest.

One shows how surplus soil has been heaped up, by bulldozers used to clear a flat space, 12 or 15 feet high round mature Scotch pine on Bucklebury Common, Berkshire. The trees which have had the largest proportion of their boles covered (that includes the specimen most prominent in the snapshot) have died: the needles were brown, though they had not yet fallen. When I passed with my camera, another photograph, of a tree on Thetford Chase, shows how a Scotch pine may continue to live in a fairly healthy condition even when a large proportion of its roots are uncovered.—BYWAYMAN, *Oxford*.

CROSSBILLS AT A BIRD-BATH

SIR,—In *COUNTRY LIFE* of November 30 a correspondent tells how she saw three crossbills at her bird-bath and thought it most unusual. However, two years ago a pair of these birds used to visit, in the garden of a Minehead house, near the top of North Hill. They appeared at it regularly every four hours. Sometimes they would just drink, but they were very fond of bathing: and the photograph I send you shows the cock in the water, and the hen waiting impatiently for him to come out so that she may have a dip, too!

—JOHN H. VICKERS, *Moorlands, Minehead*.

A SCOTTISH FIRE-BACK OF ABOUT 1600

SIR,—In 1901 the Victoria and Albert Museum acquired from Mrs. Starkie Gardner, the wife of the author of *English Ironwork*, a collection of early cast-iron fire-backs and fire-dogs which she stated had been collected for her by a Mr. Hewett, architect, of Brighton. Among them was the upper half of a small fire-back depicting the royal arms of Scotland with crest and motto which would seem to indicate a date before the accession of James VI to the throne of England in 1603.

No one has hitherto challenged the vendor's ascription to Sussex but there would appear to be at least plausible reasons for so doing. While many fire-backs were cast from impressions in the sand from a number of small models which might never be brought together again, it is clear that the present ascription was cast from a single carved wooden model, complete in itself and designed for repetition. Though some Sussex fire-backs bear the arms mostly of local nobles

who may be presumed to have had a special interest in the industry, it seems most unlikely that a Sussex iron-master would have bothered to seek a market so remote as Scotland. Mr. Starkie Gardner in his paper, *Iron-casting in the Weald, in Archaeologia* (56, 1898) noted a couple of fire-backs with the French royal arms which he suggested might have been cast about the time of the marriage of Charles I with Henrietta Maria but, after all, France is a natural market for Sussex.

If this fire-back was not cast in Sussex, the only alternative is to seek a place of origin in Scotland. In a paper which Mr. Ivison Macadam read to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in 1886 he gave a list of numerous early iron-working sites but at only one was there anything to suggest that fire-backs were ever produced. This was at Letterewe, half way along the north-east side of Loch Maree. The first document known to Mr. Macadam was the record of the purchase in 1610 of the woods at Letterewe by Sir George Hay who wanted them for the use of his furnace. Sir George, who died in 1634, was the leading spirit in the Scottish iron industry at this time. Mr. Macadam, however, quotes a manuscript *History of the M'ras* which seems to show that the ironworks were in existence some years earlier, as in 1608 Farquhar M'Crae "was selected as the best suited to serve a colony of Englishmen at Letterewe, engaged in making iron and casting cannon." Mr. Macadam does not seem to have investigated the documents on which this family history was based but the tale was not inherently improbable. The English government was much alarmed at the devastation of the English woodlands and as the result of repressive legislation the English ironworkers were certainly looking out not so much for fresh markets as for fresh working places. When Thomas Pennant visited the neighbourhood in 1772 the minister at Garloch told him that he had "seen the back of a grate, marked S. G. Hay or Sir George Hay, who was head of a company here." We seem, therefore, to have fairly definite evidence that fire-backs were cast at this ironworks in Ross in the early years of the seventeenth century.



TOO MUCH SOIL

See letter: *Too Little and Too Much*

so it is not difficult to believe that one may have been cast there a few years before 1603. It may also be noted that another iron-foundry existed near by at the Red Smiddy near Poolewe, at the end of Loch Ewe, where cannons were cast, but nothing is known of its origin, though it appears to have gone out of business in the reign of Charles II.

It is usual to consider the Scottish cast-iron industry dates only from the opening of the Carron works in the middle of the eighteenth century. Can readers produce any further evidence as to the origin of the fire-back here illustrated or any other examples of ornamental cast-iron work produced in Scotland in the seventeenth century?—C. C. OWAN, 13, Woodborough Road, Putney, S.W.15.

RED-LEGGED

PARTRIDGES

SIR,—There are two things which I always like to read, the Bible and the *Countryman's Notes in Country Life*. Reading the latter recently I have noticed Major Jarvis's reference to red-legged partridges, and his query as to these being found in coveys or singly. I once shared a shoot with him on the White Horse Hill, Sutton Point, Dorset, where we picked up all sorts of game.

From experience I should say that

THE CROSSBILL HEN WAITING FOR HER TURN

See letter: *Crossbills at a Bird-bath*

and after some weeks of coaxing it become tame with us too, though we could never take the liberties with it that Maggie did.

I have 200 feet of movie film of those strange friends playing together, but am sorry I have no photograph I can send you; if I can get any prints of this film I will send them.—M. L. HAMILTON, *Irishman Creek Station, Fairlie, New Zealand*.

[Our correspondent does not tell us what species of magpie was involved, but the common European magpie has likewise an eye for a cat, though usually of the impish, teasing

UPPER HALF OF SMALL FIRE-BACK WITH ROYAL ARMS, CREST AND MOTTO SUGGESTING A DATE BEFORE 1603

See letter: *A Scottish Fire-back of about 1600*

sometimes you find red-legged partridges in large coveys, more often perhaps singly or in pairs. I expect the explanation is that when the birds are young they remain in coveys for a time; afterwards the coveys break up and you find them singly. We always wished they would not run so much but take to the wing more quickly. Often I suppose it is they run as far as they can until they are forced to fly, having no more cover to hide them.

I expect also Major Jarvis remembers on the same hill a part much beloved by him—where for some reason or other they loved to gather, and were not at all pleased to see us coming along. Also he may remember our game watcher and the boy with the crooked legs nicknamed Warry by his fellow villagers who liked to remind us that he had a title to his name. He henceforth was known as Lord Warry.—CHARLES F. MANCINI, Jordan House, Preston, Weymouth.

PRICE OF RICHMOND

SIR.—With reference to the interesting article on Thomas White of Worcester, I enclose a photograph of the old church of St. Mary-at-the-Walls, Colchester. The original church on that site was ruined during the Siege of Colchester in 1048, and remained an empty shell for more than 50 years. (It can be seen in that state in one of the illustrations to Duke Cosmo's travels in England in 1660.) At length, in 1709, it was decided to rebuild the place, but it was found to be too ruinous and so was entirely built anew. The architect was Mr. John Price, of Richmond, in Surrey, who agreed to carry out the whole work for £1,154.

A brief was issued by authority of the Lord Chancellor, and the sum of £1,698 13s. 6d. was collected from churches all over the country during 1710 and 1711. The registers of St. Lawrence, Reading, record that the sum of 11s. 8½d. was collected there on May 21, 1711, towards this brief.

Work was begun in May, 1713, and was carried on with such speed that the building was ready for opening on March 25 in the following year. Only the lower part of the tower of the old church had been left standing, and a brick bellry was added to this in 1728 at a further cost of £234.

As can be seen from the photograph, the new church bore some resemblance to All Saints, Worcester, although about 10 years earlier. Unfortunately no picture of the interior has survived, but we know from a description that the design was similar to All Saints', with rows of Doric columns dividing the aisles from the nave. Morant's *History of Colchester* gives a considerable amount of details regarding the size of the building, thickness of walls, situation of galleries, etc.

Had this church survived it would

now be regarded as one of the chief ornaments of the town, but in 1871 it was needlessly destroyed to make room for the ugly brick "Gothic" church which now stands there. Only the old tower, with its brick bellry, survives as a memorial to both the medieval and the Queen Anne churches.

The photograph was taken in 1870, just before the work of demolition began.—E. J. RUDSDALE, Wisbech Museum, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire.

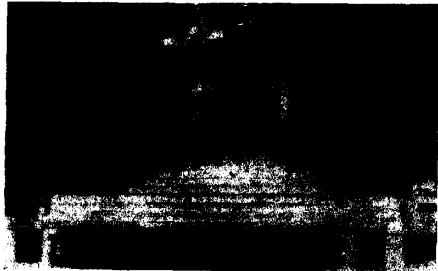
(Price of Richmond is probably identical with Price of Wandsworth, a mason-architect represented in MS. *Designs* of Sir John Vanbrugh for Kings Weston, together with Townshend of Oxford, to whom he may be compared. Apparently he had a son; this seems certain, since St. George's, Yarmouth, Norfolk, is known to have been built by both (1714). Price was certainly his own architect. Other work of his is known, but too little; he merits more study than he has received.—E.P.)

WHERE IS IT?

SIR.—I took the enclosed photograph, among many others, either in Belgium or passing out therefrom into the Aachen district of Germany. I have unfortunately lost the record of subjects taken. Would one of your readers be so good as to say where the scene is located and what interest-

frequently sought *Drosers* in likely places, but never found it elsewhere.—EGGAR SVERS, Maidenhead Thicket, Berkshire.

SIR.—I have found sundew in the Crowthorne district of Berkshire, on two *Yersia* moors and in the Pentland hills near Edinburgh. *Drosera rotundifolia* would appear



WHAT MONUMENT IS THIS?

See letter: Where is it?

ing story the figures tell?—P. MARSDEN, Lytham St. Anne's, Lancashire.

CHANGING NATURE

Sir, Major Hitchcock may be pleased to know that the sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) is to be found at Bilecy Camp. It grows luxuriantly on a secluded and marshy part of the heath, to the left of the long range, and to the rear of the running-deer. I have

to be the more common, appearing in all three districts, but I have found *D. longifolia* only in Berkshire.—G. R. HOWARD-VYSE, MASHAM, YORKSHIRE.

(Other correspondents have kindly replied to the following effect: Sundew seen flowering in 1935 on the Wyldes Estate, near Liss, Hampshire (Wing-Commander F. C. Rowland); on Thursley Common, near Hindhead, Surrey (A. L. Irvine); near the village of Sawrey, North Lancashire (some years ago) in Langdale (Richard Bates); by Rookery Pond on Short Heath, Oakhanger and Kinsley Pond (Edith M. Stanueth); *Drosera rotundifolia* in Westmorland (Geo. J. Parkinson); and *D. longifolia* in North Lancashire (B. L. Thompson).—E.P.)

IN NAMAQUALAND

SIR.—From time to time we see illustrations of very primitive homes in the Hebrides and Western Ireland. Here you see the simple homes of the people of Namaqualand, the northwest part of the Cape Province of South Africa. The homes are either of plaited reeds or sun-dried mud. Besides copper and other metals Namaqualand has enough diamonds to make diamonds cheap were the ordinary laws of supply and demand allowed to operate. But the output is strictly controlled by the Union Government. Unbelievably strict regulations endeavour to ensure that no diamond shall leave the barbed-wire enclosed areas illegally. Every Spring for a few short weeks



THE HOMES OF NAMAQUALAND

See letter: In Namaqualand

Namaqualand is a blaze of colour with mile after mile of wild flowers of every hue.—J. F. MILES, Cape Province, South Africa.

POPE JOAN

SIR.—None of the versions of this ancient game described by your correspondents includes an essential part of our family rules and one that makes it much more interesting than Newmarket.

"Pope Joan" or the nine of diamonds is a joker and a stop. The holder may play it at any time with the command "Come at" which stops the play and leaves him, or her, with the next lead.

Even to the experienced bridge player there are entertaining problems in exploiting "Come at" to the best advantage as a holder; or trying if that is not the case, to defeat the unwary possessor by reserving two or three stops to be played rapidly at the end.

The middle commitment of the board is for forfeits incurred for such lapses as "going to bed" with "Come at," failing to follow a lead or playing the wrong card. I think that they were taken by the ultimate winners but were not usually enforced, as the game can be quite distressing enough for the young without that added woe.

The ring of pockets are to hold the stakes on the various honours indicated on the outer ring. The board is made to rotate so that the stake on an honour can be brought opposite the winner. With our board, which folded up like a chessboard, the cost of the winner of "Come at" was liable to scatter the counters on "Intrigue" if he was sitting by the latter.

Perhaps one of your readers may be able to say from which period the expression "Come at" derives, in this sense.

I learnt it from my mother who is over eighty who learnt it from her mother who came from Boston, Mass., U.S.A., about the year 1880. It seems that the game was known here before then, but this may be an American version.

"Come at," in the sense of stop! has something of a Quaker air about it. *Baker's Quakerisms*, 1939, *Deader Lane, Sheffield*, 11.

ANOTHER 1,000 MILES WALK

SIR.—With regard to recent correspondence, may I refer to a curious "sign-post" which was placed on the main road out of Crowl and not far from the famous Abbey, in Lincolnshire? The inscription thereon ran thus:

1000 Miles
in 1000 hours
walked by Henry
Girdlestone at the
Age of 56 in the
year 1880

—A. J. WATERFIELD, *Working, Sussex*.



THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. MARY-AT-THE-WALLS, COLCHESTER. BUILT BY PRICE OF RICHMOND

See letter: In Richmond

Famous QUEENS by famous Masters



QUEEN MARY I
by Johannes Corvus
(National Portrait Gallery)



HIGHLAND QUEEN

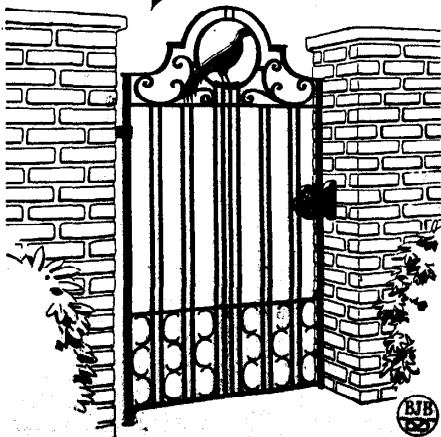
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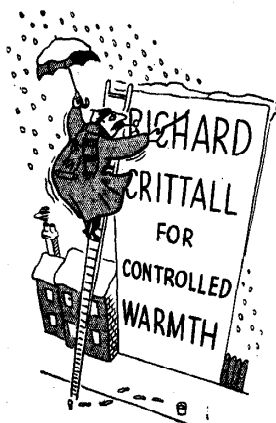
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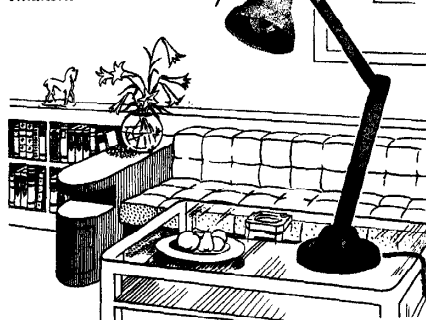


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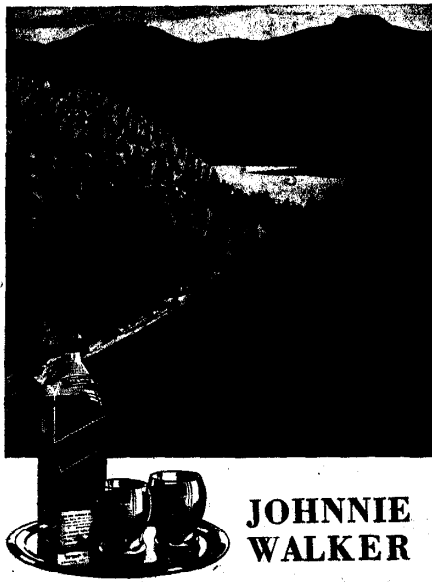
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NEW BOOKS

A REALIST LOOKS AT RUSSIA

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

IN Mr. C. F. Strong's *Dynamic Europe*, which was reviewed here last week, the policy and aspiration, pressed that "the first business" of the United Nations "is at all costs to prevent the possibility of the resurrection of Nazism."

A reviewer has not always the space to express his own views; he must often be content merely to say what his author is thinking. I should have liked, for example, to differ from this opinion; and fortunately, I can do so this week while reviewing Mr. Peter Matthews's *European Balance* (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.). Mr. Matthews says what I think myself about the possibility of a new upsurge of Nazism, and that is that the emergence of Russia as the greatest power in Europe (within measurable time, possibly the greatest power in the world) has made a rebirth of German militarism an unlikely event. The possibility will no doubt remain an anxiety, but it is no longer a nightmare. Not, I imagine, that there won't be other and nightmares. Each age has a habit of producing its own; and anyway nightmares are operative only when we go to sleep.

A GERMAN REVIVAL

Mr. Matthews says: "We now know that there will, in fact, be no return to the state of affairs which existed in 1919. For, even before the outbreak of the Second World War, the strength of Soviet Russia was progressively overtaking that of the German Reich. The strength of the Soviet Union is the guarantee that the German problem will not again arise in the form in which we knew it between the two wars." And again: "This time, although we can take it that the rearmament of Germany will not be tolerated, the new security system would be capable of surviving even if German rearmament were permitted."

But it is not to be overlooked that this "security system" is not something to be securely banked on. Already it has its tensions, and to me the most interesting part of Mr. Matthews's book is his frank examination of Anglo-Russian relationships. "Nothing," he rightly says, "could be more misleading than the belief that a war, fought in common, lays the foundation for co-operation after victory." He protests against the view that the problems which arise in the relationships between States can be "solved" once for all, as though they were problems in chess. "In fact," he says, "problems in international affairs are seldom, if ever, soluble" in this sense. There are always points of conflict and friction.

He suggests, however, one or two interesting thoughts that may be held to have validity in all circumstances. "People often speak and write of Anglo-Russian co-operation as though it depended mainly, or even solely, upon the attitude of Great

Britain. Now, obviously, if Great Britain were to oppose every legitimate Russian policy and aspiration, conflict would be inevitable. But a study of history suggests that the course of European history is determined primarily by the policy of the strongest European Power. Others may support, or oppose that policy. But, in the relations between two Powers, one of which is markedly stronger than the other, it is, in general, the policy of the stronger which decides whether relations shall be friendly or hostile."

From this, it is clear to anyone looking realistically at Europe, that the primary question is not of keeping Germany weak but of keeping the wartime Allies friendly.

Having failed to deter a knock-out blow against Russia in 1941, Germany has in future only one chance of delivering a successful attack. Her sole hope lies in fostering suspicion between Russia and the Western Allies. If a struggle for power developed between Russia and the West so essential to the West, the Germans might hope to sell their support to one of the conflicting parties at the price of military revival. It is this fact which makes relations of confidence between Russia and the West so essential.

That there are forces working against that confidence he does not deny. That Russia should seek "security" is something that Britain could well understand and encourage, but, "equally, a Power which is constantly on the look-out for economic advantages outside its frontiers is liable to forfeit confidence."

His final conclusion is: "Any examination of Soviet policy must end on a note of uncertainty and inquiry. Russia seems more anxious to be feared than to be trusted; in her relations with her Allies she employs all the technique of the 'war of nerves' and of the *fait accompli*. This may well be the result of a deep suspicion for which, in the past, there have been grounds enough. But there are no longer any grounds for this suspicion. Only a catastrophic error of judgment on the part of Soviet Russia could bring about a conflict between herself and the West."

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE

It is Mr. Matthews's view that an Anglo-American alliance, or an Atlantic alliance based upon it, would tend to deepen the Russian suspicion which it should be the task of statesmanship immediately to mitigate and eventually to dispel. Generally speaking, one may say that he has no great faith in alliances, federations and what not except as organisations within which "an atmosphere favourable to the pursuit of agreed policies" may be created. In themselves, they are not of much importance. For example, writing of the "veto" which caused so much discussion at Dumbarton Oaks, he says: "The stock argument

EUROPEAN BALANCE

By Peter Matthews
(Chatto & Windus, 8s. 6d.)

BEFORE THE LAMPS WENT OUT

By Esmé Wingfield
Stratford

(Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

advanced in support of the veto is that, if the Great Powers fail to agree, the World Organisation is, in any case, bound to fail. The unkind critic might carry the argument a stage further. If the Great Powers fail to agree, the World Organisation will break down. If they are, in any case, in agreement, it will prove superfluous."

I should hesitate to call Mr. Matthews an unkind critic, but he is certainly a realistic one who has a good deal to say that is worth listening to.

DICKENS'S CHALET

Seeing that Charles Dickens has been from my tenderest years the supreme object of my literary adoration, I like to have all the facts about him correctly stated. And so Mr. Eamé Wingfield-Stratford will, I hope, pardon me if I give some space to Dickens's Swiss chalet. In his book *Before the Lamps Went Out* (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Wingfield-Stratford refers to his ancestor Lord Darnley whose home, Cobham, was not far from Dickens's house, Gadshill. Lord Darnley, says the author, "enjoyed the friendship of his neighbour, Charles Dickens, and had even built him a sort of glorified summerhouse, far from all risk of disturbance, to use as a literary workshop. It still, I believe, stands."

Unless Dickens had two "summerhouses," this is not so. The chalet of which Dickens writes in his letters was given to him by Charles Fechter, a French actor of German extraction, who became lessee of the Lyceum. It was a little "pre-fabricated" house in two storeys. There is a picture of it in Forster's *Life of Dickens* with trees besetting it and steps leading up to the front door. It came over from Paris marked and numbered sections. The Dover Road ran along Dickens's garden, and he owned a shrubbery on the other side of the road. It was in the shrubbery that the chalet was put up. A tunnel for access was made under the Dover Road, and I have read that during the war just ended this tunnel was an air-raid shelter for children who used Gadshill as a school.

ROOM AMONG THE TREES

Dickens was very fond of the chalet and did much work there. "I have put five mirrors in the chalet," he wrote, "and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out and the green branches shoot in at the open windows." In the dusk, the nightingales sang there.

To me, the point of deepest interest about the chalet is that in those charming surroundings Dickens spent his last working day. Worn out with work, though he was not yet sixty, he went to the chalet on a charming June day, when it must have been full of green light. Usually, then, he wrote only in the mornings, but that day he returned to the chalet after lunch, as though obsessed with the thought of an unfinished task, and indeed, *Edwin Drood* was never finished. In the crabbled, spidery writing, full of interlinings and corrections—so different from the dashing hand of his youth—he came in that quiet place to the last words he was to write: "and then falls to with an appetite."

Then he went back to the house for dinner, which was ordered for six o'clock; and as he was eating he fell from his chair. The next evening he was dead.

Thus the chalet has an important place in English letters; and if, as Mr. Wingfield-Stratford suggests, it still stands, something should be done to preserve it now that so many Dickens relics are failing.

The title of this book suggests the mood of nostalgia in which it is written. Those who are contemporaries of the author will greatly enjoy his evocation, charming and serene, of a way of life which is gone for ever; and those who never knew that life can here find its flavour distilled by one who loved it but realises clearly enough its limitations.

BYGONE WAYS

It is the story of the early years that interested me most—the story of a boy growing up in the eighties in a society dedicated, above all things, to sport of every kind, and suffering from a complete absence of intellectual interest and stimulus. The author's view is interesting: that sheer boredom was the reason first for the dedication to blood-sports and later for the "cult of war and empire."

Looking back upon that life from the point of view of his present being, one author writes: "I do not feel, even now, that I should want to go back for longer than it would take to complete a rest cure. In the long run, I would sooner take the chance of being bombed or starved or controlled, than the certainty of being bored, to death."

ON AN IRISH RIVER

MRS. MANNING ROBERTSON writes a book on *Thrifty Salmon Fishing* (Herbert Jenkins, 8s.) in which she means the kind of sport in which anglers do without expensive gillies, and think it a good day when they get two fish—three being excellent. The river upon which her experience centres is one brink of the Slaney, running for some distance upstream from her husband's place, Huntington Castle. He (the author, who will know as an architect) does not fish, but contributes some elaborate maps of the river, showing the annual take at the various stands. Indeed I have never known a river to be subjected to such close examination: they seem to take its temperature daily, and apply certain other tests to decide how acid the water happens to be: apparently it is believed that such information will let you know whether to take fly or bait. My own experience of the Huntington water (and very pleasant it was) did not bring me in touch with these elaborations, probably of later date. However, those who care for fishing sport will find plenty of it in this book, agreeably tailed.

The Slaney, which rises in the Wicklow mountains and comes out at Wexford, goes through prosperous country and is typical of Ireland's eastward-running streams. One regrettable fact is that irises and sea trout hardly come up. The salmon run from fair to good, and thirty-pounders are not unknown. But the best feature of that fishing was, and happily still is, Denis Lacey, "butler" (and everything else) at Huntington. He pervades this book; and it is worth going to fish for him to know how delightful such an Irish guide and philosopher can be.

Mrs. Robertson has a deal to say about "game and gadgets," as is natural, for she makes most of her own. There is an interesting chapter, too, about the Shannon, and the effect on fisheries from the huge hydro-electric power. Here as elsewhere the text is helped out by a map; and on the whole the book is one that I can warmly recommend to anglers in general; for most of what is in it can apply to other waters, in or out of Ireland, as well as to the Slaney. STEPHEN Gwynn.



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FARMING NOTES

FRANCE'S FOOD PROBLEMS

FRANCE continues to have difficulty with her food supplies. Last year's wheat harvest was poor and the peasants are reluctant to deliver their wheat and potatoes. In Britain we are children in the ways of the Black Market. The French Government are now offering a premium of 20 francs for every quintal of wheat delivered before the end of January as well as a quantity of fertilisers. Fertilisers are also to be given as a reward for potato deliveries and wine and sugar-beet are to qualify, too. Later on these production premiums are to be extended to include agricultural machinery, clothing, shoes, fuel oil and other goods. These premiums will, of course, only be given against official deliveries. When I come to think about it I realise that we have something similar in our feeding-stuffs rationing scheme which allows additional feeding-stuffs coupons based on additional deliveries of milk. In the war years we were all required to make threshing returns showing how much corn had been threshed when the machine came round and these returns went in to the War Agricultural Committee offices. I never heard of any farmer being prosecuted for failing to sell what he had threshed.

American Farm Products

AMERICAN farmers are being asked to recognise the world shortage of food and face their country's international responsibilities by helping to feed the other nations. Last year the United States consumed about 78 per cent. of the food she produced. About 10 per cent. went for military services and 12 per cent. was exported, most of the exported food going to the liberated countries. An eighth came to us in the United Kingdom. However fully American farmers respond to the calls for U.N.R.R.A. shipments, there will not be enough sugar, fats and oils to meet more than a fraction of the urgent needs. Wheat will form the backbone of American shipments this year. Meat will still be short in the world. As a footnote to these facts it is well to remember that in the United States the consumption of food during the war years has been 8 per cent. above the pre-war level. More could even so have been sold in the home market. What the economists call "a strong consumer income" would have taken up fully a 10 per cent. increase if some supplies had not been ear-marked for military requirements, and now for relief in Europe.

The Value of Old Grasses

WITH the soil wet and sodden in mid-Winter it is the greatest folly to let cows and heifers run on the new leys. The soil gets puddled and the young grass and clover is trodden out and weeds come in the Spring to cover the bare patches. The ideal is to let the herd run on the old grass where they will lie dry. Even at the height of the ploughing-up campaign the War Agricultural Committee would generally allow a farmer to keep at least one old grass field for the cows in Winter. If the farmer's own enthusiasm for the plough led him to turn in all his old turf and his pastures are still tender he is well advised, if there is a wet spell that leaves all his fields sodden, to let his cows lie indoors and only turn them out for a few hours. In Holland it is the normal practice to keep the cows indoors all through the Winter.

"Searching" for Rats

AN Ulster farmer sends me an idea for chasing rats out of ricks which he says is strongly recommended

by the Northern Ireland Ministry of Agriculture. The method is known as "searching." It consists in piercing the heads of the stacks with iron rods, so inducing the rats to bolt, when they are killed by dogs kept in readiness. These iron rods are, I gather, much the same as the rods we use for testing the heat generated in our hay ricks when we put the grass up on the young side. Dark wet nights are the best for "searching," as rats bolt more readily in damp weather. It is best to wait until two or three hours after nightfall when the greatest number of rats are likely to be in the top of the stacks. Four men with two dogs and two torches constitute an ideal party for "searching." You must be quiet for this job. The rats will bolt readily when the rods are pushed into the top of the stack. This sounds like a cure for the farmer who suffers from insomnia, but I hope he does not get pneumonia into the bargain.

Sugar-beet Seed

FIFTEEN years ago 90 per cent. of the sugar-beet seed used in this country was imported from abroad. Just before the war 55 per cent. was imported. Now we are producing all the seed required for an increased crop and some supplies of British-grown seed have been secured to continue for use in the devastated areas. This is a worth-while achievement on which the sugar-beet industry, growers and factories, deserve warm congratulations. Whereabouts we have been after 1940 if the growing of seed had not been developed in this country? It is true that we have run into some widespread trouble from a disease called virus yellows. This is carried by aphides and if seed crops are grown in the same district as the ordinary commercial beet crop trouble is liable to spread. Maybe we can overcome it by segregating the seed crops in areas in the North and West where little beet is ordinarily grown. Presiding at the annual meeting of the British Sugar Corporation, Sir Francis Humphrys said that although the 1944 crop averaged only 8 tons an acre the stock feed from sugar-beet tops remaining on the field was more than 17,000,000 tons, which is equivalent in feeding value to 225,000 acres of winter wheat. The dried pulp, which has much the same feeding value as oats, amounted during the war period to 1,662,000 tons. These figures illustrate that sugar-beet provides more food per acre for man and beast than any other crop produced in the United Kingdom. During the five years of war 2,824,160 tons of white sugar were produced from beet grown in our fields.

Old-time Ploughing

A BROADSHEET called *Agricultural Development* has come to me from the Dorset War Agricultural Committee. Among other items it contains a reprint of a report of the Dorchester Agricultural Society's ploughing match in 1845. There were 54 ploughs in operation, including 6 with oxen, and 4 for youths under 17 years of age. The rest were two-horse ploughs with 12 drivers and 13 with drivers. Men and boys, we are told, commenced work with the best spirit and acquitted themselves generally in a most creditable manner. What would these worthies say if they could come back to earth and attend a ploughing match in 1946 with crawler tractors taking the heavy work and the horse teams relegated to a minor part and regarded as little more than an interesting survival in farming practice? C. CHURCHMAN.

A New EVENING DRESS

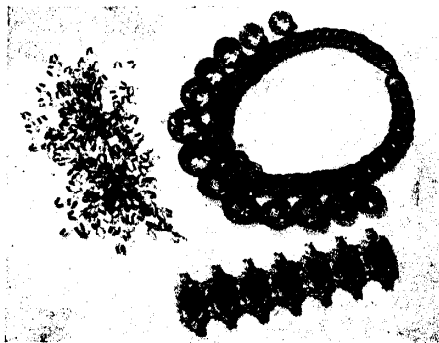
Cap sleeves, a low-cut neckline, a deep swathed waistband, a skirt all limp folds. The material is powder blue crepe. Designed by Bianca Mosca for Jacqmar



Natural Russian sable bolero, designed by Molho to fit snugly over a deep waistband



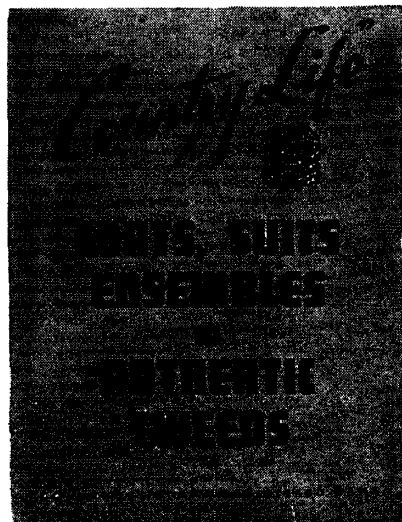
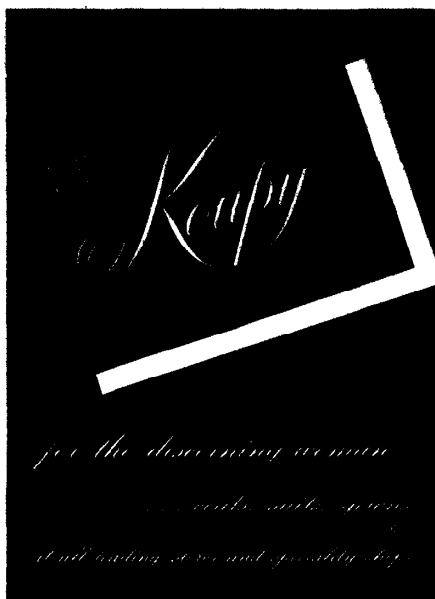
BUCKLEY STUDIOS



A blue and crystal quaking grass spray for the hair or decolletage, a topaz and gold filigree bracelet, topaz drops on a gold choker. Ships

EVENING frocks are being worn again at many of the Winter social functions, not the backless, strap décolletage but frocks that are cut high to the throat to cover the shoulders. The frocks are ankle-length, are usually slashed to a low V in front or scooped away to a low heart-shaped or wedge décolletage. Some are slit under the arms almost to the waist under padded, stitched or studded epaulettes. All have sleeves of some sort or another—the newest mere caps of material just covering the tops of the arms. The starkly tailored dress with long plain sleeves is disappearing fast, but while the Winter dinner dresses look distinctly more feminine with their deep shaped waistbands and fluid skirts, shortage of material keeps them comparatively slim. They are made in sand crêpes and marocains, in romaine, heavy georgette.

The nylon taffetas that are appearing everywhere in the New Year are bound to bring a change in style, as their crisp, airy texture demands a full bouffant skirt, balloon sleeves, ruches and frills. Some enchanting designs on nylon (that looks like a stiffened Jap silk) are being shown by Ascher, some printed, some hand-painted. Colours are brilliant, and the widely spaced designs in dark or bright shades of lilac, lemon, ice blue, blush pink, look as though they were traced in brushwork. Two stylised cyclamen flowers and a leaf or two make a spray, the design boldly executed in ruby on white, in black on a lilac or a pale lemon ground. A stripe of flowers that looks as though it had been stencilled on in water-colours is carried out in parma violet on a clear lilac, in carbon blue or translucent lemon. The hand-painted designs achieve even greater clarity of colour. A white nylon taffeta painted with a trellis in carnation pink has sprays of tulips, carnations, lilac, hand-painted in mixtures of impressionist colours. These nylons will be on sale in this country—



Peter Robinson
LIMITED

Suits
for
Early
Spring

Man-tailored suit in fine quality herringbone suiting Bottle Green or Wine Mixture Jacket fastens high and has two pockets The skirt has double pleat in front and plain back Hip Sizes 35, 36, 37, 38, 40

13 Gns



Personal
Shoppers
Only



Attractive Suit for the smaller figure made in Navy, Green or Brown Hopsack Jacket fastens high, with four buttons Skirt has double inverted pleat in front, plain back Hip Sizes 35, 36, 37, 38.

£16

Oxford St. and Regent St.
W.1

(1 and 2) Printed nylon for Summer evening frocks—cyclamen flowers and leaf in ruby red on white that looks as if it were done by brushwork, and lines of pome violet on a lilac ground. (3) Spray and pennant design in black on white pure silk crepe-de-chine for export. Ascher fabrics

a cheering thought—and bordered squares and scarves in the same bright clear shades will be ready by the end of the month. Some pure silk crêpes are being shown by Ascher for export. One delightful design is a mixture of pennants and formal sprays of tiny flowers that look rather like the spray brooches that have been so fashionable as lapel ornaments. It is traced in black on white and is intended for the tailored type of dress and jacket that Molyneux has made famous.

A NUMBER of these fabrics are included in the exhibition of British textiles and fabrics at Foyle's, sponsored by the British Institute of Adult Education. A Topolski print is included, a splashy brilliant design of palms, giraffes and jungle foliage, that has been made up into a looped dress by Matilda Etches. The prints shown at this exhibition are notable by the absence of the flowers and sprigs of pre-war days. Prints tend to be geometric or formal stylised patterns widely spaced. Cottons designed for the West India trade, dramatic surrealist designs in brilliant colours, are included, and a group of designs from the Victoria and Albert Museum of furnishing fabrics by famous British artists completed just before the war. The exhibition remains open until the end of the month.



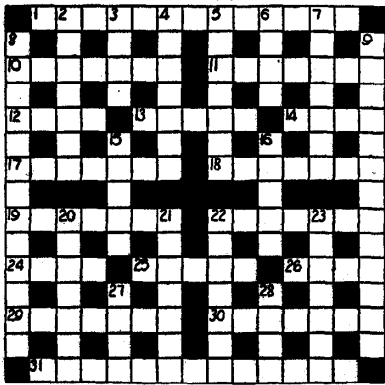
The florals are notable absentees in the Summer collection of Grafton anti-shrink crêpes, where one of the most effective prints is Chinese, an intricate pattern that twines and intertwines like wrought-iron, and is carried out in vivid Chinese colours. A hemlock head made a graceful print. Terra-cotta, the plink of old brick houses, and purple are featured, also a clear Chinese blue. A dot enclosed in a tiny square makes an excellent tailored pattern for sports shirts. For lingerie, the amusing motifs include tiny lovebirds on a leafy house side, minute parachutes. Squirrel Nutkins, powder-puffs, crackers used like dots. Cyclamen and a sparkling lemon were colours added to the more usual pastel lingerie shades. Graftons are also putting on the market in late April, a heavy pliable sand crêpe—the kind of crêpe that is so successful for the type of dinner dress we have photographed—and they are making this in a large range of cloudy pastels.

Moygashel are using lively colours and small designs with a lot of movement for their heavy rayons. A beach fabric shows fish, dolphins, life-buoys, anchors, sea-gulls, shells and starfish printed in blue, red, green and white on a sea-green ground. Birds in ultramarine, coral or lemon fly in formation on a dazzling white ground. Pure linsens come in the clearest of clear solid colours—lemon, terra-cotta, forget-me-not blue, as well as white and a mellow stone for tailored suits. The formal spray or flower head that looks as though it were brushed on appears in this collection. Tomato red is a newcomer in the plainer fabrics.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

CROSSWORD No. 835

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in closed envelopes) must reach "Crossword No. 835, Country Life, 8-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, January 31, 1946.
NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name _____
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address _____

SOLUTION TO No. 834. The winner of this Crossword, the chess of which appeared in the issue of January 18, will be announced next week.
ACROSS.—1 and 3, High-mindedness; 6, Real; 10, Lamentation; 12, Image; 13, Artery; 15, Rose; 18, Gains; 19, Increased; 22, Amusement; 24, Trier; 25, Her; 26, Urbane; 29, Evils; 30, Eulogistic; 33, Fade; 34 and 35, Four-poster beds. DOWN.—1, Hurlingham; 2, Guarantees; 4, Initiator; 5, Doubt; 6, Deer; 7, Even; 8, Sister; 11, Valued; 14, Eggs; 16, Assassinate; 17, Addresses; 20, Catherine; 21, Retire; 23, Mad; 27, Rig up; 28, Asses; 30, Deal; 31, Clow.

ACROSS

- Elusive monarch of the tree tops (8, 7)
- Rip coat and find fruit (7)
- Paris to a Roman (7)
- Long, short and square, perhaps (4)
- 12 and 14. More permanent than an identification card: you can't lose it (5, 4)
- Gyves (7)
- "One that loved not wisely but too well" (7)
- Boys of singularly destructive tendency (7)
- Day that always ends with a tale (7)
- 24 and 25. You may expect a crop of platitudes from their fields of learning (9)
- Cultivate the soil; there should be money in it (4)
- Sounds a staggering dog (7)
- "Let them not live to taste this land's increase. That would with—wound this fair land's peace."—Shakespeare (7)
- Suitable headgear for a young Communist in Yorkshire? (3, 8, 4)

DOWN

- What it says, though it must be read down (7)
- The tool for choice (4)
- Insert E (anagram) (7)
- Mixture of black and white (7)
- Pretty ending for a palatine (4)
- Not the intake of just the opposite (7)
- Answered by the man who goes native (4, 2, 3, 4)
- Reverse the downward drift (4, 2, 3, 4)
- A man climbing up to mend the roof, now the lights have been (5)
- Domain of an African queen (5)
- An engineer comes to do duty when required (7)
- Taken and locked up (7)
- Post who was almost all bones and no flesh (7)
- Another post, would make a "Sir," too (7)
- Hardly the way to cook fish (4)
- Teeth are engaged in it. There's a snare here! (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 833 is

Mr. George B. Hunter,
100, East Claremont Street,
Edinburgh.

ah! oh!

SOLO

you'll see it again soon!

SOLO means **REAL**
ORANGE JUICE

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Elegant women the world over have come to regard this name as a synonym for dinner and evening gowns of exquisite taste and originality.

The day is coming when every one of us will dance and dine in gowns whose line and colour reflect the leading part that Rosalinde Gilbert is playing in the brave new world of fashion.

Rosalinde Gilbert 315 Regent St. W.

Then 'Viyella'
will be back

When there are cricket boots again, and flannels are cleaned in a week. When petrol is no longer measured by the coupon. When shopkeepers can say 'I'll send it, madam'—then 'Viyella' will be back, the ~~fine~~ unshrinkable fabric that has been famous for generations. There will be cosy nightwear for children and grown-ups. Gay frocks and blouses. Shirts for men and boys. We'll know then that peace has really returned!

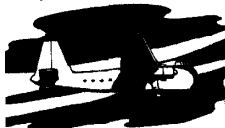


C20 5th & 6th grade CCA

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